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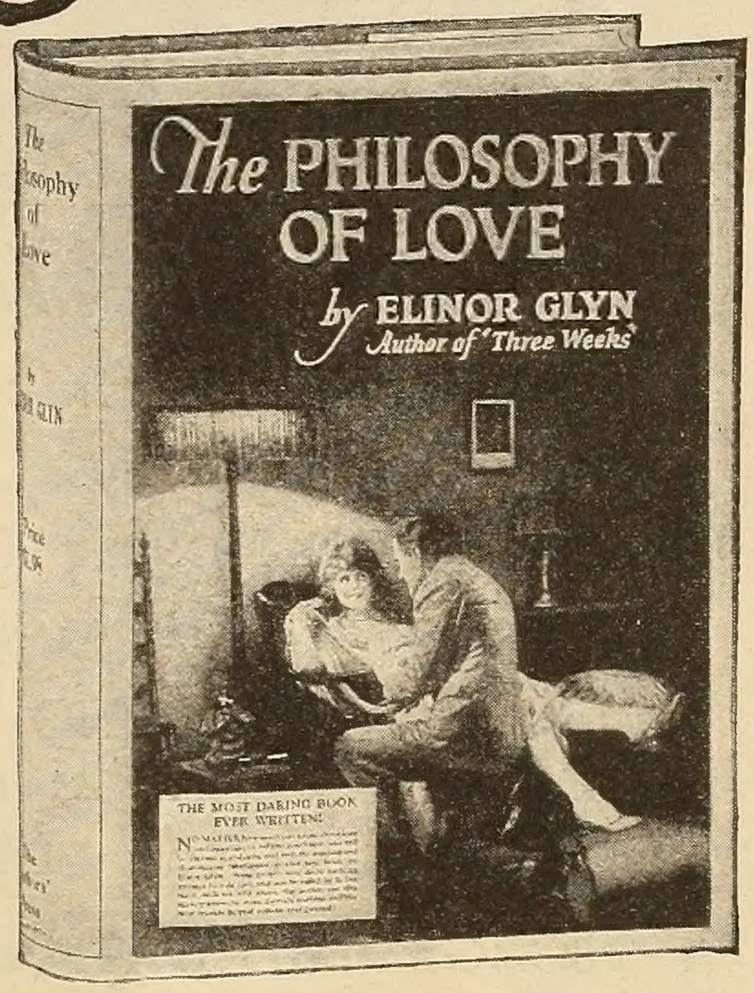

WILL you marry the man you love, or will you take the one you can get?

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Do you know how to make people like you?

ELINOR GLYN
"The Oracle of Love"

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- —how to win the girl you want.
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- —why many marriages end in despair.
- —how to hold a woman's affection.
- —how to keep a husband home nights.
- —things that turn men against you.
- —how to make marriage a perpetual honeymoon.
- —the "danger year" of married life.
- —how to ignite love—how to keep it flaming—how to rekindle it if burnt out.
- —how to cope with the "hunting instinct" in men.
- —how to attract people you like.
- —why some men and women are always lovable, regardless of age.
- —are there any real grounds for divorce?
- —how to increase your desirability in a man's eye.
- —how to tell if someone really loves you.
- —things that make a woman "cheap" or "common."

Do you know how to retain a man's affection always? How to attract men? Do you know the things that most irritate a man? Or disgust a woman? Can you tell when a man really loves you—or must you take his word for it? Do you know what you *MUST NOT DO* unless you want to be a "wall flower" or an "old maid"? Do you know the little things that make women like you? Why do "wonderful lovers" often become thoughtless husbands soon after marriage—and how can the wife prevent it? Do you know how to make marriage a perpetual honeymoon?

In "The Philosophy of Love," Elinor Glyn courageously solves the most vital problems of love and marriage. She places a magnifying glass unflinchingly on the most intimate relations of men and women. No detail, no matter how avoided by others, is spared. She warns you gravely, she suggests wisely, she explains fully.

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SCREENLAND

The Independent Screen Magazine

JULY, 1924 VOL. IX, NO. 4

ANNE AUSTIN
Associate Editor

Myron Zobel, *Editor*

EUNICE MARSHALL
Western Editor

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ROSE GLEASON

Is a fiction writer who knows the movies, having worked as a scenario editor for many years. We are pleased to announce a new novel from her pen, *Searchers in the Dark.*

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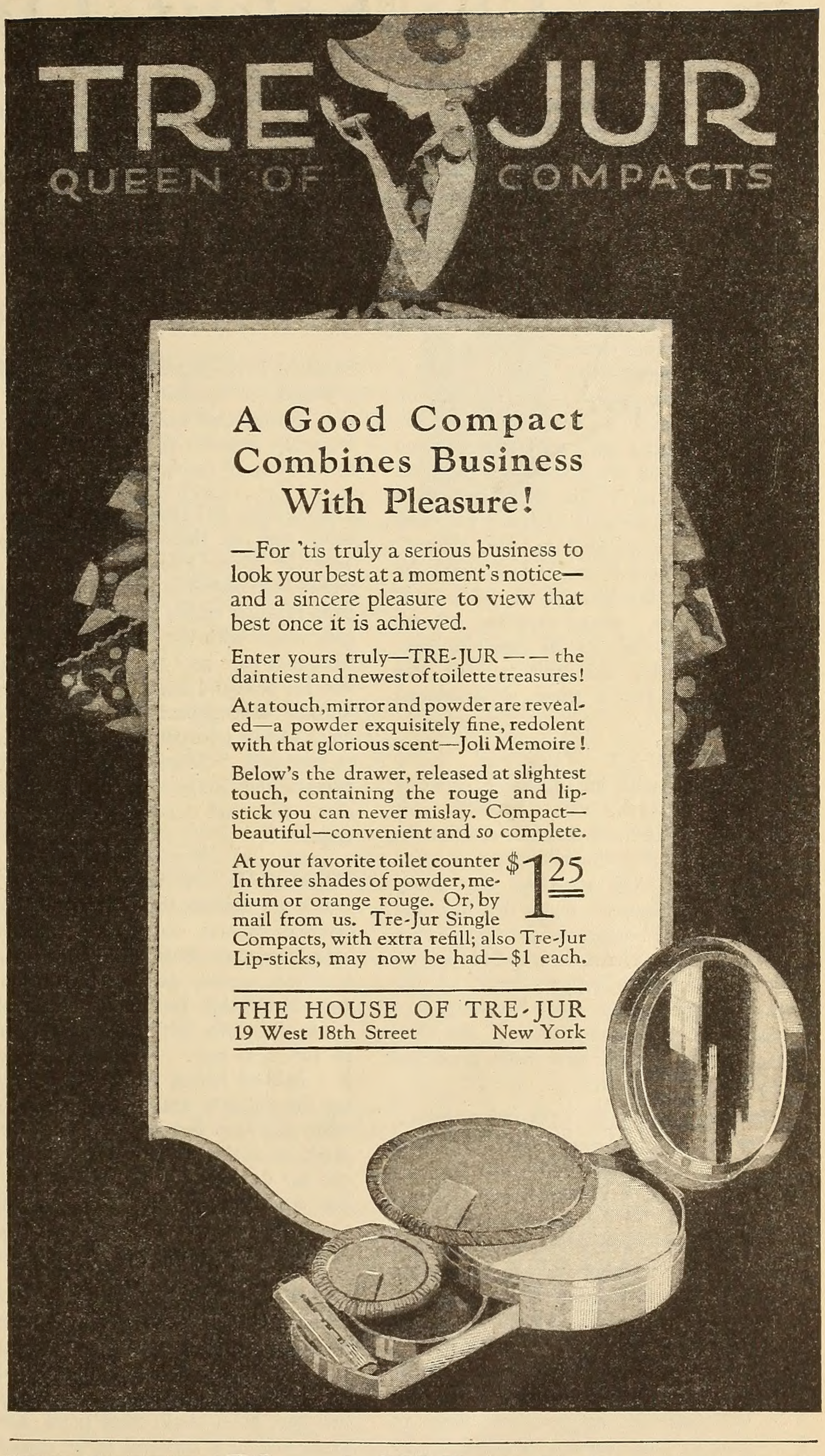

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The Silent Drama

Brief Reviews of Current Screenplays

Every picture of importance will be reviewed here, and the reviews reprinted for three consecutive months to enable our readers to use this guide as a directory in selecting their month's entertainment.

By Martin B. Dickstein

"THE SILENT STRANGER" —*F. B. O.* Fred Thomson and his white charger, Silver King, again—this time in a western mystery play based on "mail" and a female. Thomson is introduced as a deaf mute bronco buster, shell shocked in the war, but he turns up in the final reel as a Secret Service man assigned to round up a gang of mail bandits. What? Sure he gets them, and he wins the gel, too. It's Hazel Keener. Lots of excitement, some excellent "horse play" and some of the toughest looking hombres this side of the Rio Grande. Just a good, old-fashioned Western.

"EXCITEMENT" — *Universal.* Story of a girl with an insatiable capacity for excitement who suddenly finds herself with more than she can handle. An incredible plot and a running fire of smart aleck sub-titles that fairly reek of cheap wit make this film just an hour of boredom. Laura La Plante, though, is a charming bit of femininity and tends to relieve some of the monotony which must be charged to Robert Hill, the director. An also-ran that should have been scratched before it started.

"A GIRL OF THE LIMBERLOST"—*F. B. O.* Gene Stratton-Porter's best comes out in this extremely interesting drama of a four-cornered puppy love. She proves that adolescence is sometimes made of sterner stuff than nefarious necking and the allied arts. With Gloria Grey, Gertrude Olmsted, Raymond McKee and Cullen Landis in the important roles, this film is exceptionally well enacted and should offer you as pleasant a seventy minute entertainment as you are likely to find in your town. A picture play for the family—it's *wholesome.*

"THE STORM DAUGHTER" — *Universal.* Priscilla Dean in a tempestuous thriller of the briny in which George Archainbaud evinces a peculiar adaptability as a director of sea stories. Tense, gripping, thrilling, teeming with suspense, this attraction ranks with the best that have come from the Universal studios. Thomas Santschi is magnificent in the role of a brutal sea captain whose regeneration forms the basis of the story. Superbly staged. Enough excitement to last you all summer.

"GAMBLING WIVES"—*Arrow.* Another one of those screen sermons with the moral, *The Wages of Indifferent Matrimony is Divorce.* Naughty papa forsakes mama and the baby and gads about with the other woman until friend wife gets the bright idea to win her husband back by making him jealous. Recognize the formula, don't you? Very trite and as dull as it is stereotyped. Marjorie Daw, Lee Moran and Betty Francisco in the cast. Old stuff done in the same old way.

"THE MORAL SINNER"—*Paramount.* Don't be misled by the title. No tinseled cabaret scenes, no naughty swimming pool shots in silhouette, no scofflaw's orgies—no nothing, in fact. Just Mr. Ralph Ince's conception of *Leah Kleschna,* with Dorthy Dalton in the title role. *Leah,* you know, is a bobbed haired bandit who gives up the delicate art of safe cracking when she loses her heart to a perfect sheik of a sleuth who is assigned to run her down. Intolerably slow moving crook meller about as exciting as a picturization of *Hearts and Flowers.* Something you can pass up.

"FORTY HORSE HAWKINS"—*Universal.* Hoot Gibson has a trunkful of trophies for bronco busting, roping steers and rodeoing in general, but here we see him as a jitney driver, bell hop, hotel clerk, stage hand, ham actor and in a hundred other capacities from waiter in a half-way house to taxi driver in New York. Talk about versatility. Sedgwick has made a picture that bristles with action, one that'll chuck you a chuckle a minute. A bit far fetched but a good comedy for all o' that.

"NELLIE, THE BEAUTIFUL CLOAK MODEL — *Goldwyn - Cosmopolitan.* Not a satirical burlesque of the famous Owen Davis play, but straight, honest-to-goodness *mellerdrammer* that makes no pretense of being anything else. Enough hokum to make *East Lynne* look like a Theater Guild pet, but you'll like it because it's undiluted and uncamouflaged. Everybody enjoys a good, old-fashioned melodrama and the producers ought to give us more of them. *Nellie* is as good as a paper covered copy of *Dead Eye Dick* in the hayloft. It's a treat.

"THE WOLF MAN"—*Fox.* Short but exciting bit of screening with a perfect wow of a fight in which John Gilbert rocks 'em and socks 'em like a champion. Lively, pulsating, full of action, this film has much ado about a young fellow who couldn't quaff a snifter without offering to fight anybody and everybody in sight. And he quaffs lots of them. Hardly nice entertainment for the more staid members of the community, but great stuff for the young bloods.

"THE BELOVED VAGABOND"—*F. B. O.* A poor interpretation of William J. Locke's novel, so atrociously miscast and amateurish in its presentation that it seems hardly worthy of a serious criticism. Carlyle Blackwell is sponsor for the film, supervised its production, stars in a dual role and generally monopolizes everything in sight. He looks like a post graduate student in the school of the tragedy. A banal bit of filming not worth a walk around the block.

"RIDERS UP"—*Universal.* An interesting though a bit vulgarly interpreted story of the race track in which there are several vivid glimpses of blanket finishes at the Tia Juana track across the border. Creighton Hale and George Cooper are corking as a pair of nifty touts who are not nearly as bad as their checked suits would paint them. There is rather an abrupt ending which leave the spectators dangling on the end of a thread of circumstances which might have been terminated to better advantage. Keep the youngsters away—they'll learn too much about books and bookmakers.

Brief Reviews

REPRINTED FROM JUNE SCREENLAND

DAUGHTERS OF TODAY—*Selznick*—Another one of those things mortifying the American girl. It seeks to show her going rapidly to the devil, but she has such a splendid time on the way, that the moral is rather lost.

THE DAWN OF A TOMORROW—*Paramount*—Pollyanna once more bobs up, this time in the person of a little London cockney, well played by Jacqueline Logan. Uncamouflaged melodrama, and, as such, quite good fun.

GALLOPING GALLAGHER—*F. O. B.*—A real movie for a real boy. Wholesome excitement, charming romance, and diverting story.

THE HALF BACK OF NOTRE DAME—*Mack Sennett*—The best thing about this farce is the title. The picture is a weird jumble of scenes that look suspiciously like left overs.

HAPPINESS—*Metro*—Laurette Taylor looking very young and cute, gives variation number 352 of the Pollyanna theme.

THE HILL BILLY—*United Artists*—Jack Pickford, in the role of a mountain boy, shows that in addition to being Mary's brother and Marilyn's husband, he can act. A feud story that is absolutely different.

HIS DARKER SELF—*W. W. Hodkinson*—Lloyd Hamilton in a dismal comedy of chocolate colored bootleggers. This is the picture Al Jolson quit to go to Europe. We are not surprised.

THE HOOSIER SCHOOLMASTER—*W. W. Hodkinson*—A terrible combination of poor story, indifferent acting, rotten photography and uninspired direction.

LILIES OF THE FIELD—*First National*—Corinne Griffith glamorous as ever in an artificial comedy that strives desperately, but unsuccessfully for piquancy.

MRS. DANE'S CONFESSION—*Herz Film Corp.—Released by F. B. O.*—Served up for those who are curious enough to yearn for a peek at Count Salm, who plays the heavy. Made in Europe and looks like it.

THE NIGHT MESSAGE—*Universal*—A melodramatic romance of a mountain feud, with hokum laid on thick. It's a thriller for all that.

THE PHANTOM HORSEMAN—*Universal*—Light and easily digestible entertainment of the ride-'em cowboy type, with a stage coach hold-up and all.

SHADOWS OF PARIS—*Paramount*—Pola Negri and her director intent upon showing that in spite of her magnificent Du Barry and Carmen, she can overact as well as anyone when given a sufficiently bad photoplay.

THE SHOOTING OF DAN MAGREW—*Metro*—Subtitles taken verbatim from Service's deservedly popular poem, lend color to a flimsy, but well acted melodrama of the great Northern spaces.

SINGER JIM McKEE—*Paramount*—Wishy-washy sentimental slush, with Bill Hart weeping buckets full. No trace of old two-gun Bill.

A SOCIETY SCANDAL—*Paramount*—A very expensive caricature of Gloria Swanson, posed by Allen Dwan against a background of New York motion picture high life.

STOLEN SECRETS—*Universal*—A mystery, crook play that can make *The Bat* look like a Sunday School concert.

THE THIEF OF BAGDAD—*Fairbanks* The screen's first real fantasy. An Arabian fairy tale, colorful, courageous and captivating. Children of all ages—and that goes for adults—will love this latest of Douglas Fairbanks' productions.

THE UNKNOWN PURPLE—*Truart*—Thrills galore in a truly exciting, melodrama, superbly acted by Henry B. Walthall and a strong cast.

WOMEN WHO GIVE—*Metro*—Reminiscent of *Down to the Sea in Ships* but not nearly so good. Fair entertainment and skilful direction.

YANKEE MADNESS—*F. B. O.*—Revolutionary stuff in Central America, much in the O. Henry vein. Bloodshed galore, and a charming romance to cap it.

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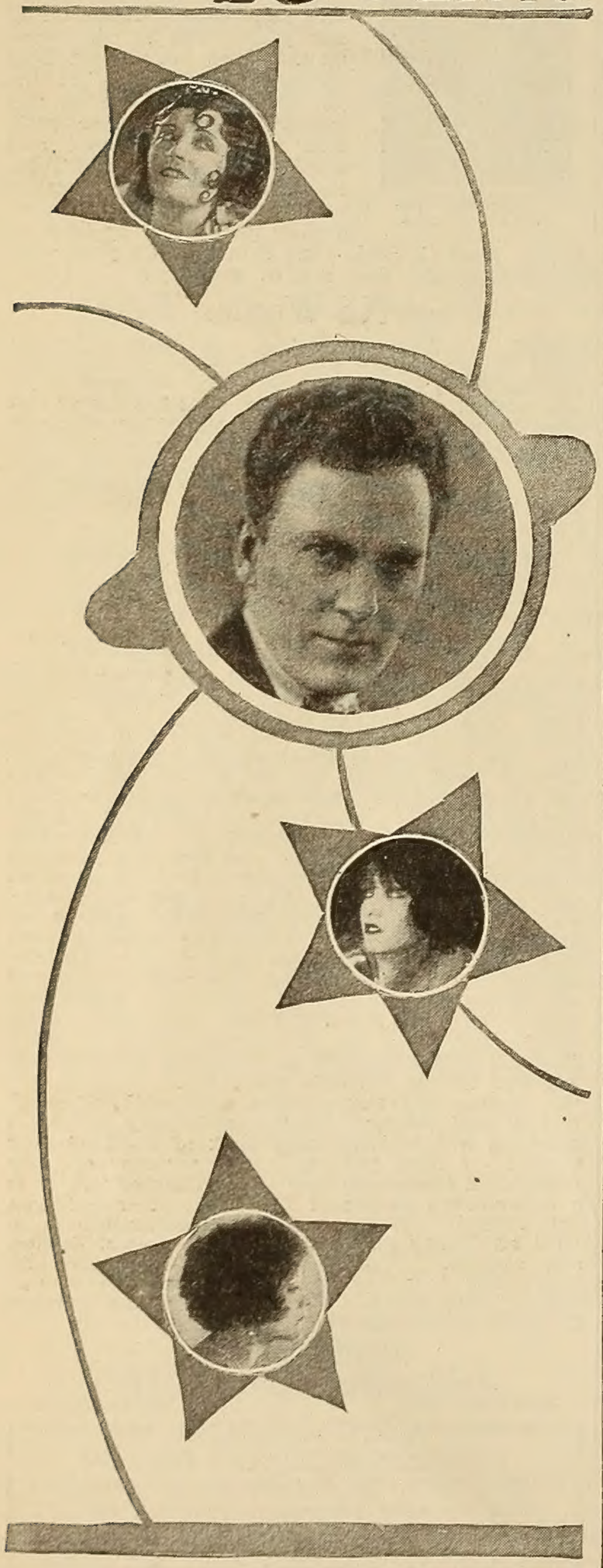


Many readers dislike tearing or marring their copies of SCREENLAND and yet they would like to frame the eight handsome rotogravure portraits that appear each month. Two unbound copies of the complete gallery in this issue—ready for framing—will be sent upon receipt of twenty-five cents in coin or stamps; or FREE with a five months' subscription to SCREENLAND for $1.00.

PRINT DEPARTMENT
SCREENLAND MAGAZINE
145 West 57th St. Dept. 724 New York City

Brief Reviews

REPRINTED FROM MAY SCREENLAND

AMERICA—*D. W. Griffith*—A magnificent piece of direction and as thrilling and satisfactory a picture as Griffith has ever made.

THE ANT—*Louis Tolhurst*—An educational and intensely interesting microscopic study, which has more entertainment than many a full-fledged drama or comedy.

BEAU BRUMMEL—*Warner Bros.*—John Barrymore of the divine profile is matchless in this stirring romance. Full of poignant touches that bespeak inspired direction.

DADDIES—*Warner*—Great stuff if you like your sweetness in large doses. Mae Marsh does much to redeem the picture's mushiness, and the children will love it.

ICEBOUND—*Paramount*—A Pulitzer Prize Play turned into screen hokum of the vintage of 1910. Richard Dix and Lois Wilson struggle to inject life into the exhibit.

THE ISLE OF VANISHING MEN—*Herman J. Garfield*—A vivid travelogue of a trip into the jungle fastness of Dutch Guinea revealing astounding scenes of life among the head hunters. Splendid photography and first rate entertainment.

JULIUS SEES HER—*F. B. O.*—The first of H. C. Witwer's "Hello Girl" yarns done in celluloid. Thoroughly hilarious and titled in Witwer's inimitable manner.

THE LAW FORBIDS—*Universal Jewel* Precocious and adorable Baby Peggy in a-little-child-shall-lead-them problem play of the divorce court.

THE MARRIAGE CIRCLE—*Warner Bros.*—An altogether charming story, directed by Ernst Lubitch with Marie Prevost and Monte Blue sharing stellar honors.

NAME THE MAN—*Goldwyn*—A stark and realistic version of Sir Hall Caine's famous novel, made vital by the direction of Victor Seastrom, the famous Swedish producer, who thus makes his American debut.

THE NEXT CORNER—*Famous Players* A trite and obvious photoplay which even the best efforts of so splendid an actress as Dorothy Mackaill can hardly redeem.

POISONED PARADISE—*Preferred Pictures*—A little known novel of Robert W. Service made into a typically hectic screen melodrama which is undistinguished in every particular.

THE SONG OF LOVE—*First National*—Norma Talmadge as a beautiful Arabian dancing girl looks most alluring and will appeal to all those who like sheik stuff.

THY NAME IS WOMAN—*Metro*—Barbara La Marr and Ramon Navarro, each exuding sex appeal in a lot of Spanish smuggler stuff.

THE UNINVITED GUEST—*Metro*—Some fascinating under water shots taken in the south sea islands lend interest to an otherwise incredible and over-acted play.

WHEN A MAN'S A MAN—*Principal*—If you like Harold Bell Wright, and the great open spaces where men are men, then this is the sort of thing you will like.

THE YANKEE COUNSUL—*Paramount* A lively farce ,that has already tickled the ribs of Broadway as a musical comedy. Douglas MacLean and Patsy Ruth Miller add greatly to the gaiety.

YOLANDA—*Cosmopolitan*—Marion Davies scores again in a gorgeous costume spectacle that is packed with the usual alarums and excursions.

Brief Reviews

REPRINTED FROM APRIL SCREENLAND

ABRAHAM LINCOLN—*A. & R. Rockett* — Sincere, compelling, historical drama. Very worthwhile.

BLACK OXEN—*First National* — The gorgeous Corinne Griffith supremely well cast in the fascinating role of the grandmother who regains her youth by surgical means. A competent and entertaining picture.

THE COURTSHIP OF MYLES STANDISH — *First National* — Showing Charles Ray in a dull version of Longfellow's poem. Not a strong argument for the costume drama.

DON'T CALL IT LOVE—*Paramount*—An adaptation of Julian Street's satirical novel, *Rita Coventry*. Will not be a box office riot but will amuse the more sophisticated.

THE GREAT WHITE WAY — *Cosmopolitan*—Manhattan melodrama, greatly enlivened by peeps behind the theatrical and newspaper scenes showing scores of nationally known figures. H. C. Witwer's slangy titles are excellent.

THE HUMMING BIRD—*Paramount*—Gloria Swanson temporarily abandoning voluptuous clothes to play the role of a little apache. A hectic tale of Paris which will entertain if you are not too exacting.

THE RENDEZVOUS — *Goldwyn* — A trick plot with Marshal Neilan as scenartist and director. The scenes are laid in Russia and do not impress by sincerity.

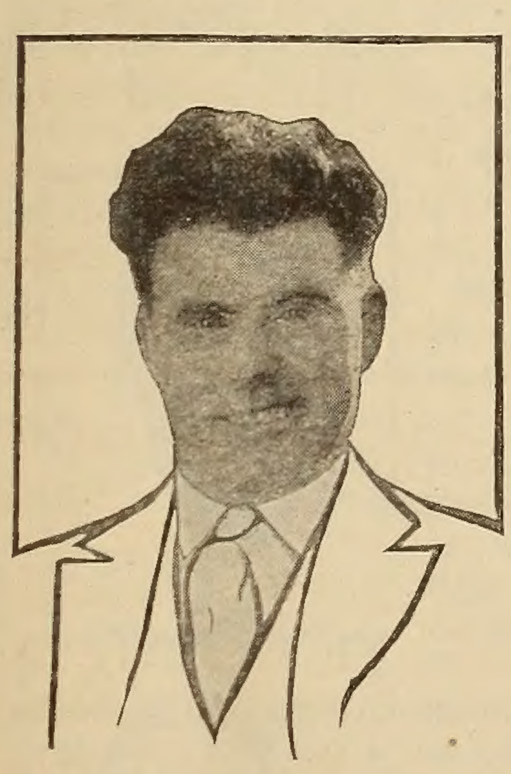
RENO—*Goldwyn*—Rupert Hughes at his worst. A hectic tale of the divorce tangle in which the author-director becomes even more muddled than his subject.

THROUGH THE DARK—*Cosmopolitan* Another of the well known *Boston Blackie* stories by Jackie Boyle. Colleen Moore makes up for many discrepancies in the continuity.

WEST OF THE WATER TOWER — *Paramount* — Homer Croy's famous novel altered almost beyond recognition in its passage through the movie mill. Glen Hunter works hard to redeem the picture.

WILD ORANGES—*Goldwyn*—A colorful interpretation of Hergesheimer's novel of abnormal psychology. Extremely well acted and directed.

NEXT MONTH

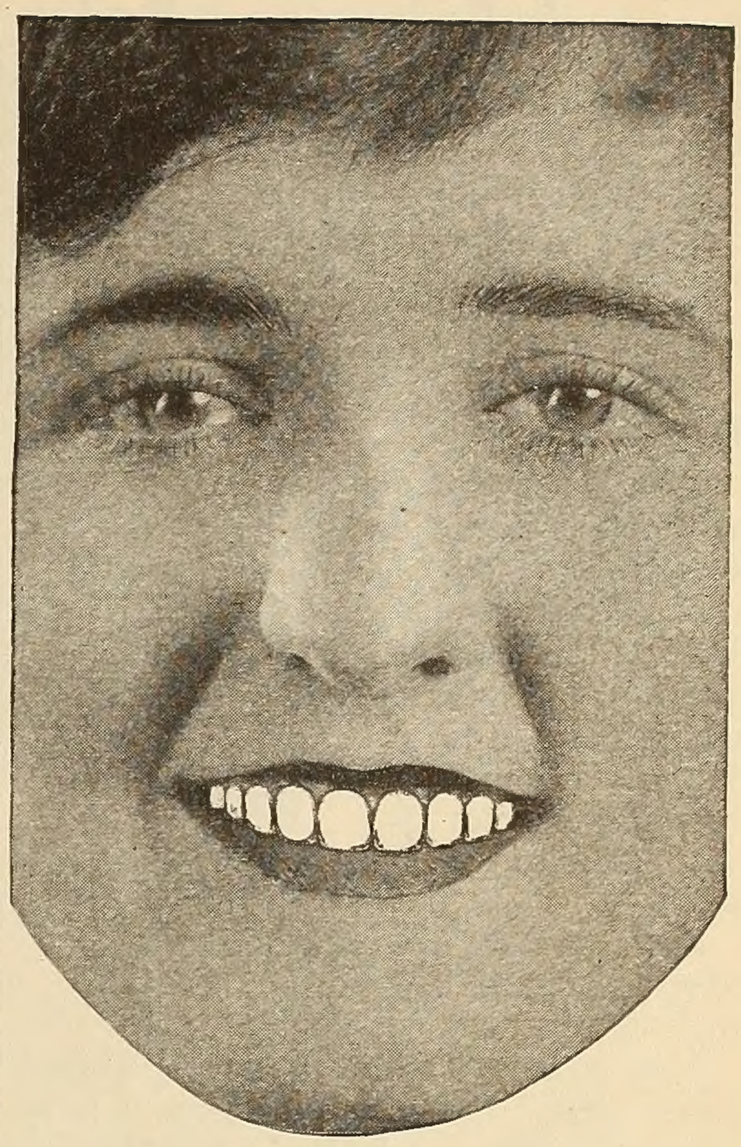


¶ *Jim Tully*

When a man writes of another man, it is not so easy to slip something over. Particularly is this the case when Jim Tully is the man who does the writing. Adolphe Menjou is the subject he has chosen for his personality story next month. In SCREENLAND for August. Ready July first.

In Screenland for August

Ready July first



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The Editor's Letter Box

¶Space rates are paid for all letters published here when accompanied by photographs. Lack of space limits our choice of the many hundreds of excellent letters received. This is the Readers' Department and SCREENLAND cannot accept responsibility for sentiments expressed. Address Editor SCREENLAND, 145 W. 57th St., New York, N. Y. Send your portrait with your letter. It is impossible to return letters or pictures. Please don't ask questions. This is not an Answer Department.

By Our Readers

DEAR EDITOR:—

Acting ability, *plus* personality, defined as the state of being individual or personal, is, in my opinion, the factor which makes any actor what he is to the public.

¶ *Eleanore Barnes*

May I presume to give a personal analysis of a few outstanding types?

Just to see a "still" of Mary Pickford makes me think of dreams, fairy princesses, and sunlight, and apple blossom memories. She represents all sunny girlishness.

Pola Negri symbolizes the primitiveness and dormant passion of all woman. She is the poppy, enticing in her pure suggestiveness, a nature so plain that it is complex. A "gypsy" girl!

Barbara La Marr is the primitive woman repressed, dominated by modern culture and civilization. In her, the fires of the ages have been banked and she is today's woman, still with the fire in her breast, but smouldering.

These three we find combined in Alice Terry, the "woman finished." She has just enough of the bouyant girlishness to offset the calm control of the "woman of the world," with the added touch of sweet passion loosed from the primitive.

Once I saw a personality vivisection of Lillian Gish, which aptly characterized her as the "clinging vine;" upon that I cannot improve. Her beauty is of an ethereal sort, which inspires protection in a man, making that the way to his heart.

Claire Windsor is a wonderful silken rose, made of daintiest satin, perfect, inexpressibly lovely; yet she lacks a personal quality which would make her more than an enchanting picture.

Norma Talmadge is the wonderful girl-woman, a piece of old lace from Valenciennes. She is roses, red and yellow, soft feathers, curled and plumed, needle dagger, rich velvets speak the sumptious Middle Ages through her.

There are scores of others of whom I would speak, that delectable flapper, Colleen Moore, the royal, piquant jesteress, Mabel Normand, the burning Bebe Daniels (cooled somewhat these last years) demure Lila Lee, and—oh, I love them all.

Sincerely,
ELEANORE BARNES,
Post Office Box 1308,
Tulsa, Oklahoma.

DEAR EDITOR:—

¶ *Joe McInerney*

To me, there is nothing so interesting as a colorful personality, written up in a way that enables you to get all the color with a clear view of the personality itself, and in my opinion the hand painted wash rag, for the best article in your last issue goes to Mister Jim Tully. This is the first time I have read the gentleman but it will not be the last, I can assure you.

I have read reams and reams about the tiger-rug novelist, but never such a clear-cut subtle and amusing yarn as M. Tully manages to set forth. There is only one thing, that I would care to see in preference to the article, and that is the expression on Elinor's face when she reads it.

I admire some of your other writers immensely.

Delight Evans for one. I rather think that she is at her best as an interviewer. When she trys the impressionistic she rather falls short. But she is clever.

George Jean Nathan for some reason or other seems to have changed. Can it be possible he is becoming prosaic? Frankly, I enjoy him most with fireworks. Suggest an article setting forth his opinion of the best artists of the screen, and if he does it, it will be interesting to say the least.

I think more interviews would be welcome, and I regret to say I can't see Mr. Hecht or Upton Sinclair. Both strike me as trying their darndest to be sensational, and never making it.

Taken in all there are no features in your magazine that insults the intelligence, which cannot be said for some other periodicals devoted to the silver sheet and its art.

Sincerely,
JOE MCINERNEY,
211 Bidwell Ave.,
Jersey City, N. J.

DEAR EDITOR:—

¶ *Ralph P. Anderson*

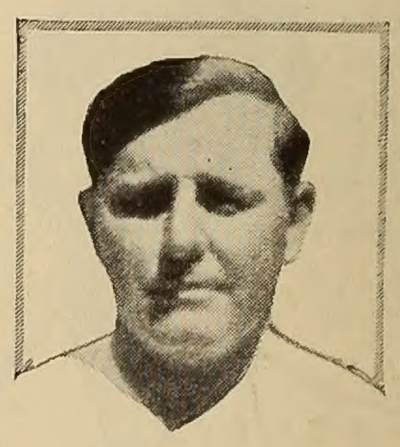
My statement in June Editor's Letter Box that the Wampas "took away from San Francisco several times the amount of cash they had been accustomed to garnering in Los Angeles" gives a decidedly wrong impression. As a matter of fact, the Wampas donated large sums to at least two San Francisco charities, thus benefitting the city and returning to it much of the well-earned money it received.

I did not attend the ball myself, and the criticisms contained in my third paragraph were second-hand—the comments of a few disgruntled people who attended the ball and didn't like it. This does not mean that the affair was not a success, because, as you know, there are bound to be a few people dissatisfied with anything.

As a matter of fact, the ball was so successful that the mayor, the chief of police, the board of supervisors, newspaper managing editors and some of the leading business men have joined in inviting the Wampas to hold its next annual Frolic in San Francisco.

Sincerely,
RALPH PARKER ANDERSON,
606 San Pablo Avenue,
Berkeley, Cal.

DEAR EDITOR:—



¶ *C. R. Dannells*

Yesterday I saw Glorious Gloria in "A Society Scandal." It should have been "A Woman Laughs."

But no matter, Gloria laughs and the meaning of that laugh shall stay with me—many days.

Lovely, beautiful Gloria! A thousand years, and she was a sea king's daughter.
'Ah, that day we ravished The Frank
How our swords drank
Of the landsman's blood.
And Gloria, Gloria laughed in the reddened flood
Gloria, the Norse King's child.'

When will the directors and the stars learn that it is work like Miss Swanson's

that the public wants. A character not too good, not too pale, but a character imbued with living life and glorious action.

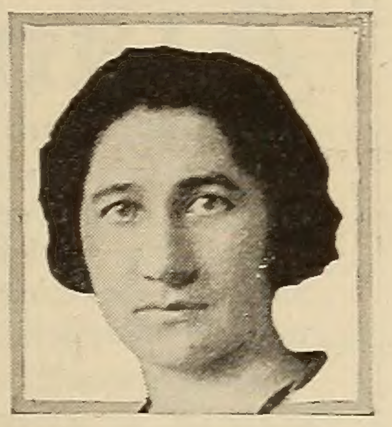
In "A Society Scandal" Miss Swanson projects a character that is the most human of her many creations. A woman who is true to her friends, a woman who strikes at the littleness of modern society, a woman who is strong in defeat, who knows how to take her revenge, who can foregive, can love.

In a word, Glorious Gloria!

Yours very truly,
C. R. DANNELLS.

DEAR EDITOR—

Your interviewer, E. V. Durling, in his chat with Richard Dix, asks him the following question: "To what do you attribute your success?" Quite an interesting inquiry, but Mr. Dix is too pleasantly humble to speak of himself.



Miss Teddy Kunkel

I met Mr. Dix but once and I'd walk miles and miles to see him again, and as a staunch Dix fan, may I briefly state to what I think he attributes his success.

Mr. Richard Dix is a man of a wonderful disposition and charming personality, which tends so much to make him the marvel of all who know him. I can honestly say, that any time he extends his hand to give you that warm and hearty "shake-hand," he buys a life-long friend.

There is none of that unapproachable air about him. He will not investigate your social standing, there is no search after character recommendation, even the name is immaterial to him. He will greet you as one of his dearest friends.

Besides his natural charm he has marvelous acting ability, which is not that studied, artificial, but real true. He lives the character he has to portray. His acting is all his own. It breathes the Dix style, human and true.

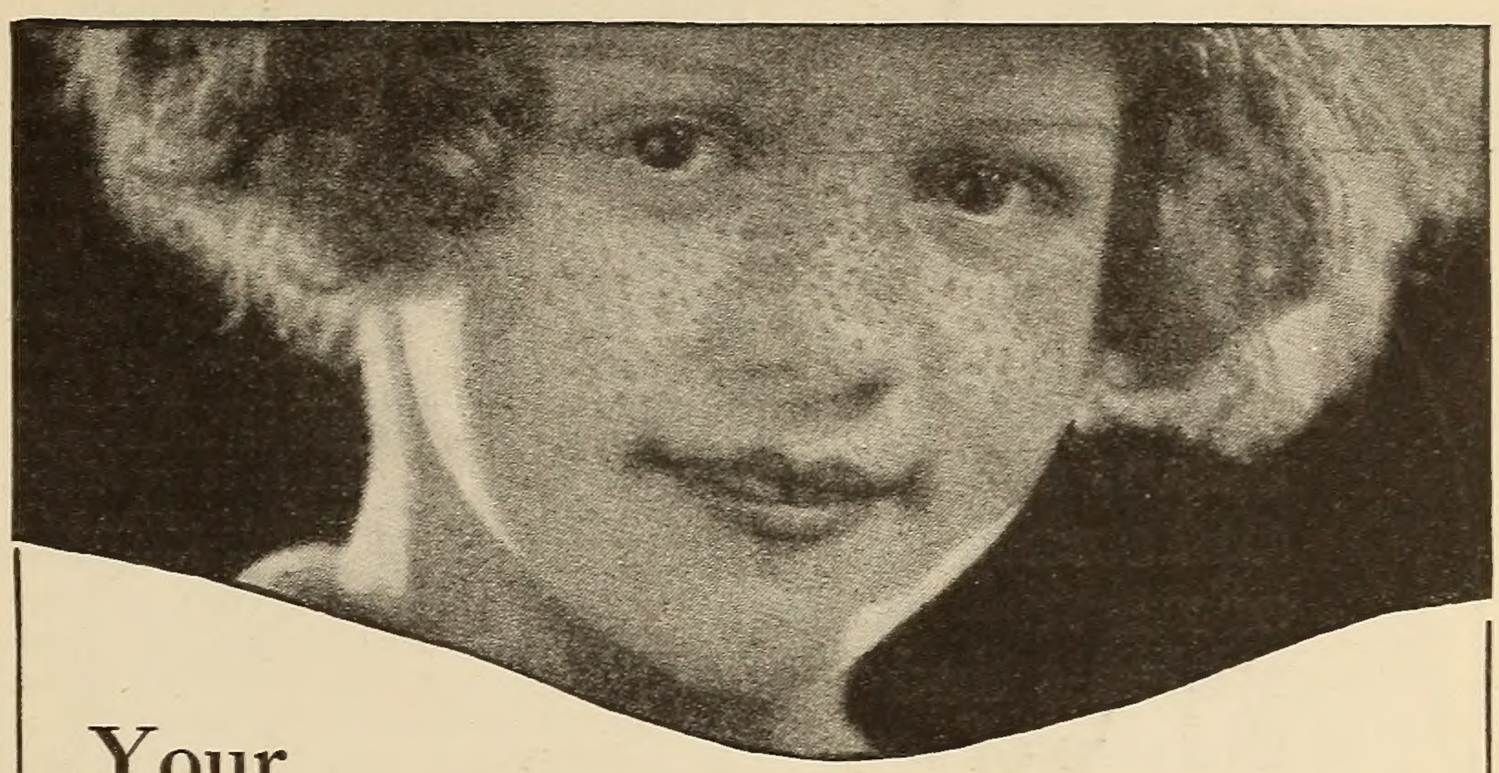
He does not hire press agents to blow his horn, but he lets his work to speak for itself, and proudly, Dix's fans can say —that actors like Richard Dix will find place in the hearts of public when all tricks of publicity will fail.

MISS TEDDY KUNKEL.

DEAR EDITOR:—

Don Lurie

Ten years ago the actors and directors figured they had a difficult task to convey their meaning to the audience by this new silent medium; so they went to extremes in all they did. If a man was to die he wouldn't do so peaceably;



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You simply apply Stillman's at night like any ordinary cold cream. While you sleep its magical action takes place. Gradually the freckles fade from sight, and your complexion grows clear and milk white, beautiful as a baby's skin.

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Write for "Beauty Parlor Secrets"

Send for "Beauty Parlor Secrets" and let us tell you what your particular type needs to look best. Crammed with make-up hints, skin and hair treatments. If you buy $3 worth Stillman toilet articles in 1924 we will present you with beautiful, large size bottle perfume free. You need our many preparations daily in your home. Get our booklet.

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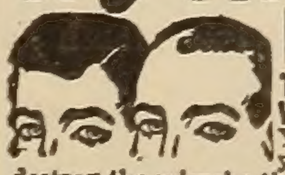

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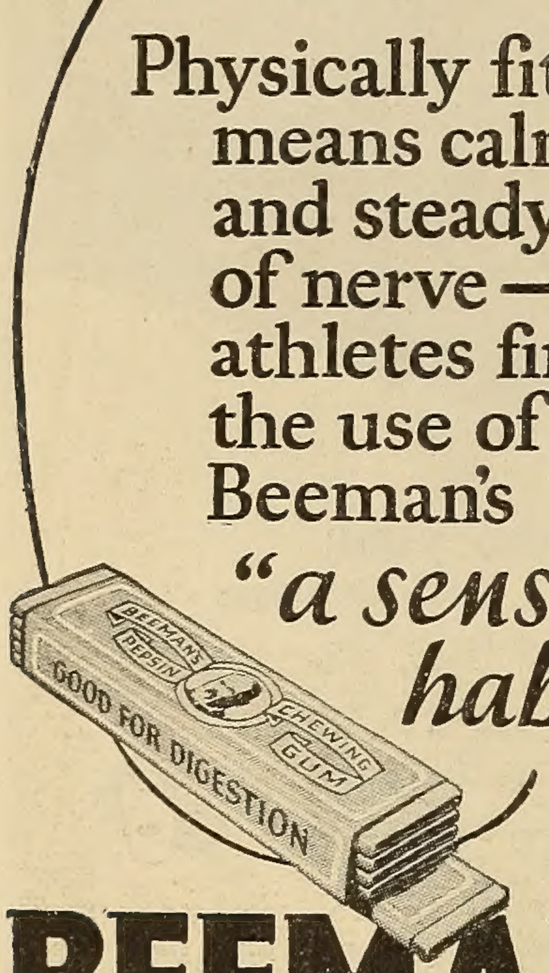

BEEMAN'S

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he would rise on one elbow, clutch the air, make goggle eyes, gasp and show his tonsils, snort and show his adenoids, and then after squirming around like a divided worm, expire: if a gal was to be seduced the villian would leer fiendishly, make a lunge, tear her shoulder strap, knock over two chairs, one table, and a lamp, and finally capture the panting virgin. Before he could wreak any havoc the boy hero would dash in and knock him for a loop, or lightning would strike him, or he would hear distant church bells, or he would find a locket of his long lost sister on the gal's bosom, or maybe Santa Claus would come down the chimney. Any one of these things would make a respectable villian quit. I saw one who needed all three. At any rate these examples are typical of the methods used throughout at that time to obtain an effect.

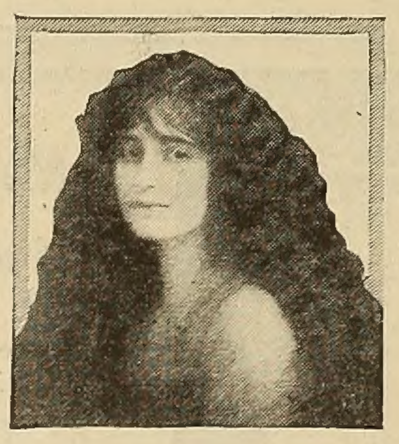
The very greatest number of directors and actors of this day use the identical deplorable manners, embellished now with silks and jewels, mobs and sleek photography. Essentially the methods—the chest-heaving, eye-rolling, ranting and raving—are the same bombastic hokum as of old. Of directors the exception I think of at the moment is Lubitsch; of actors, Adolphe Menjou; of actresses, maybe Dorothy Mackaill.

DON LURIE,

238 Linden Ave., Ithaca, N. Y.

Cornell University.

DEAR EDITOR—



¶ *Leonore Ovitt*

February, 1922, was a lucky month for me. It was then that I was introduced to my best magazine friend of the cinema world, SCREENLAND. It was then that I began to watch with a keen personal interest its phenomenal rise from sixty to over a hundred pages; its jump from obscurity to fame; its high class features; its famous writers and illustrators; its independence; its fearlessness. I have marvelled at how any one little magazine which sells for twenty-five cents could afford to have for contributors such celebrities as Walt Mason, H. L. Mencken, Elinor Glyn, Cosmo Hamilton, Edgar Rice Burroughs, Charlie Chaplin, Gene Stratton Porter, Ben Hecht, Upton Sinclair, George Jean Nathan—and so on indefinitely.

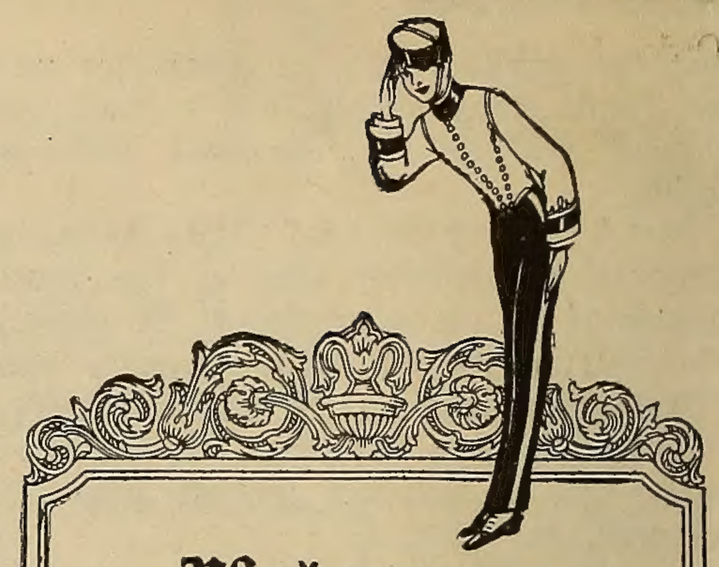
Following are my "gradings" for the May SCREENLAND:

ILLUSTRATIONS

The Cover—90%. Screenland's artist, Rolf Armstrong, usually attains perfection in his beautiful covers, but this month I found the coloring distastful.

Covarrubias—100%. By all means, tell Delight Evans that Covarrubias beats any old stereotyped "stills" that she might otherwise have for her reviews.

Certificates, Scenarios, etc., with "Mail



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Order Movies"—100%. Great! Genuine evidence!

Designs with "Alice in Screenland"—10%. The pictures looked about as much like Claire Windsor and Mae Busch as Jackie Coogan does.

"Our Own News Reel"—95%.

STORIES, ARTICLES, ETC.

The Editor's Letter Box—40%. The idea of printing letters from readers, with their photographs, is all right—if the letters are. But they aren't.

The Silent Drama; Brief Reviews of Current Screen Releases—40%. Not complete enough.

Editorials—100%. "Don't Call Them Interviews" as great! They are always pungent and to the point, and are expressive again of this magazine's fearless attitude.

"As We Go To Press"—95%. One of the most interesting pages.

"Mail Order Movies" and "The Heart-Break Town"—100%. No comments needed.

"The Movie Kiss"—30%. Cheap. Doesn't belong in SCREENLAND.

"The Man Who Was Lincoln"—95%. Wonderfully told—but how tragic.

"Success and the Movies"—100%. For the reader who wants two-in-one—that is, literature plus screen dope, SCREENLAND again excels.

New Screenplays—100%. As a critic Delight Evans is about the last word—as well as the last word in several other lines. She writes in such an easy-going, fresh, vivid style.

"Remembered"—50%. Sounded lovely and sentimental and everything until I came to this sentence (page 96): "Christmas don't seem like Christmas this year, without him trimming the tree."

"Another Naldi"—50%.

"No Jazz for Jetta"—70%. "Sugar coated?"

Dramaland—100%. You got the dean of dramatic critics when you picked Mr. Nathan.

"Pups"—75%.

"The Girls That Men Forget"—90%. If this is the "new manner," pray don't give us the old any more. There were more good jokes in this one "chat" than in a whole issue of "Life."

"Slaves to Beauty"—80%.

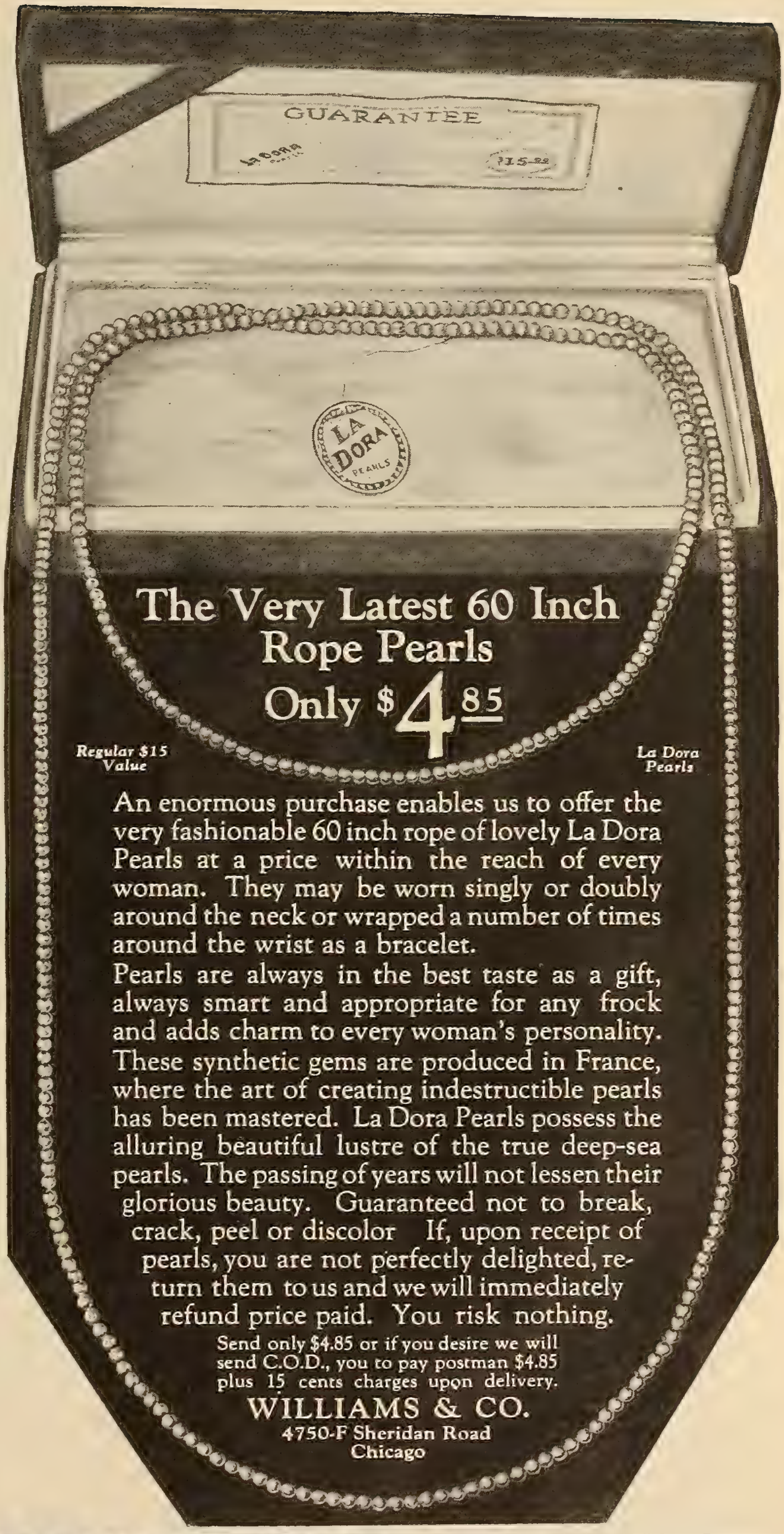
The Listening Post—40%. Interesting but old. The daily newspapers print movie news every day immediately upon acquiring it.

"Alice in Screenland"—10%. I can at least say that the title is clever.

The Movie Clock—100%. Good idea.

Sincerely,
(MISS) LEONORE OVITT.

Above is the letter that won the $10 prize for the most satisfactory rating of SCREENLAND'S stories and illustrations. This prize is awarded every month. Give reason why you like or dislike stories and grade from 60 to 100% according to your preference. Address letter: Editor, SCREENLAND, 145 West 57th Street, New York City.



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Winner of GOLD MEDAL—Highest in Merit—Lowest in Price. **Will correct your Nasal Deformity While You Sleep.** IT WILL ASSURE YOU LIFELONG HAPPINESS. The ANITA is the ORIGINAL and ONLY COMFORTABLE ADJUSTER. ABSOLUTELY GUARANTEED. HIGHLY RECOMMENDED BY PHYSICIANS for misshapen and fractured noses. Write today (just your name and address) for FREE Booklet, "Happy Days Ahead." No obligations.

THE ANITA CO. **Dept. 769** **Anita Bldg., Newark, N. J.**

WHAT is it that out-blooms the Rose and out-gleams the Lily, too? If there is an exaggerated note in that question, it is suggested by a letter received recently by Madame Rubinstein, in which one of her clients in those very words writes of the new Valaze Compacts.

HEALTH — ROUGES and HEALTH — POWDERS

These compacts, which are now made on a base of

VALAZE PASTEURIZED FACE CREAM

and contain compressed within them a well-balanced proportion of that indispensable skin-nutrient, prevent completely the dying of the skin which has always been such a draw-back in the use of compacts. The skillful addition of this cream increases enormously the clinging quality of the rouge and powder and keeps it from floating off the face at the first gust of wind.

The new method of compounding these compacts has made it possible to introduce new shades which are a revelation in fascinating color-possibilities. Such tints have never before been produced in the art of cosmetics, and all the sorcery of fruit and flower colors is reflected in them.

Starting with *Rasberry*: The pertness of its twinkling tint disarms and allures. This rouge is one of the most spellful in color. Then the vivid red *Geranium*, the piquant *Tangerine* and the subdued *Crushed Rose Leaves*. Each of them in dainty metal containers with puff, at *one dollar*. The powders are supplied in deep, mysterious rachel; flesh; in mat, swarthy ochre and delicate ivory white, also a *dollar*. These same may be had with two refills for a *dollar fifty*.

Also Twin Vanities containing both rouge and powder with puffs at the low price of a *dollar fifty*. With these preparations skillfully and discriminately applied, you need no longer approach your mirror with misgivings or alarm. It will henceforth cast no shadows and will reflect only vivacity and freshness.

Finally, the *Valaze Lip Luster* (Lipstick): Indelible, in the brilliant new Lucifer Red, or mat gold container, and in the dazzling new FLAME SHADE, or in light, medium or dark. The container, provided with a hinged top, and a threaded bottom which by a few turns projects the lipstick from the holder, prevents soiling of fingers and gloves. A more daintily refined lipstick or one as dainty and refined you will not find for the price of this: In gold container $1, in flame $1.50.

To be had at leading stores or direct from Madame Rubinstein.

Memo: A half-hour spent with one of Madame Rubinstein's trained operators, comfortably reclining in one of the cosy rest-courts of her

Salon de Beaute Valaze

listening to golden words of "beauty wisdom," while your face is being taken through a carefully planned routine of treatment (afterwards to be followed up in your own home —and for a nominal fee only), will add months to your enjoyment of life.

Literature on application to the Secretary.

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46 West 57th Street

HOLLYWOOD, CAL., 1780 Highland Avenue

DETROIT, MICH.
1540 Washington Blvd.

LONDON
24 Grafton St., W I

CHICAGO, III.
30 N. Michigan Ave.

SCREENLAND

© Photograph by Nikolas Muray

THE MAN WHO MAKES THE COVERS

Herewith we present to you Rolf Armstrong, SCREENLAND'S celebrated cover artist. Perhaps this unusual study will explain why the most famous stars of screendom are willing to climb the six flights of stairs that lead to Armstrong's Greenwich Village studio in order to have a cover done by him.

Three Open Letters, A New Editorials By

Dear Mr. DeMille:

LAST week I saw your latest picture, *Triumph* and it certainly isn't up to your best standard. In fact there is now running on one part of Broadway a picture that is helping to make your reputation (*The Ten Commandments*); and at another is *Triumph* which is helping to mar it.

Cecil, I think what you need is a rest and a vacation. Not the kind of a rest that one takes on a million dollar yacht. I mean a real change. Get away from the servility of the studios and the false atmosphere of pictures. Forget your "exhibitors' reports." Get past the exhibitor. Get to the people.

Take off your puttees and your olive green shirt and put on a pair of hiking pants and an old frayed shirt that your wife was ready to throw away. Then strike out alone—and afoot. And don't tell your press agent that you're going.

You'll meet factory girls on your journey; and they won't act like Leatrice Joy does in your picture. You'll meet millionaires, perhaps, but they'll be no Rod LaRoques. You'll see tragedy that *is* tragedy and comedy that *is* comedy; because the people are so busy living that they haven't time to act.

And you'll come back with a whole knapsack full of ideas for pictures that will have a something in them that your pictures have all lacked since you made *The Whispering Chorus.*

A Modern Crusade

ONE of the noblest projects ever attempted is the proposed trip of human kindness — a train loaded with food and clothing for the suffering children of the Near East. American youngsters in every state in the union are preparing to donate flour, milk, medical supplies and clothes which Jackie Coogan is to take by ship to the destitute children of the famine lands of Anatolia, Syria, Palestine and Greece.

The spirit of this modern crusade calls to mind a crusade that took place some seven hundred years ago—the Children's Crusade of the year 1212—when thirty thousand children, led by a shepherd lad named Stephen, set forth in ships for the Holy Land to battle there for lives instead of conquests.

Such is the mission to which Jackie is to devote three months of this coming summer. Plans may change, but these must not be changed. This trip must be made. The idea that gave it birth is too great a one to perish. What greater monument can the screen achieve than the spectacle of its tiniest hero leading a caravan across the land, across the seas, bearing the gifts of little children, bringing new hope and life to suffering humanity?

Burlesques

THOSE people who find "sermons in stones, books in the running brooks, and good in everything" may also find some consolation in the fact that nearly every pretentious feature picture nowadays trails in its wake a burlesque or two. To some of us these are the choicest bits of all. *Mud and Sand, Rob 'Em Good, The Shriek of Araby* and *Two Wagons—both Covered* were among the good things of last year.

Ben Turpin now promises to do a Romeo that will knock the eye out of Shakespeare lovers, and to follow that with *Two and a Half Weeks*—a burlesque of Madame Glyn's somewhat longer story. In the abbreviated version Ben will, as befits his youth and beauty, play the part of Paul, the passionate young lover.

Three Years of Grace

DEEP sighs of relief will now go up from all those who feared for the future of the films, for lo! Mr. Will H. Hays has signified his intention of renewing for another three years his contract as president of the Motion Picture Producers and Distributors of America.

Under the new contract Mr. Hays will shepherd the flock until March 5, 1928. And by that time the movies should be pretty well out of their infancy.

Crusade and Love Week

M*yron* Z*obel*

Dear Mr. Brenon:

THEY tell me that you are casting about for a star to play the role in *Peter Pan* made famous by Maude Adams. It is getting to be quite a game suggesting people for the part. I hear that they have run completely out of girls and are now submitting male juveniles to fill the role.

But seriously, Herbert, what about May McAvoy? There is a girl who *looks* the part. If there isn't youth and the hope of happiness in those starry eyes then I never saw it anywhere. And she can act. Remember *Sentimental Tommy*. Don't you think it's about time somebody "discovered" her?

Riding Two Horses

EDITING a magazine is like trying to ride two horses at once. It is so hard to keep them both going at the same rate of speed. When one of them slows up the other one is quickly out from under you.

Now this publication is intended to serve as a college education to the screen. It is the film fare of an intelligent fan. It is calculated to entertain those who have been graduated from the elementals of screendom. Therefore much that is obvious is left out. And much is put in that appeals perhaps only to the few. For it appeals to their heads.

Yet at the same time there is a vast host of readers who love the glamorous personalities and the romantic settings of filmdom. To appeal to these readers is to ensure for a publication a large and steadily increasing circulation. But you must appeal to their hearts and to their imaginations.

So the following course has been adopted. Every story in this issue and in every other issue is subjected to this question—Does it appeal to the heart or does it appeal to the head? And two stories are chosen that appeal to the heart for every one that appeals to the head.

Look over this issue and then write in and help decide—Is this the right proportion?

Love Week

IT had to come. First there was Raisin Week, then Home Town Week, then Better Babies Week. And now—Love Week. Says the press sheet announcement:

The week of May 5 to 12, which heretofore has been known as the peak of the love season, has been designed as Love Week by Samuel Goldwyn to celebrate the national release date of the George Fitzmaurice production, *Cytherea*—the Goddess of Love.

Having pulled through the peak of the love season with few casualties, the week of June 1 to 8 (which experts have found to be the peak of the talking season) is herewith designated as Tell a Friend Week. During this week every reader of SCREENLAND will tell a friend to buy a copy for another friend thereby increasing the circulation. Now, *there's* a week with some sense to it.

Dear Harold Lloyd:

LET me congratulate you on your latest, *Girl Shy*. It was a real old-fashioned laugh-fest. There was a line outside that wanted exactly that and the smiles on their faces when they came out proved that they got what they waited for.

It was anniversary night when I went (they saved your new film for the gala occasion) and before it was shown the management ran off some of the pictures they bought ten years ago.

I learned something from those films. They were made before pictures got ambitious. There was nothing fancy in the way of sets. The appeal was to the heart—direct. Not via the pocket-book. Those were the days when Charlie was just funny. When Mary was just sweet. No trimmings. But they *got* you.

Harold, it seems to me that the reason you are so successful is because you have not lost that boyishness, that simplicity that has made you great. Your appeal is sincerity. The movies are getting a long ways off from life. They're not real; they're just elaborate. You've stuck to the simple things and they've made you. You are *Grandma's Boy* to the public, Harold. And don't let Hollywood make you forget it.

As We Go to Press:

¶ D. W. Griffith sues Al Jolson for $571,000 for breach of contract. Jolson quit after few days work on picture.

¶ John Bowers announces he has been separated from his wife three years but denies engagement to Marguerite De La Motte.

¶ Bill Hart files reply to wife's suit to set aside separation agreement. Mrs. Hart charged that her husband tried to bar her acting and depreciated her reputation as an actress. Bill replied that her reputation was already depreciated and that she had never earned more than $200 a week and his allowance to her was more than that.

¶ Norma Talmadge's $100,000 home on West Adams sold to Mrs. E. L. Doheny, Sr. Schencks will live in Benedict Canyon, Beverly Hills.

¶ Jackie Coogan will make only two pictures yearly, says his father. Present Metro contract for four pictures was half completed with *Boy of Flanders.*

¶ Harry Langdon, Sennett comedian, falls from horse on location and is painfully bruised. The Prince of Wales cables condolences.

¶ Elinor Glyn chooses Aileen Pringle for lead in her latest timely film *His Hour.* It will be the first picture to go into production under Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer combine at Culver City plant.

¶ Universal picks T. Roy Barnes for role of Cy Dwyer in film version of Kathleen Norris novel, *Butterfly.* Others in cast are Kenneth Harlan, Norman Kerry, Laura LaPlant, Ruth Clifford.

¶ Will Rogers, May McAvoy, Tony Moreno, Irene Rich, Kathlyn Williams, Patsy Ruth Miller, Julanne Johnston, and Virginia Valli perform at *Bill Topper's Revue* for benefit of Children's Hospital in Los Angeles.

¶ Monte Blue has fox trot melody dedicated to him called *Those Monte Blue Blues* by Cinderella Roof Orchestra.

¶ John M. Stahl is to do another domestic drama titled *Husbands and Lovers* with Lewis Stone, Florence Vidor and Lew Cody in cast.

¶ First National will distribute *Abraham Lincoln.*

¶ For the sixth time in her career, Myrtle Stedman will be screen wife of Hobart Bosworth in *Bread* from Charles Norris novel. Others in cast are Mae Buch, Robert Frazer, Wanda Hawley, Pat O'Malley.

¶ Florence Vidor to have title role in Ince production *Barbara Frietche.* Battle between Monitor and Merrimac to be feature of film.

¶ Richard Walton Tully finishes *Bird of Paradise* script. Will start shooting shortly.

¶ Colleen Moore to star in Edna Ferber's novel *So Big.*

¶ Sam Wood, former F. P. Lasky director, telegraphs: Please correct statement in your recent issue that I was to produce for Allied Authors. My first production as Free Lance will be *The Female* for Paramount.

¶ Charles de Roche is ill at his home with double pneumonia.

Stars
of
TODAY

Barbara La Marr

Ruth Miller
MELBOURNE STORR

Richard Dix

Windsor and

The Riddle of MAE MURRAY

By *Delight Evans*

MAE MURRAY is the kind of girl that wives would forget, if they could. Men don't want to. She means, in the mind's eye of every good female, that beautiful blonde *he* took to lunch. A siren who goes about in a black georgette chemise and a picture hat. Every chorus girl. On the nights a Mae Murray picture is holding forth at the Bijou Dream and *he* says: "Let's go!" displaying the advertisement which pictures the star in a seductive smile and a carnival costume, the wives of the world suddenly recall that Junior has to go to bed early, or that they promised the Smiths to listen in on their radio. Apparently the only women who like Mae Murray are mothers-in-law.

She is one of the symbols of the screen. Chaplin, the spirit of slapstick; Pickford, of childhood; Gish, of purity; Valentino and Naldi, of passion; and Mae Murray, of allure. She represents the reason men leave home. She stands for the Follies, and Broadway after dark. She's the answer to that eternal question, "What can he see in *her?*"

You'd be surprised. You think of Mae in terms of two perfectly grand hosiery advertisements which are, no two ways about it, Mae's principal means of support. You may believe she doesn't fill her roles as well as she fills her stockings. So—we present Mae Murray, in a little home-made movie entitled, *The Misunderstood Woman,* or *The Innocent Sinner.*

"Would you believe it," said Mae the other day. "Those censors cut out some of my scenes from *The French Doll* because they showed my limbs!"

A heartless amputation of those precious underpinnings. And if the same censors met Miss Murray off the screen they would doubtless ask her to meet the wife. For Mae, herself, embodies all the homely feminine attributes which some wives are too busy resenting to cultivate.

This demi-tasse wife addresses her six-foot-something director-husband as Bobby, in a tone which leaves no room for doubt. "Now, Bobby, please—" she says softly. If more wives would learn to talk to their husbands as Mae Murray does, there would be fewer front-page stories about "Wealthy Clubman Calls Stenographer Oozy-Goozy; Wife Sues."

The girl who has appeared on the screen in scantier attire than any other star with the possible exception of the prize-winning babies in the news-reels is, in what little private life she has, the most discreet and decorous. She continues to make her mouth into a tiny moue, to flutter her hands. But the moue which has moved myriads of poor males to unreasonable irritation with their help-mates is actually a harmless pucker. The hair which forms a sacrilegous halo for her fuzzy close-ups is still a persistent gold, but orderly. She has no clothes-pose. If you knew her you would leave your husband with her for an entire evening without qualms or comment; no more, that is, than usual. Begging your pardon, Mae.

But when she works, she works hard. Bizarre costumes—by courtesy—are part of her job. She wears them sometimes even when the camera isn't there. Often she appears in public in a gown which looks as if it were one of the

Alfred Cheney Johnston

¶ Mae Murray *is the kind of girl that wives would forget, if they could. Men don't want to. To them, she is a siren who goes about in a black georgette chemise and a picture hat.*

more substantial ones left over from her latest film. But you feel that when she gets home she takes it off with a sigh of relief and slips into something simple.

When she and Robert Leonard lived in New York they occupied an apartment in the Hotel des Artistes—an early-Italian apartment but not one of those calculated to make the casual caller feel like something Leonardo left unfinished. There was an open piano which looked as if it had been touched other than by the maid when dusting; and even Mae's Russian wolf-hound was, unlike other stellar Borzoi I have met, unpretentious and friendly. Miss Murray looked like Little Lord Fauntelroy. She had surprised her hair by smoothing it and she wore a severe little dress and low-heeled shoes. She spoke softly, without an accent. She was, in short, too good to be true. If it hadn't been for her mouth, which still had the general air of sudden surprise, I'd never have known her. Well, she couldn't fool me. I had been sumptuously served at luncheon and the Borzoi had not resisted my overtures and Mae had not called me dear. But when I left I was wondering how I could find the mulatto in the Leonard lumber.

I stalked her in the studio. She had changed her Fauntelroy suit to her working clothes—in this case, chiffon overalls. But she might just as well have worn fur pajamas. It didn't help me at all. She was working out a scene with Bob Leonard and she smiled and kept right on with her work. Whether it was because I hadn't taken the course in sleuthing or Mae was being herself I couldn't figure out.

It didn't matter to me. The only thing I held against her precise speech and delicate movements were that they made me feel so uncouth. Invariably I tripped over a rug or knocked down a vase. *She* seemed to float. No—that point was that Mae had friends out there in the great big audience. She had her public. They wanted to hear about her. And I suspected that the last thing they wanted to hear about Mae Murray was that she's a nice, quiet, refined girl who never made the front-page of a paper and who would be right at home in any gathering of earnest workers, providing they didn't get rough.

Mae was in New York and I took up my work where it had left off when the Leonards moved to California. All I can say is, she hasn't changed. The wildest thing she did here was dash to the modiste's every morning at nine o'clock. She designed her costumes for *Circe,* the original story which Vicente Blasco Ibanez wrote for her, and she was superintending the stitching as well. Everything she does is concerned with work. When she sees a play, "Will it make a picture?" Her principal social appearance in Manhattan was as the only feminine speechmaker at a film dinner and dance.

In introducing Mae Murray—a little thing all a blaze and glitter of white and diamonds among the black-and-whites—the toast-master said: "Miss Murray will say a few words if she can stay stationery long enough," immediately conjuring a vision of the Mae of the pastels—fluttering, fluttering; pursing her unbelievable little lips into an unimaginably round "O"; waving her little hands; bobbing her little head. The hard-boiled diners—all film people no star could fool—waited, smiling cynically.

Mae rose, smiled, made a short, snappy speech, saying nothing in particular but saying it well, and sat down. The next speaker was a Certain Great Director who spoke until a well-known newspaper critic, filled with self-confidence and cock-tails, rose and roared, with emphasis, "Sit down!"

She has shown the same good sense all her life. She has her line and she sticks to it—perhaps that should be plural. Her career is not so much a triumph of beauty and talent as of good, hard business brains. She has the keen shrewdness of the financier, this tiny girl with the very golden hair and lovely legs. Other girls have been as pretty; others could dance. But of all the Ziegfeldians of her day, she is the only one who remains a popular figurante. And she was in the very first edition of the Ziegfeld entertainments. She won attention as the Nell Brinkley girl. She impersonated Mary Pickford in a number. At that time any girl who resembled Mary was considered a good bet. Mae was signed by Jesse Lasky and sent to the coast to be a filmster. Her first was *To Have and to Hold.* Her way was not easy. She encountered opposition and had to fight. She was from New York and the Follies; she had to live that down. She did, but it was a long time before she found her forte. A series of stupid pictures—and then the birth of the new Mae Murray. *On With the Dance* was the first screen play to establish her as the dancing star of the screen. It made George Fitzmaurice, too. Since then Mae has given a good many encores, to the evident satisfaction of her friends out front.

There is an obvious answer to the riddle of Mae Murray. She can dance. And she is the only screen star who really can dance. We have our stately and even portly emotional artistes—keep that e, printer—who indulge in sprightly contortions, wearing a Mae Murray girdle and a pained expression. They are the worthy ladies who took a few dancing lessons in childhood and have since confined their efforts to ambles around the supper-club dance floor. Mae has danced all her life. She began as a dancer when she was a very young girl. She entertained in the Sans Souci, an almost-forgotten Times Square cafe, in the Follies—and she kept right on dancing in the films. The one desire of the dancers who are in pictures to stay seems to be to forget they ever tripped on a stage—and when I say tripped, you know what I mean. But Mae is a dancing actress and she doesn't care who knows it.

The little daughter of the poor who wins fame through her own honest efforts—that is Mae's own life story. And she is still re-enacting it. The modern miracle—the rise to riches of a wistful-eyed blonde—will always make drama; and it is the theme of the Murray extravaganzas. The audiences who have made possible a Mae Murray continue to applaud her, because she humors and hasn't grown up on them.

But she doesn't want to do *Peter Pan.*

"You, or Mary Pickford, dear," insisted Mr. Leonard.

"Oh, no, dear," replied Mrs. Leonard, smiling sweetly but decisively. "No one but Jackie Coogan. No one else has the elfin grace and spiritual quality. Pass the sugar, dear."

She is another star who studies the scales. She can eat what she pleases, however, because she's under, not overweight. Once she had to retire to a milk farm to get plump.

The Leonards will make another picture in California and then come back east. She is a child of Manhattan, and droops if she has to remain away long. She belongs there; she needs the background. I can't imagine her in Hollywood. Her husband, from Colorado, yearns for the open spaces. As I said, they are moving back to New York.

Just as I see her solely as a busy butterfly, I remember a picture of her sketched for me by one of her best friends. Again in a simple severe suit, she is dancing for an eager audience of east-side kids—her particular pets when she lived in New York. She sent checks down there to the settlement house, but she went down herself, too, and danced for them.

She was rushing away to the modiste's for a last fitting before leaving for the west. She looked young and childish beside her big blonde husband. She gazed up at him—her eyes widening to their celebrated stare; her mouth puckering. She looked like one of her own close-ups. I waited breathlessly. She said:

"Dear, before we go, don't you think you had better phone down to the desk and check up on that bill? This hotel overcharges us awfully if we don't keep track of things."

Alfred Cheney Johnston

¶ *On the nights a Mae Murray picture is holding forth at the Bijou Dream and Hubby says "Let's go!" displaying the advertisement which pictures the star in a seductive smile and a carnival costume, the wives of the world suddenly recall that Junior has to go to bed early, or that they promised the Smiths to listen in on their radio. Apparently the only women who like Mae Murray are mothers-in-law.*

FAKE Make-

The author of this article was the first to conduct an investigation and expose the make-up school methods of film fakers. His research came to the attention of the State Labor Commission which succeeded in putting several concerns out of business.

By Ted

¶ *The casting department of Screen Service—where 85% of the extras employed in Hollywood and Culver City studios are engaged. The files of this organization, which was established in 1917, contain approximately 125,000 names. Of these, 5,000 are "regulars"—experienced workers known by name and face to the young men doing the casting.*

IT doesn't require a sociologist to explain Why Girls Go to Hollywood.

They want to get into the movies.

Granting that they arrive in Los Angeles and have enough money to live on for a few weeks, what then?

They can make the rounds of the studio casting offices—Vitagraph, Fine Arts, Fox, Warner, Century, Christie, Lasky, Universal City, Pickford-Fairbanks, Hollywood, F. B. O., United, Cosmosart, Sennett, Mayer-Schulberg, and (in Culver City) Hal Roach, Ince and Goldwyn. After being informed by some twenty callous and matter-of-fact gentlemen that there's nothing doing, and that when they want extras they call Screen Service, your would-be movie girl feels like registering despondency.

But she remembers reading in a screen magazine that she must "smile, no matter what happens—smile." So she props up the corners of her mouth, feeling very tragic like Lillian Gish in *Broken Blossoms*, and goes downtown to Screen Service's office.

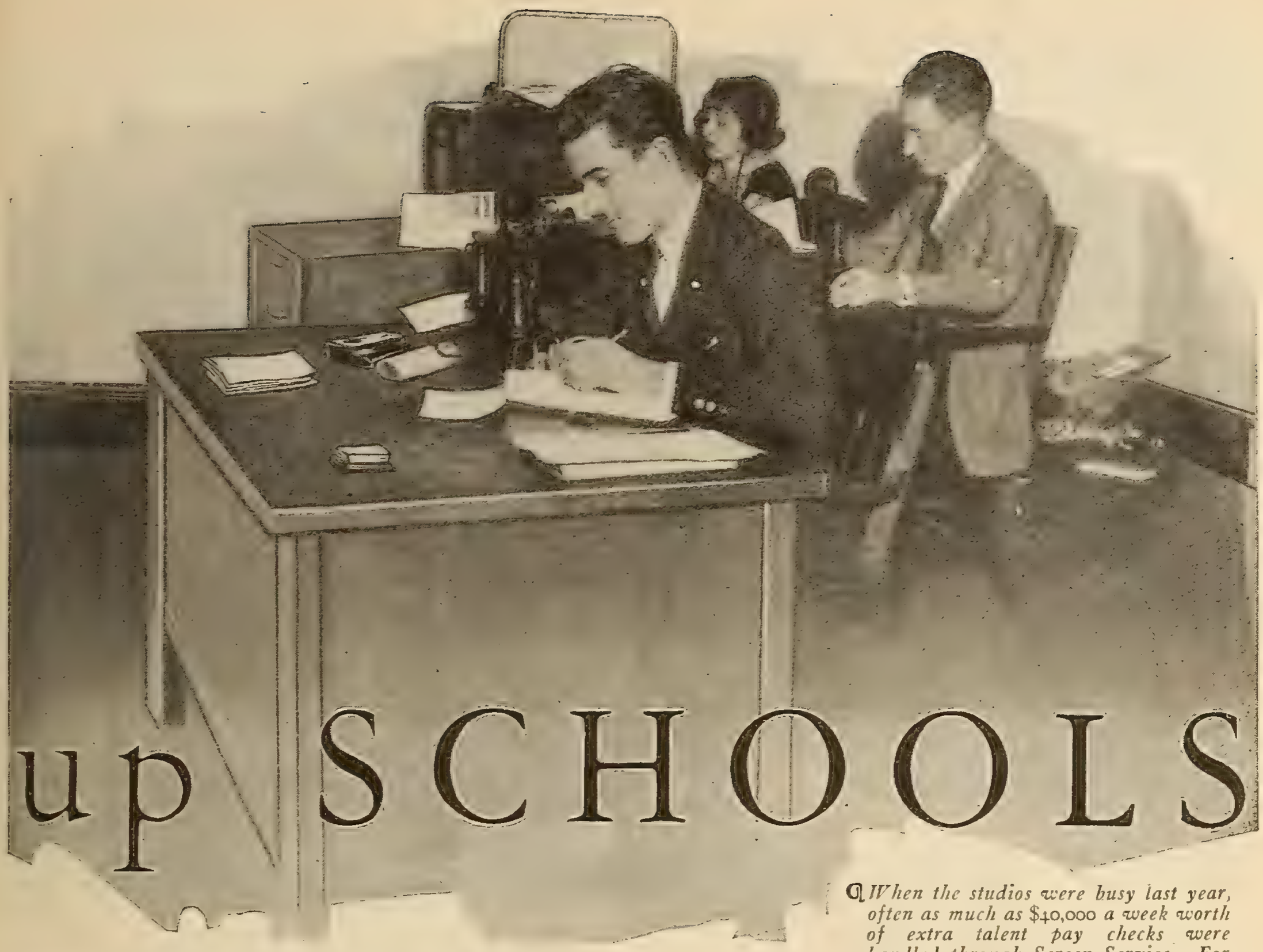
And there she will be told that not only is there nothing doing, but that they cannot file her photograph nor even take her name and address. Dave Allen or Harry St. Alwyn will show her stacks of card indexes listing approximately 125,000 names. Only 10,000 of these are in the "live" list, and only half of these—or about 5,000—are "regulars," called upon whenever there is work. "Whenever there is work"—which there isn't at the time this is being written, April. Since November motion picture production has been at its lowest ebb in years. A slight increase in production is being noticed now, but studio activities must increase 25 per cent before they equal last summer's work—and last summer was a time of lamentation and fasting for many regular movie players, who considered themselves then the victims of a slump If that was a slump heaven knows what they've called the conditions of recent months! Five thousand extra players were sufficient for studio needs in the palmiest days of production.. Today Dave Allen says the Screen Service can't find work for one-fifth of the regulars. Observers at the studios place the number of extra players getting a living nearer 200 than 1,000.

So much for the possibility of registering with Screen Service, which serves most of the large studios.

The "Casting Clubs"

THERE remain the smaller casting agencies, or "clubs," of which there were ten or twelve prior to March. But the state labor department's investigation brought about the closing of nearly every one of these.

There is no doubt, however, that the independent agencies will open up again. They have been closed before—for a time. But like gambling houses and other places subject



up SCHOOLS

Many of these concerns, however, still flourish and this article is an attempt to expose their methods and to warn our readers against a fraud that is undermining public faith in the integrity of screendom.

Q *When the studios were busy last year, often as much as $40,000 a week worth of extra talent pay checks were handled through Screen Service. For the past four months the average has been less than $6,000.*

Taylor

to occasional surveillance, the first time the eye of the law blinks they are at their old tricks.

When this type of agency is in business it acts merely as come-on for the make-up and acting schools.

Then ads appear in the classified columns worded something like this:

> MOTION PICTURE exchange wants well-dressed men, women, all ages. Experience unnecessary. Register free. PHOTOPLAYERS EXCHANGE.

The address will be an office in downtown Los Angeles. In the older business section the office will be little more than a bare box with a counter, desk and chair. Further downtown in big modern buildings are found luxurious dens with awe-inspiring waiting rooms, a stenographer busy, and an inner private office furnished in mahogany, richly carpeted, and with a framed photograph of a screen celebrity or two hanging on the wall.

How They Work

BUT the procedure is always the same.

"Are you a stranger in Los Angeles?"

Nineteen times out of twenty, "Yes."

"Have you had any motion picture experience?"

"Well, I played the lead in the class play at school. Or: My friends told me I'd do wonderfully in the movies. Or: When I was a little girl I used to recite at entertainments —wait I'll show you some of my newspaper notices.

But it really doesn't matter what the answer is.

"Well, you see," explains the dapper young gentleman or the kindly woman. "You would have to have *some* experience before we could register you for studio work. You can't get on unless you at least know how to make-up for the camera. Do you?"

Of course it's No.

"You'd really be admirable for the screen. Sort of a Lillian Gish type." (Or Louise Fazenda, or Mary Carr, or Gloria Swanson—according to the age and temperament of the hopeful applicant.) "Now if you only knew make-up . . .... The phone rings and the "casting director" seizes the receiver in one hand and a pencil in the other. He (or she) rapidly scribbles on a pad during the conversation: "Photoplayers' Exchange . . . Hello Mr. Datig . . . 14 men evening dress, yes . . . 18 women evening gowns, yes . . . on Stage Four at 8 o'clock . . . made-up . . . .all right Mr. Datig, they'll be there!" And the buzzer is buzzed, the memo torn off and given to the steno, and the "casting director" swings benignly about again. "Now there, you see, would be an opportunity for you—at Universal. If you only knew make-up!" The regret just wells up in his (or her) voice.

And the applicant asks querulously: "Well how am I to learn make-up if I don't get a job?"

Ah! That's all your casting director needs.

Switch to the desk again, scribble on the pad again—the same pad that just received that magic message from the studio, tear off the slip and thrust it in the girl's hand.

"There my dear, just present this at the address I noted. My name will fix it up for you. They are the best instructors in town. And when you've completed the course come back and I'll register you. Then," benign smile. "you'll be a regular movie actress!"

The Make-Up School

THEN our little girl who looks like Lillian Gish or Gloria Swanson or nobody at all in particular, hastens to the make-up school with thumping, tumultuous heart. Maybe it's right next door, or maybe it's across the street. And the instructor may be the "casting director's" brother, or wife, or only his partner. Again it doesn't matter. Procedure is again the same.

The Ad

OR maybe it was the movie-school's own ad the screen struck girlie answered in the first place. Saying probably:

> SCREEN ARTISTS ASSN. will interview men and women who wish to make motion pictures a profession, who realize they must start at the bottom. Experience not necessary. Assistance will be given those qualified.

Let's follow behind Marjorie Butler, girl reporter for a Los Angeles daily, who pretended to be a stenographer in search of stardom, and see what she expriences:

> "Clutching the paper bearing the priceless ad, I entered through the ground glass door and sat down on the well-worn bench along the wall of the empty anteroom.
>
> "Presently a smooth young man with the punch in his voice advocated by salesmanship schools popped through an opposite door and declaimed stentoriously: 'Next!'
>
> "Inside the little office, decorated with photographs of many famous movie stars, he began briskly.
>
> " 'Castallo is my name,' he asserted. 'Casting director, you know.' He smiled engagingly as he shook my hand.
>
> " 'So you want to get into the movies.'
>
> "I admitted it.
>
> " 'Any experience?'
>
> "Not on the screen, but—'
>
> " 'That doesn't count. You can't get a movie job if you don't know something about what to do.' He snapped out each word assertively, belligerently, almost.
>
> " 'You've got to know how to put on make-up.'
>
> "Make-up, it appeared, was the most important part of the education of a coming star.
>
> " 'You've got the face, and there's nothing to the acting but doing what the director tells you, but if you go out there and don't know the first thing to do—why, you wouldn't stand a chance!
>
> " 'Here's what we'll do. We teach make-up, takes about three weeks, for $20. Then we send you out on our jobs, for 7 per cent of your earnings as long as you work for us.
>
> " 'You can pay $5 down, and start right in tonight's class—'
>
> " 'But wait a minute,' I gasped. 'Suppose I pay you $20, and then don't get a job. You don't guarantee anything—'
>
> " 'Of course we'll get you a job!' the 'casting director' broke in. 'That's how we make our bread and butter!
>
> " 'The $20', he waved the trifling sum aside airily, 'merely pays us the expense we are put to in teaching you to make-up. Our real money is from the commissions on your work.'
>
> " 'Then why don't you guarantee it?'
>
> " 'You'll never get anywhere with an attitude like that!' He was not so friendly now. 'When you're working with movie people you have to take their word for things; they're like that. There's just one of two things—you are seriously interested in getting in the movies or you're not. If you are, you can give me the deposit, and if not—' He waved his hands in a gesture eloquent of dismissal."

One Case Out of Many

THE "stenographer" said she'd "think it over." But evidently others were willing to take the "casting director's" "word for things." The following item appeared in a Los Angeles paper a week or two after the interview described:

> FILM FAME HOPE GIVEN HARD JOLT
>
> A sadder and wiser Kero Ounjian reported to police yesterday that his dreams of high salaried motion-picture positions have vanished and that $150 he had borrowed from his best friend is likewise gone.
>
> The blotting out of his dreams of having his name on a thousand film bill-boards came simultaneously with the disappearance of Richard Castallo and the $150 which he had borrowed, Ounjian stated.
>
> He had enrolled in a film make-up school. Castallo was his teacher. Castallo informed him that he would soon produce a picture and that if he wanted to have a part in it at $75 a week he could have his wish by depositing $150 to be used in advertising and purchase of costumes.
>
> Work on the picture was to have started yesterday but Ounjian said that when he reported to Castallo's office he was informed the latter had packed and was seeking more comfortable climes.
>
> Detective Lieutenant Katzenberger was assigned to investigate the case.

In seeking more comfortable climes the said Castallo, "casting director," was acting for his own best interests. For even then Dr. Louis Bloch, statistician for the California state labor department, was in Los Angeles investigating the activities of make-up schools and actors agencies.

Make-up School Closed

DR. BLOCH caused an uncomfortable two weeks for James O'Hara, proprietor of Tid Bit Productions, a make-up school. He caused O'Hara's arrest for violation of the state labor laws in representing his concern as an employment agency, and for agreeing to teach make-up and obtain positions in the movies for a flat fee of $25. Later O'Hara was released on his agreement to conduct merely a trade school and promise nothing in the way of studio work.

Among other concerns closed by Dr. Bloch were the Screen Actors' Club agency and the agency conducted by Ben and Joe Goldstein and Otto Pollo, who were accused of accepting registration fees in advance of employment, and of operating in collusion with (*Continued on page* 87)

Photograph showing actual session of make-up class. This picture was "kidnapped." That is, the photographer got his camera focused and flashlight powder ready. A newspaper reporter then kicked the door open. There was a flash and the picture was taken.

Above is reproduced a photograph of the make-up class conducted by Michael J. Lynch, who organized the Screen Players, Inc. after his previous Classic Film Actors' Agency was put out of business by the Labor Commission. Lynch was later arrested and sentenced to six months in prison for assaulting a disabled war veteran who demanded the return of twenty dollars fee. At the bottom of the page is a membership card of "a casting club." Membership dues are $1 per month but after receiving the initiation fee of $10, the club doesn't worry much whether its members continue. This fake agency service will be exposed in the August SCREENLAND.

At the right is a contract between the Scripture Films, Inc. and a girl client. This contract is not worth the paper it is printed on. Frances Engel, president of the Scripture Films, was arrested on a battery charge by a man from whom he was alleged to have stolen $1500 and who was thrown out of the office when he requested an accounting of his money. The signature "countersigned" R. B. Wilcox, is that of an instructor in a make-up school. The contract was void without his signature and he signed only after enrolling the investor in a course of grease paint smearing. Although Wilcox closed his school and turned state's evidence at Engel's hearing he was later arrested on the charge of an old woman who alleged that he had taken $600 from her, promising to star her and her two children. In the September SCREENLAND, the subject of fake producers will be dealt with.

Above is a contract given an ambitious girl by Scripture Films, Inc. It guarantees "work to start when Scripture Films, Inc. start active production." Although advertising literature stated that 500,000 shares were being sold at $1 a share, no picture was ever made.

EMPLOYMENT CONTRACT

This Agreement made and entered into this....7th.... day of.June.27...1922, by and between Scripture Films Inc., of Los Angeles, Calif., party of the first part and E. Allen.....party of the second part of same place.

THEREFORE, it is agreed between the parties as follows: the first party hereby agrees to employ the second party, and second party accepts such employment on the following terms and conditions:

The Scripture Films, Inc., hereby agrees to employ E. Allen.....in Moving Pictures to be produced by this Corporation.

The minimum salary to be five dollars ($5.00) per day and up, United States money, to any person employed by this Corporation. Applicant is to work either in atmosphere, do bits, play parts or leads, and to be paid according to the part taken.

Scripture Films, Inc., will employ persons who will tend to keep a clean studio atmosphere.

Said party of the second part above mentioned, shall be under contract to work for the Scripture Films, Inc., for a period of twenty-six (26) weeks, work to start when Scripture Films, Inc., starts active production.

This agreement is void, unless countersigned by R. B. Wilcox, Instructor.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, the parties have hereunto set their hands and seals the day and year first above written.

E. Allen

President Scripture Films.

Countersigned. R. B. Wilcox

Date. 8/7/22.....

E. G. Brayton

Club one month..... The .....71.....Plan

R. B. W.

FILM AND PHOTOPLAY EXCHANGE

MEMBERSHIP CARD

This card entitles bearer E. G. Allen to register with this agency for work, on our preferred extra list. No commission will be charged on one position a month. Membership fee $1.00 monthly. Dues payable on the 27th of each month.

By Edmund Levy

It is not compulsory that anyone join the R. B. W. Club to register with this agency

Below is reproduced the membership card of a "casting club," which evades the State Labor Law prohibiting soliciting commission before a job is obtained.

Betty of the passionate, twisted, restless mouth whose crimson quivers are never stilled.

Betty of the Hungry HEART

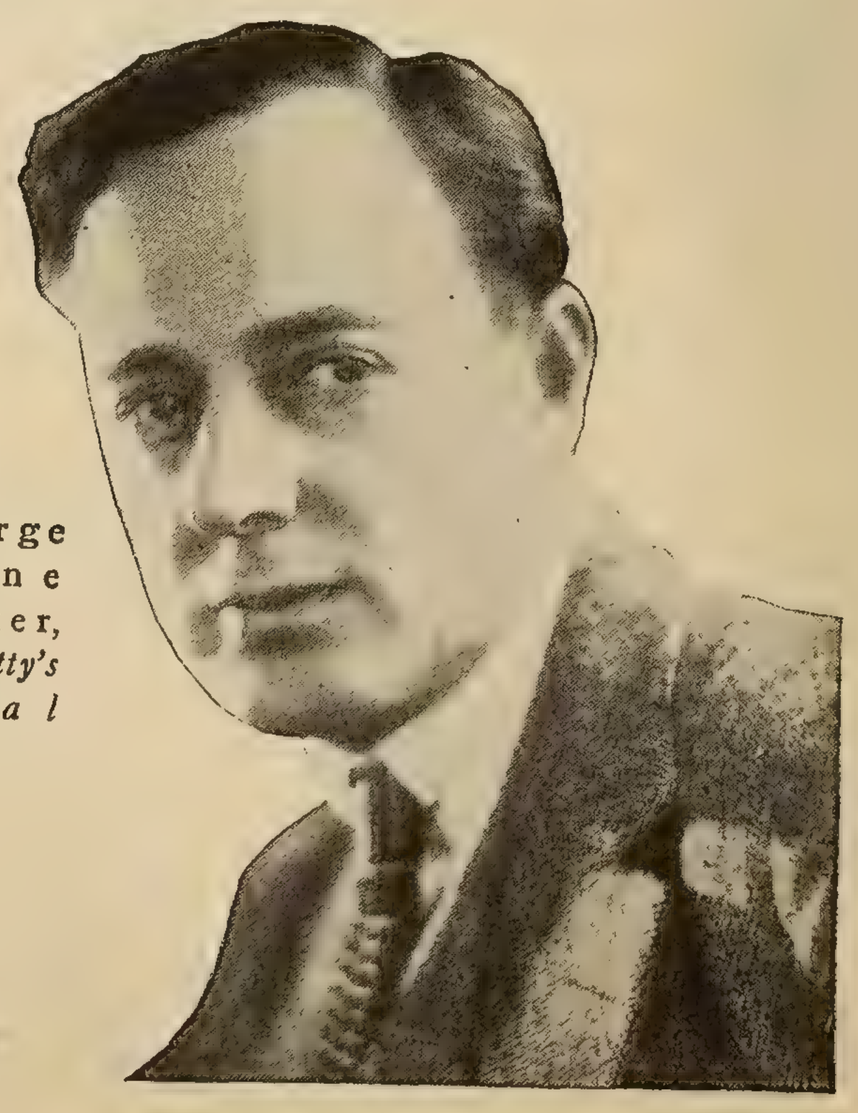
By Anne Austin

I KNOW a face that gleams with the bright radiance of a thousand candles. A delicate, white glow, as if all the tender brilliance of consecrated tapers on the shrine of the Virgin had been imprisoned behind a little heart-shaped face, to shine through the clear windows of a clean soul—a pair of unbelievably beautiful gray eyes.

And I know a passionate, twisted, restless mouth whose crimson quivers are never quite stilled to the hush of the sacred music that has been imprisoned along with the votive candles from the Virgin's shrine.

Heaven and hell captured in the same heart-shaped, lovely girl-face. The frenzied beat of tom-toms breaking the soothing harmony of hymns. The physical at an eternal war with the spiritual.

Betty represents the physical at war with the spiritual.



George Loane Tucker, *is Betty's ideal lover.*

¶ *Says Betty:*

¶ *"I shall never marry a man who could not be a spiritual inspiration to me as well as a lover."*

¶ *It is no mean triumph for Jimmie Cruze.*

¶ *Betty of the hungry heart, her eyes shining with the holy light of a thousand altar candles.*

That is at once the charm and the curse that has set Betty Compson apart from other girls, whether they be demure little convent things too well sheltered, or bits of girl flesh being daily offered to the Great God Film.

Physical and spiritual. Soul and sex fighting for mastery. A Lillian Gish glows steadily like an angel's halo. A Pola Negri consumes and is consumed with the blood-heat of a supreme and persistent passion, sex-lure in primitive grandeur.

But Betty Compson! With her eyes shining with the light of altar candles, she promises a purity and soul perfection that makes a Rafael madonna seem oxlike and earthy.

But with her mouth—that upcurled, sensuous, insatiable, seeking mouth she (*Continued on page* 90)

¶ *Betty symbolizes sex lure in all its primitive grandeur.*

¶ Betty Compson *and Jimmie Cruze.*

¶ *When Clara, the shop girl buys a hat.*

¶ Saleslady: *Just from Paris, Miss, only* $15.00

Illustrations by

The FAME

By *Vivian*

HOARY tradition has it that George Washington once threw a dollar across the Potomac. If George were a movie star in this year of grace, 1924, he would have a hard time making a dollar go half that far. Expenses are something Hollywood folk have nothing else but!

A surprisingly large number of motion picture players land in the bankruptcy court every year. They find their debts have piled up hopelessly; perhaps their earning power has failed or sickness has impoverished them. ZaSu Pitts and her husband, Tom Gallery, Virginia Pearson and her husband, Sheldon Lewis, and most recently, Miss Dupont, the once famous star of *Foolish Wives* and also Mildred Harris—one time spouse of Charlie Chaplin—have all filed petitions to be helped out of the quagmire of debt.

"Inexcusable extravagance," perhaps you say, mentally contrasting the fabulous salaries paid to stars with your own income. Extravagance undoubtedly played its part in the toppling of the players' finances, for the picture people are apt to purchase beyond their means, even as you and I, but with the added excuse that a display of prosperity, albeit mortgaged, is an economic necessity in a community where the great god Four-Flush is worshipped. But not extravagance entirely, nor ordinary misfortune has put the crimp in many film fortunes. It is the fame-tax that runs up the overhead.

Supposing that you were to stop in at your favorite shop to purchase a new hat. You choose a hat that is becoming, and the price is reasonable; say fifteen dollars. "Charge it," you tell the clerk. "The name is Miss Blank."

"Ah," says the clerk to herself. "The wealthy and famous Miss Blank can afford to pay more." And then she tells you smoothly: "Pardon, madame, but I have made an error in the price. The hat is thirty dollars."

That would not be so pleasant, would it? But that is exactly what happens when the stars go a-shopping. They pay a tax for fame, whether they buy hats, houses or husbands.

Paying for Starving Pets

THERE is an animal hospital in Los Angeles which caters to the film trade. Motion picture celebrities pay as much again for the care of their pets as the ordinary run of clients. And often they pay for the act of having their pets fast.

"Most of the expensive police dogs and chows that come here are brought by picture people," said the doctor in charge. "And most of them are suffering from too much luxury. The pups get indigestion from rich food. We just starve them for a day or two, and they come around all right. But of course, we don't tell the owners that."

Gloria Swanson has been a consistent sufferer from this form of brigandage. She relates how she has sent her maid to price a certain article, time and again, and always the price has been raised when she herself comes for it. I

¶ *When Claire, the screen star, buys the same hat.*

¶ Saleslady: *Just from Paris, Madame only* $30.00

Addison Burbank

TAX

Victor witnessed such an incident myself. It was the Christmas season in a down-town Los Angeles shop, while Gloria was still on the coast. I had admired a certain beaded bag. "Fifty dollars," the saleslady told me. That being about forty dollars beyond my limit, the bag went right back in the case again. While I stood waiting for my change from another purchase, Gloria came in, smart and trim in an ermine coatee and a little cloche hat draped in a veil. With her were a friend and an English maid carrying little Gloria. Miss Swanson stopped at the counter and pointed out the bag I had admired and priced.

"Very chic, just arrived from Paris," said the saleslady, taking the bag reverently from its resting place. "And only seventy-five dollars!"

Gloria did not share the saleslady's enthusiasm about the smallness of the price, for the bag stayed in the shop. But if she had taken it, I suppose the clerk would have split the rake-off of twenty-five dollars with the firm.

Mrs. Logan Shops for Jackie

JACQUELINE LOGAN has had many such instances. She told me how almost invariably when her mother purchases articles on her daughter's charge account, the prices rise mysteriously. When she buys in her own name, no such increase is noted.

It is the small, exclusive shops that are the greatest offenders in this respect. The large department stores are not so free to alter prices according to the individual. Merchandise is marked for all to see, and the red-tape of price-tags, invoice slips and receipts prevents the juggling of prices. But the ultra-chic gowns and other articles of wearing apparel that stars desire are more easily found in the small, smart shops than in the standardized department stores. And a clientele of celebrities has lifted the mortgage from more than one of these exclusive salons of dress. Better to be a Jones than a Talmadge or Pickford, while shopping in these emporiums.

Tribute is levied right skilfully in other lines than dress, however. In apartment rentals, for instance. The sign "No dogs or movie actors allowed" decorates more than one apartment house in Los Angeles and its environs. Bel Air, a new and highly expensive subdivision just opened beyond Beverly Hills, strictly prohibits picture people from buying into it. Where the film folk are welcomed, a surtax is tacked neatly on to the rent. Where Mrs. John Jones can rent a furnished apartment or a bungalow court for, say, seventy-five dollars a month, it's a clever movie actor of any prominence who can get the same apartment for less than one hundred and twenty-five. Of course, there is something to say in defense of the landlords. Parties are hard on the furniture, and gin is the very dickens to get out of the rugs without staining. A bookkeeper isn't so apt to put on entertainments of a hilarious nature; he can't afford to.

Who Gets the Publicity?

PROTESTING that they give away many hundreds of dollars worth of publicity a year to screen stars, the shop-owners come forward with their grievances.

"We place the photographs of the stars in our shop windows," said one Los Angeles business man indignantly. "One ready-to-wear store on Broadway has models made in the likenesses of stars. (*Continued on page* 91)

¶ Pola Negri, *the stormy petrel of filmdom has been recreated into a tractable, hard-working actress.*

The New Pola

By Eunice Marshall

AMERICA, aided and abetted by Jesse Lasky, has created a new Pola Negri.

The Pola imported for *Bella Donna,* the stormy petrel of filmdom, the Katherine whom no screen Petruchio could tame, has voluntarily transformed herself to a tractable, hard-working actress. Her art is benefitting by it, but from the point of view of the chronicler of screen events, what a loss was there, my countrymen!

The old Pola was such good copy. How the press used to revel in the stories of the foreign star's tantrums! Even on the dullest days when not a single sensation could be found to snap up the front page, Pola could be depended upon for a column at least.

First there was her delightful feud with Gloria Swanson, the reigning queen of the Lasky lot. With what gusto the papers related how Pola rejected the dressing-room prepared for her, because Gloria had a bungalow all to herself, and how she ousted the poor scenario writers from their quarters in the bungalow once occupied by Mary Pickford. Then there were other colorful episodes. Pola banishing the studio cats and Gloria countermanding the edict; the never-to-be-forgotten banquet given by Jesse Lasky to celebrate Pola's arrival, when Pola's carefully calculated late entrance was totally ruined by the even later entrance of Gloria, arrayed like unto the lilies of the field and ushered into the strains of triumphant music, nefariously hired for the occasion.

When Gloria, packed up and moved to New York, there to garner greater dramatic laurels, a new interest was injected into Pola's affairs by the famous Negri-Chaplin romance. Never was such a thrilling story as this conjunction of the queen of tragedy and the king of Harlequins! From the moment of their first meeting, through the tempestuous course of their romance to the dramatic breaking-off of their engagement, the public formed an ecstatic gallery.

For Charlie Chaplin to be rumored engaged to a new beauty was no novelty. But this rumor seemed to be based on fact. The radiant Pola and her Charlot were seen everywhere together. They danced at the Cocoanut Grove and took week-end trips together, chaperoned by Pola's secretary. In fact, it was on one of these jaunts to Del Monte that the definite announcement of their betrothal was given out.

(*Continued on page* 93)

¶Gloria Swanson *has recovered from the "clothes-horse" complex and has blossomed forth with a new screen personality.*

The New Gloria

By *Delight Evans*

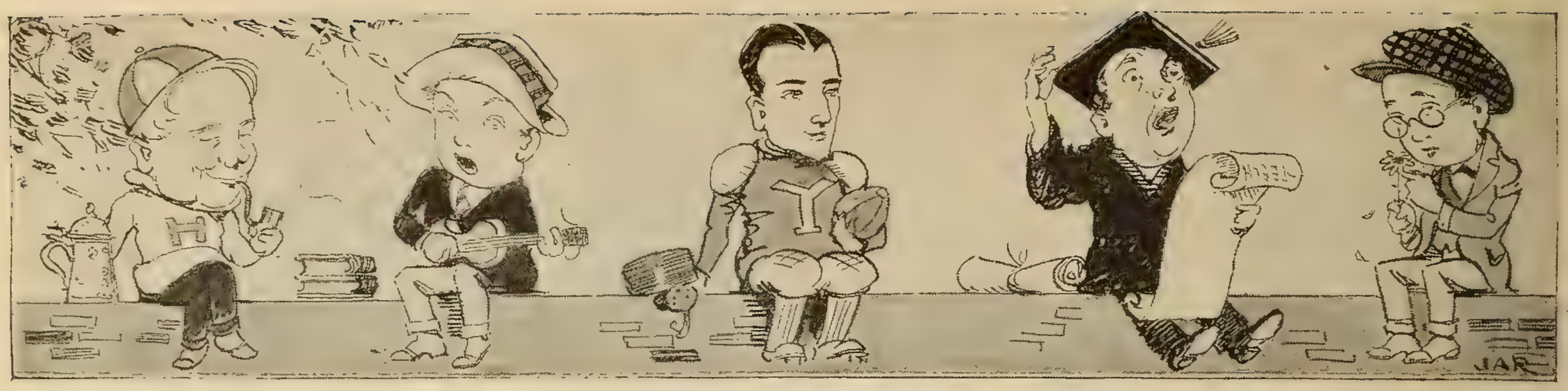
THERE'S no doubt about it. We have a brand-new star. She has been famous under the same name before, but her former fame and following was that of a small-town stock company leading lady compared to that which she enjoys today. Meet Gloria Swanson—a Gloria rejuvenated, begging her pardon, rehabilitated, revamped. A made-over star but not a warmed-over one. A smashing new personality, as different from her celluloid presence of the past as your snappy sports model roadster from a two-wheeled bicycle—ask the head of the family; he understands.

What has happened to Gloria? She looks almost the same, if you overlook her shingled bob, as if anyone ever could. She hasn't changed much, except to add poise and piquancy. No. The actual change took place under Gloria's smart shingle, in that portion of the physical equipment which many insist is not included among a screen star's talents—the brain.

Gloria must have had a mental face-lifting. She is a brighter star and a smarter girl because of it. Now, who or what was the skillful surgeon to perform this highly successful operation? Opinions vary, as opinions will. The understanding and sympathy which added years and experience bring to the unafraid? A real romance? A keen rivalry with Pola Negri which put the American star on her mettle? It may be one or all of these. And then again, there's another theory.

Gloria has recovered from an inferiority complex. Not that Professor Freud ever studied and added her to his long list of growing girls similiarly afflicted. Freud never heard of her case and Gloria may never have heard of Freud's. But someone who knows her has said that this complex serves as the solution for the new star. Gloria, renowned in three continents as the screen's silken butterfly; the goddess of the Mille marbles; the model for the world's most bizarre and intricate gowns—Gloria, earning fame as a clothes-horse, to put it vulgarly, began to believe it herself.

People said that that was all she could do—wear smart clothes well. Women went to see her pictures who pronounced her modiste's latest creations as chick. Critics crowed over her marvellous ability to lend herself to the most exotic apparel—and over (*Continued on page* 93)



Dick Barthelmess, Ralph Bushman, Rex Ingram, Conrad Nagel, Creighton Hale *were college boys.*

Where do they

¶ Mabel Normand *shocked Boston by modeling bathing suits.*

HAVE you ever wondered as you watched the latest movie flapper kick back her leg in that cute manner—which does duty for all sorts of emotion—have you ever wondered, as I say, whether they were born that way?

I mean, the movies are still so young, that nearly all the most favored screen luminaries must have earned their room rent in some other manner, before they became known to millions via the celluloid route.

¶ Doraldina *was a dancer.*

Well, if you have ever spent any time on such random speculation, the little verses printed above—for which due apology is hereby made to the shade of W. S. Gilbert—will set your mind at rest.

The movie stars, the glorious, glamorous, heart palpitating creatures, have been recruited from every walk of life.

Tinker, tailor, soldier, sailor; That's how the old rhyme goes; And if you have all of them missed—Salesman or dispensing chemist. . . .

But why go into verse again? There's more truth than poetry in this article.

Would you ever think, fr' instance, that Jack Mulhall once was a shoe clerk, or that Madge Kennedy was a newspaperwoman? Yet that's exactly what they were. Maybe that's why Jack isn't so crazy about burlesque shows. Yesterday they lived and worked in obscurity, with not a score of people to care a hoot whether they were fond of club sandwiches or not. Today a million fans yearn to know their favorite soft drink. Looking back into the dim and dusty past we find that before renouncing everything for their art—and, of course for their dear public — screen comets were many things.

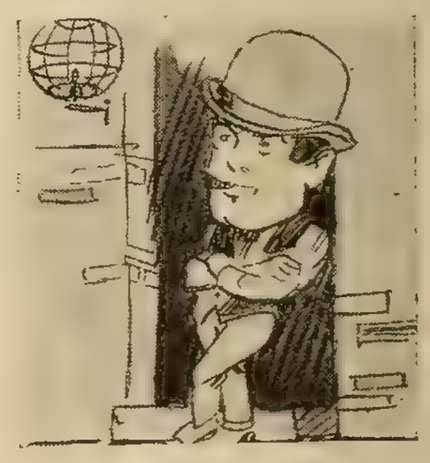
THE GENTLEMAN:

When I was a lad I went to work
By jerking sodas as a drug-store clerk—
I washed the windows and I scrubbed the floor
And the Sundaes I invented—that just made *that store,*
I attracted the girls each day of the week—
. . . So now, of course, I'm a movie shiek.

THE LADY:

When I was a girl out of business school
I adhered most strictly to the golden rule—
As a typist to a fellow in the movie game
I learned quite a lot—and I'll never be the same
*For now I'm no longer a stenographer-*er
But I'm starring in the movies at a thousand per!

¶ Pola Negri *is a splendid violinist.*



¶ Charles Ray *was a doorman at the old Los Angeles Burbank Stock Company.*

When it comes to women—and soon or later it *always* comes to woman, doesn't it?—it seems that artists models, shop girls, and mannequins have achieved more fame and fortune in pictures than girls drawn from any other walk of life, which, of course, is only natural, for these professions, like the screen, attract the best looking girls.

¶ Mae Murray *was a cabaret entertainer.*

The great emotional actress Norma Talmadge, learned the A B C of emoting in a shop, for she, like her sister, the winsome Connie, spent some time assuring women daily that "this hat is very chic, dearie".

Lois Wilson, Anna Q. Nilsson, Irene Rich, Mary Thurman, Florence Vidor *were school marms.*

come from?

Both girls worked in shops until Norma's loveliness elevated her to the portion of an artist's model.

Mabel Normand *Shocked Boston*

MABEL NORMAND shocked good old Boston many years ago, when she was only sixteen, by modeling bathing suits. She was the first girl to do this. Mr. Freud would tell us that this was so strongly impressed upon her subconscious mind that she did not feel comfortable in any greater covering than a bathing suit. It was surely this that led her to the Sennett studios to display her charms before millions via the camera rather than to select few who watched her model. Bathing suits and acting seems to be very far apart, but bathing suits and fame are closely allied in the minds of most producers.

¶ Madge Kennedy *was an artist.*

Grace Darmond and Hope Hampton were others who, beginning as department store clerks, later found their respective ways to fame via the Harrison Fisher route.

Gloria Swanson played the role of Nellie, the poor cloak and suit model before she went into pictures, as did Barbara La Marr and Theda Bara.

But don't think that they were all shop girls. Oh, dear no! The profound vocations come in for their share. School teaching is a favorite. Lois Wilson, Irene Rich, Anna Q. Nilsson, Mary Thurman and Florence Vidor all "taught to the tune of the hickory stick," in their younger days and Barbara Bedford taught sewing in a small town high school. Isn't that a nice thing for an ingenue to have done? And can't you picture the bigger boys thinking up deviltry so that they might have to stay late after school?

High School Heroines

ON the other hand, many step right into pictures from high school. Witness Bessie Love, Carmel Myers, Mildred Davis, Mildred Harris, Kathleen Key, Patsy Ruth Miller, Clara Bow, Mary Philbin, Marjorie Daw, Louise Fazenda, Pauline Stark, Colleen Moore and many others. By the way, most of these have gone to Los Angeles and Hollywood High Schools and on the strength of past evidence, can you wonder that landladies in the vicinity of those schools charge inflated prices to young bachelors looking for room and board?

¶ Jack Mulhall *was once a shoe clerk.*

Society is bad training for a picture star. Real society men and women just can't forget that they are society people. They insist upon acting simply and unostentatiously like real society leaders do, and that simply doesn't register in the pictures.

We refer you to the fact that Craig Biddle, Jr., the multimillionaire extra boy, is now selling California dirt to pay for the midnight waffle. Talulla Bankhead, the daughter of a well known Alabama family, has made scant success in pictures. Oh, it is ever so much better to watch society folk from behind a counter and to learn it that way, than to have been born into one of the First Families of Virginia.

Many popular leading men are college graduates. Edward Burns knowing nothing of make-up or camera technique, stepped right from the graduation exercises before the camera. Maurice Flinn is a Yale man and Rex Ingram boasts of a diploma from the same college. Ralph Bushman is from Princeton; and Creighton Hale, Dick Barthelmess, and Conrad Nagel, the latter being a musician and orator as well, are also college men.

Professional Professors

PARADOXICAL as it may seem, many leading men and character actors have been professors. Before entering pictures Elliott Dexter was a professor of entymology. We wish that Elliot were more of a heart breaker now, so that we could say that he still has an eye for the butterflies, but poor Elliott is nearly always cast as the safe and sane and loyal family friend; Milton Sills was a professor of philosophy at Boston Tech.; H. B. Warner was an M.D. and Monte Blue and Cullen Landis were both admitted to the bar. No—not the bar you mean.

Of course, there is a long list too numerous to mention of those who have had their training on the speaking stage. Many have been dancers. Viola Dana and Shirly Mason were vaudeville toe dancers. Mae Murray was a cabaret entertainer, and Douglas Fairbanks, Elsie Ferguson,(*Continued on page* 86)

¶ Allen Hale *was a writer.*

PEOPLE *and* Things

By Tamar Lane

¶ This is the first of a series of articles by the author of "What's Wrong With the Movies", a book about the films that startled Hollywood not long ago.

THERE has been no end of palaver lately to the effect that "the screen needs new faces." This is all tommyrot. The screen now has more good old faces than it is making proper use of. What the silent drama is really in need of is not new faces—but *new brains*. The gentlemen who now have the destiny of the silent drama in their hands are in the mental status "Now that I've got it, what am I going to do with it." They are small men. In the days of one and two reelers they fitted in nicely and did some creditable pioneering. But they have served their purpose. Like the old darkey's mare, "they were all right in their younger days but they've done broke down." The motion picture industry has outgrown these fellows but they don't seem to realize it. This old crop of producers, directors and distributors must give way to young blood. They are a barrier to progress. In the average film studio of today a premium is being placed upon inefficiency, stupidity and decadence.

Give the screen new brains and the new faces will take care of themselves!

¶ *Says Tamar Lane:*

¶ *Give the screen new brains and the new faces will take care of themselves.*

¶ *Charlie Chaplin perhaps is mentally wishing that he could reach out with his comedy cane in regular camera fashion and yank brother Sydney back from the Kleig lights.*

¶ *Seastrom, judged by his last two efforts* —Name the Man *and* Mortal Clay—*is not entitled to be ranked among even the first five best directors.*

¶ *The mistake of appointing June Mathis commander-in-chief of all Goldwyn activities was in thinking that Neilan, Vidor and von Stroheim would submit to the arbitrary power of anyone—much less a woman and a scenario writer.*

¶ The Fighting Coward *is a significant production because it is the first first-rate satire that has appeared on the screen.*

Sydney vs. Charlie

IT is no doubt with twitching crepe hair mustache and shuffling feet that Charlie Chaplin is watching the rapid rise of brother Sydney in the cinema heavens: For, let it be known, there is a friendly, but keen, rivalry on between these two freres. The scenario goes something like this: Several years ago just as Charlie was coming into prominence, Sydney appeared in a Mack Sennett film called *The Submarine Pirate*. His excellent style of humor in this comic showed that he had the makings of a big-time comedian. To kill off the possibility of one Chaplin competing with another Charlie persuaded brother Sydney to retire from the screen by paying him a fat salary with some sort of a camouflage title such as "business manager." For the past few years Syd has been drawing down this pay check for doing little or nothing.

Recently, however, his artistic inclinations asserted themselves and he announced that he was going to do a little histrionic work himself, no matter what effect it might have upon the Chaplin name and honor. After the clever work Syd has shown in *Her Temporary Husband*, *Rendezvous* and other films, theatregoers are rather tickled that he has made the step. But Charlie, perhaps, is mentally wishing that he could reach out with his comedy cane in regular camera fashion and yank brother Sydney back to his managerial chair.

Where Ignorance is Bliss

THEY are having a good laugh in Hollywood film circles at the expense of the president of one of nations biggest producing-distributing organizations, which makes its producing headquarters at the United Studios. When the studio officials of the company learned recently that Mr. President (we will spare naming him, but he will know when he reads this) was on his way to Hollywood to look over production activities, they did some fast thinking. The affairs of the studio were not in such good shape, and neither were some of the lately completed productions.

It was finally decided that the best thing to do would be to divert Mr. President's attention from studio matters. So a nice handball court was built on the United lot. They rigged it all up to a fare-thee-well, and furnished it with gym suits, handballs and gloves galore. As soon as the Big Chief arrived in town the local officials started challenging him to games of handball. (*Continued on page* 96)

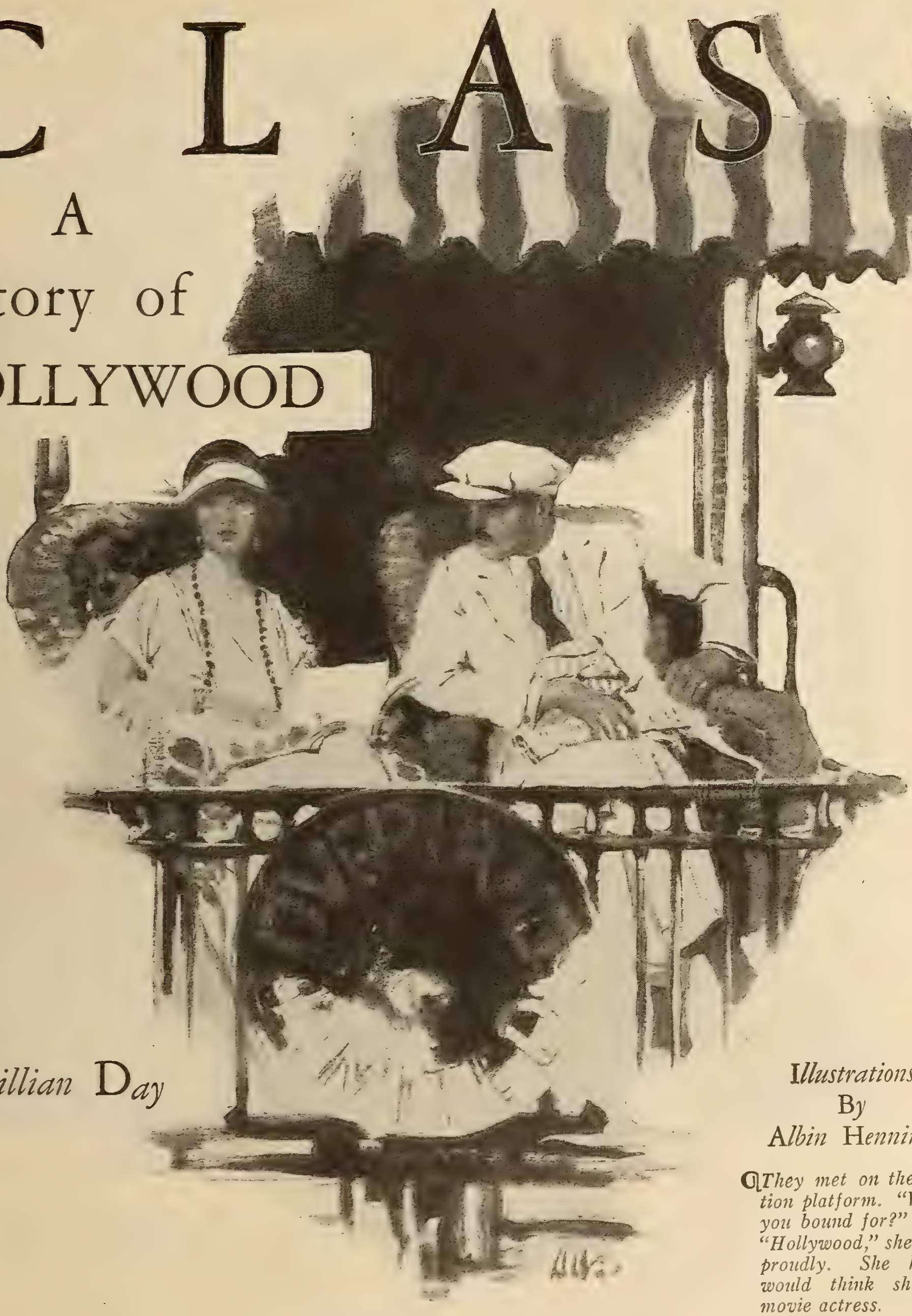
Stars
of
TOMORROW
Billie Dove
PHOTO BY MELBOURNE SPURR

Phillipe de La
PHOTO BY MELBOURNE S

Irma Bennett
MELBOURNE SPRING

CLASS

A Story of HOLLYWOOD



By *Lillian Day*

Illustrations
By
Albin Henning

They met on the observation platform. "Where are you bound for?" he asked. "Hollywood," she answered proudly. She hoped he would think she was a movie actress.

THERE was nothing genuine about Fanette.

Her name had been Fannie until she left high school at the age of sixteen to go to work. Fannie Bischel became Fanette Bisch*el,* very much accented on the el.

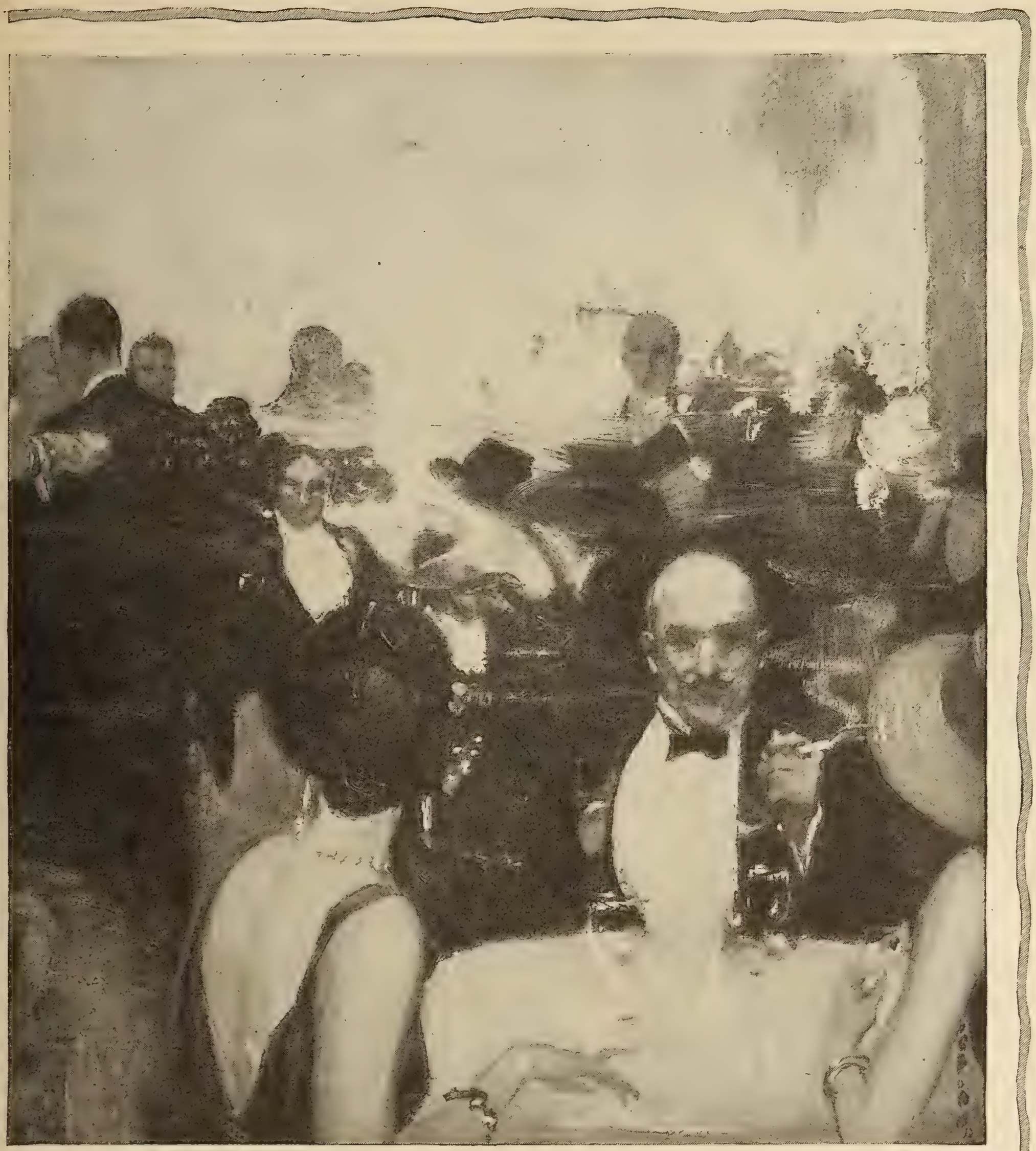
Business to Fanette meant one of three things—being on the wrong side of a counter in a department store, manicuring, or doing that vague and genteel thing known in the Help Wanted Female columns as "clerical work." Fanette chose the latter and answering an ad for "Bright girl, experience unnecessary" became duly installed in the offices of Wilcox and Jones, Real Estate and Insurance. The circuit of her duties comprised a large filing cabinet, a dusty letter press and an old typewriter on which she eked out applications for mortgage loans with two fingers. She had to cut from the newspapers endless notices of liens and transfers and foreclosures and paste them into large books with dirty black covers. She never knew just why she did this, but no one ever asked her, so it didn't matter.

The work she disliked least was sending out circular letters. During the mechanical process of folding, enclosing and stamping her mind was free to ruminate over social

events, to recall the story of last night's movie and to picture herself in the role of the heroine. This was particularly pleasant if the hero happened to be Richard Chandler. Chandler, in his impeccable evening clothes, the high-light on his black pompadour vieing with those on his patent leather pumps, was to Fanette the paragon of class, his fervent love-making the last word in Shiekdom. She not only saw every picture in which he appeared, but read its plot first and its review after. She devoured all the publicity concerning him from the diverse and glamourous accounts of his romantic childhood to the brand of shaving cream he endorsed and his views on the Future of the Motion Picture Industry. She aspired, some day in the vague future, to gaze upon what the managers term "Richard Chandler, Himself." In the meantime, she contented herself with a signed photograph which, in a pale blue celluloid oval frame adorned her birds-eye maple dressing-table.

The Crystal Palace was the ultimate syllable in ostentation and Fannette felt convinced that this was life.

One of Fanette's ambitions in life was to get a permanent wave, the other to get a permanent meal-ticket. At twenty-two neither prospect seemed bright. Permanents were ten dollars a curl and the little flat in Harlem had to be maintained by Mr. Bischel's slim insurance and Fanette's pay envelope. Occasionally Mrs. Bischel augmented the family exchequer by taking in sewing. Nevertheless Fanette managed to wear the first straw hat in February and the first velvet one in August. What with her mother's nimble needle and friends who got her various things wholesale, Fanette usually dressed up to the minute and sometimes a little ahead of it.



Marriage to Fanette meant changing from the Harlem flat with its long hall, from which the bedrooms blossomed one by one until the inflorescence reached its head in the square dining-room with its golden oak furniture and its pictures of gasping fish, to a three-cluster-room apartment in Washington Heights with a walnut bedroom "set" and old rose "drapes," a mahogany gate-leg table in the living-room, and a floor lamp. It meant staying home from work and cooking and cleaning; it meant going to the afternoon performances. That was marriage. Romance wore a faultless full-dress suit and registered a boyish laugh, righteous anger or supreme tenderness as the occasion demanded.

Fanette had plenty of boy friends but they lacked class. She would not have married any of them if they had asked her to, which they hadn't. Colorless youths with unformed features took her to the movies and to occasional dances.

They danced cheek to cheek on the crowded floor. Chester could perform more intricate steps on less ground than anyone with whom she had ever danced. "You'd make a wonderful bloodhound," he complimented, "you follow so easily".

They gave her anaemic good-night kisses in the vestibule and she invariably ran upstairs before they tried to "get fresh."

Passing her mother's bedroom she would call, "Good night, Ma, wake me at seven." Mrs. Bischel had insisted on this as she could not sleep until her daughter was safely at home.

In the morning she would call Fanette at seven as per instructions and Fanette would grumble and turn over on the other side. She never rose before seven-thirty but insisted on being called at seven. Perhaps it was to enjoy the sensuous pleasure of not getting up, or perhaps she formed a resolution each night and never having quite enough sleep, broke it each morning. She seldom retired before twelve. The nights she (*Continued on page* 98)

SAYS ERNEST TORRENCE:

"When I was in Hollywood, broke and discouraged, I made the rounds of the Casting Directors and the answers they gave were always the same. I was always 'too tall,' I was always 'too something.' One time I nearly got a job as the villain; then the casting director decided I had 'no menace.'"

The Man Who Lacked MENACE

The story of Ernest Torrence—a "musical comedy vagabond" who became the screen's outstanding character actor. And you can believe every word you read in it because it was written

By Jim Tully

ERNEST TORRENCE is a kindly man whom the hard grind for success has not made cynical. He has learned life on many a rocky trail; and having learned it, the epic quality of his struggle has given him tolerance and a broad sympathy. This, perhaps, is the supreme test of a temperament. One should fashion, and not be fashioned by life.

When I called on him at the Algonquin in New York I found a far different personality than the screen presents. For be it remembered, Torrence is an actor of the first grade who is permeated by the character he portrays on the screen. I found a man well over six feet with enormous shoulders that were slightly stooped. His voice is well modulated and has a musical quality, as well might be expected of one who had studied for three years under Pruckner, who in turn, was a pupil of Liszt.

Having mutual frineds in Hollywood, we were quickly at our ease. It was a roaring April day. Outside, the wind shook immense feathers of snow in all directions. We looked out of the window. "Not like California" we said in unison. "Not quite," we answered one another.

"Well, tell me about yourself, Ernest, everybody's interested in you, even the producers."

"Not much to tell," he said, and right away I knew that there was. Somehow, it is the man with nothing to say who is always trying to say something. It being a hard job, they turn malicious. Torrence is a happy person who has lived and suffered greatly without being aware of it.

"How long have you been an actor?"

"About four years," was the quick answer. Surprised, I retorted. "I've been reading about you for fifteen years or so."

"I wasn't an actor then. I was serving my apprenticeship."

"But I've heard many things about you—your study of music, your winning of a medal at the Royal Academy, your teaching the piano, your years in musical comedy, and your eventual success in pictures!"

He looked out of the window at the flurry of snow. The habitual smile left his face, and the jaw, rather heavy, set for a second.

"I did have rather a bumpy road, I guess, come to think of it, but all people do who ever get anywhere, I think. Winning is only half of the game—to play it with a smile is the big thing—and to hold your head when you win is something else again. Some people lose the minute they win. The quality that makes for success is not always the quality that knows how to hold success when it gets it."

Such sensible talk jolted me for a moment, though I had heard on all sides that Ernest Torrence was a "bright fellow." I wondered for a second or two why most keen people in speaking of actors often preface their remarks with the words: "He's a pretty bright fellow." One does not speak that way of other professional men. But then perhaps the reason is that so many shallow egos dressed up on stage and screen are responsible. From my own obervation in Hollywood I would say that screen players rank far above the average intellectually—that is—the genuine people there. They at least have a sophisticated outlook and are broad in their views. But Torrence was speaking: "You know, my struggle is pleasant to look back on, though it was not so pleasant to live through at the time, but then I had wonderful help. You see, I married my wife when we were almost kids. We traveled with the same theatrical company in the provinces of England, and we were both penniless. I had always had a strong desire for the stage, while my father wished me to become a famous singer and man of music, and he educated me toward that end. Financial reverses came to my father when I was about twenty years old, and I turned at once to musical comedy. Allowing for my prejudice in the matter I have always felt that Mrs. Torrence gave up a sure career to help further my own rather uncertain one. She had also studied music, and was a soprano who had attracted some attention in London, but she gave it all up cheerfully, and stood by me with such loyalty for ten terrible years of poverty that I can hardly think of it to this day without tears."

Torrence rose from the chair, a blended wistful determined expression on his face. "Tully," he turned to me, "I've been through hell and back again, I can feel the flames yet. But the little woman who is my wife—well, she kept me from burning up. My career is half hers, for she gave up all of hers for me, and now (he pointed a long arm) you cannot drag her into this room to share in the glory with me. She's not only a brick—she's a whole ton of them."

Torrence is Scotch, of an old Edinburgh family, and knowing something of the psychology of nationalities, I did not wish to say a word that would stop the flow of repressed emotion in the man; for I wanted some of the warmth that I knew was in him. So I remained silent, with understanding and sympathy, feeling that the thought waves would be carried to him.

"For ten years," Torrence continued, "my wife and I were musical comedy vagabonds (*Continued on page* 103)

Turn to page 83 and help out the Editor by telling him which writers and artists in this month's issue please you the most. Thank you.
—M. Z.

When Screen Stars get together

By Lucille Larrimer

Illustrations By Edward Butler

Luncheon at Hollywood's Montmartre is in full swing. White-aproned waiters glide, soft-footed, from table to table, proffering steaming chafing-dishes and trays of meats. A buzz of small talk rises above the subdued clink of glasses and the click of fork on plate. From time to time, new arrivals appear in the entrance arch, poise for a moment on the dais steps and are ushered grandiosely to their seats by the statesman disguised as a head-waiter. As the newcomers pass down the aisle, heads turn to follow their passage, as a field of young wheat is swept by a sudden breeze. At a ring-side table two extra girls, a blonde ingenue and an aspiring baby vamp, view the passing show.

"SO glad you could take lunch with me today, dearie," said the Vamp, beckoning a waiter. "I'm not a bit hungry. I don't seem to have any appetite any more, at all, but you see anybody who is anybody here. I'll have the buffet luncheon, waiter, and I'll start off with some of that spaghetti Italienne and perhaps a bit of the ragout. Oh, yes, and a poached egg, since they're handy. I'm really not hungry."

"They really should call this place the Tourist's Delight," remarked the Ingenue, gazing around at the fine flower of Kansas present, on the *qui vive* to observe the advent of the stars.

"I'd call it the *Robbers' Roost*," grumbled the Vamp, frowning at the menu. "The idea of making you pay extra for coffee, and *forty cents* for ice cream!"

"Well, you should weep over the price of ice cream, dearie," soothed the ingenue. "It's fattening. I thought you were dieting."

"Why should I? Nita Naldi doesn't."

"Oh, yes, she is. By request of the management. And so is Virginia Valli, and so is Phyllis Haver and so is

When screen stars get together at luncheon in Hollywood, gossip is the main course served. What a craning of necks! What a volley of repartee, allusions, innuendoes and "asides," as each new personage makes his entrance in the room!

Jacqueline Logan, though you wouldn't think it necessary to look at them. Jackie lived on lamb chops and pineapple for three days, until she got so fed up on lamb that she was afraid she'd bleat if she ate another chop, she said. So she's just cutting her meals in half. Her mother is such a grand cook, though, that it must be a strain on Jackie to get up from the table hungry."

Eleanor Boardman Wants to Gain Weight

"It's just the other way round with Eleanor Boardman," said the Vamp, helping herself to the Ingenue's butter. "She's just back from a dairy farm where she's been drinking gallons of milk, to get fat. Fancy anybody having to *try* to get fat! She gained five pounds, and now she's back here in Hollywood playing the lead in a picture, with eight—count 'em, eight—leading men. And they all have to kiss her. It's a hard life, yes?"

"It depends on who they are?" countered the Ingenue, cautiously. "Now if one of 'em happened to be Ben Turpin, now, or Bull Montana—"

"The Bool's on the stage now, a regular actor, by gosh. But these eight are eligible: Jimmy Morrison, Niles Welch, Bobby Agnew, Creighton Hale, Ben Lyon, Buster Collier, Johnnie Walker and Bill Haines."

"Bill Haines?" asked the Ingenue, placing her *hors d'oeuvres* out of reach of the Vamp. "Isn't he the youth Peggy Hopkins Joyce picked as the best kisser in Hollywood?"

"Yes. A little more of that spaghetti, waiter. Peggy must like her kisses underdone. Personally, I'd back Lew Stone's technique against any of these baby shieks. Boy! but that man has his moments! Not that I speak from experience," regretfully.

"Oh, so *that* was why you sat through *Why Men Leave Home* three times!" accused the Ingenue.

The Vamp evaded the question by nudging her friend.

"Look! No, not there, the third table from the door. Connie Talmadge lunching with Buster Collier. He's certainly giving her a heavy rush, did you know?"

"Did I know?" asked the Ingenue indignantly. "I have eyes. Everywhere I go, I see them together. Last night they were dancing at the Petroushka Club, Buster gazing into her eyes as if they were alone on a desert island, and Connie as mischievously indifferent as she always is. And over at a side table was Irving Thalberg, looking daggers at Buster."

(*Continued on page* 84)

New SCREENPLAYS

By Delight Evans

Illustrations by Covarrubias

THE popular conception of a sex picture is six or seven reels of assorted orgies—modern revels featuring a long table laden with luscious viands from the prop room, upon which is placed by solemn gold-laced servitors a huge floral basket, which suddenly expels six chorus girls who entertain the merry-makers with coy contortions; and flash-backs to ancient Rome or Babylon—it's all the same to directors — with banquet scenes presided over by a fat emperor with a laurel wreath on one ear, who drinks doubtful nectar from a sandal belonging to the beautiful star of Belshazzar's or Nero's Follies. Of late, the sex appeal has been furnished by the flapper, toiling over-time to prove that the modern girl is no worse than her great-grandmother, even if she does have to dance all night to a roadhouse radio on account of the storm. Sometimes a single cabaret scene has sufficed to put over a sex picture, providing enough confetti is thrown and paper caps worn. It was a very wild winter, as any title writer will tell you. There were more orgies, banquets, storms, paper caps and what nots, especially what nots, in the film year of 1923-24 than ever before in screen history.

¶ Best Screenplays of the Month:

¶ *Cytherea*

¶ *Girl Shy*

¶ *The Galloping Fish*

Only three this time

And when the announcements of *Cytherea* urged exhibitors to have a Love Week in their theaters, it looked as if the censors were in for a grand time. It was rumored that Will Hays had taken aside Samuel Goldwyn, "not now connected, unfortunately, with Goldwyn Pictures," when he heard that Sam had purchased the screen rights to Joseph Hergesheimer's story and, with tears in his voice, asked him if he really meant to film it. Mr. Goldwyn might have said, "No, you dear soul, of course not. That's why I paid out $50,000.'" But instead he sobbed too, and replied politely: "I cannot tell a lie. I am about to make a film version of *Cytherea;* but, Papa, I promise you it will be clean!"

Will Hays was present at the premier.

Perhaps I should say right now that little children — if there are still such things—should not be taken to view *Cytherea,* "the Goddess of Love." But why? Children accustomed to the sort of sex pictures which include orgies will be bored and go to sleep; their parents and others may appreciate a most intelligent screen play.

Don't let that word intelligent stop you. *Cytherea* is a sex picture. There may be arguments over the pronunciation, but none at all about the theme. It is a fair, frank narrative, without a revel or an orgy, sticking as close to the original story as a plaster, considering that the scenario writer and the director had to keep an eye on Mr. Hays, the audience, and the box office when they weren't worrying about the author's idea. Strangely enough, the author's idea is actually touched on in the picture.

¶ Leatrice Joy, *one of the few refreshing women of the screen, bears the de Mille brand now.*

Cytherea *Caused Break Between* Fitzmaurice *and* Bergere

IT was *Cytherea* which signalled the final professional break of George Fitzmaurice and Ouida Bergere. The Bergere scenario and many sets were scrapped; and Frances Marion was called in to write another continuity. In this case, everything was really for the best. Only a woman of Miss Marion's skill and sympathy, and a scenario writer of her subtlety and experience could have put the Goddess of Love on the screen without encountering catty opposition; only a Fitzmaurice could have told a straightforward tale and still retained the delicate poetry and imagination which is the excuse for filming the novel. It is a far cry from the pallid pageants with which the director has been identified; always in good taste, it is an indication of the Fitzmaurice future if he continues to deal with human beings instead of moving picture morons.

Three stars named Lewis Stone, Irene Rich, and Alma Rubens are supposed to enact *Cytherea;* but I know very well that they are really *Lee Randon, Fanny Randon,* and *Mrs. Savina Grove.* They're not actors at all. Well, anyway, there's nothing I can tell you about Lewis Stone except that his *Lee Randon* is by far the most wonderful and wayward of all the husbands he has played. He is so darn good, I will make a bet that not one honest woman in the audience is going to sniff and call *Fanny* a fool for welcoming him back home after his adventure in search of an ideal. Irene Rich completely submerges her own radiance and humor to

become the wife with one eye on the clock and the other on her husband. If I didn't know her I would vow that Fitzmaurice had induced the most typical cartoon spouse of his acquaintance to step on the set. You may not like *Fanny* but you will be forced to place Irene Rich on your list of the girls who have made good in the movies.

Alma Rubens *is* Savina

By far the hardest job is Alma Rubens'. She never dares descend from her perch on the mantel-piece; she must remain the shadowy symbol of the love goddess—the beautiful doll-dream of every man's imagination. She is not given a single close-up to fall back on, but learned to use her body and her hands as others stars use their eyes, mouth, and dimples. She has great beauty, but beauty alone was not enough to make her *Savina* an unforgettable portrait. She felt and thought *Savina*—and left Alma Rubens out of it. By the way, there are splashes of color throughout—the most intelligent use of colored photography in a long time.

Those trifles which, when you see them masquerading as drama, make you start and wonder how on earth anybody else knows your peculiarities, which you fondly believe are not shared by the Smiths across the street, have hitherto been labelled Micky Neilan touches. After *Cytherea* they will have to be known also as Fitzmaurice touches, although it may be that Frances Marion had something to do with it.

Girl Shy *a Good Comedy*

I will have to retire to the hills to forget after this review of Harold Lloyd's latest, *Girl Shy*. Everywhere I go I will be tracked by a mob of angry Lloyd lovers wanting to lynch me—or so I would like to believe. All because I can't crack my knees in a low obeisance before Harold. I know that he is a perfectly charming man—a clean-cut chap; a credit to his profession; good to his wife, and devoted to his work. I am convinced he is a modest, upstanding fellow, because I once went to a theater with him and he didn't even notice that nobody recognized him. He makes clever comedies in which millions find mirth and forgetfulness,—I read that somewhere. But I can't, so help me, call him a great comedian. I've tried; I've seen every one of his pictures; I've even managed several hollow ha-ha's. The only time I ever died laughing—cries of "louder!"—was at *Safety Last;* and then not at Harold himself, but at the marvellous drunken gentleman who got mixed up in the proceedings. A glimpse of Charlie Chaplin sets me off; and after a Chaplin picture I usually have to be removed from the theater by anxious ushers. It is only Lloyd's calm in the midst of mad hilarity which amuses me, and not very much.

However, *Girl Shy* is a good comedy. And Harold had a great time as a young tailor with literary leanings, even if I didn't He leans, also, to a young lady of wealth, and to capture her he stages the longest and wildest chase a camera ever caught up with. It's a fine chase if you like chases. As a matter of fact, it's more of a ride-to-the rescue; he's after the girl who's about to become a bride at the home of swell parents. He utilizes every known vehicle, from a kiddie-car to a truck. Take the youngsters, so that when you almost expire from mirth and excitement you can say you were laughing at them all the time.

Jobyna Ralston is the leading lady, and enchantingly pretty. But Harold needs a vivid bit of color in his comedies—color which Bebe Daniels used to lend. I am not recommending that he sign up Florence Mills, but rather the little girl who plays the flapper-vamp in *Girl Shy*—a small roughneck who would liven up Harold's polite amours in no uncertain manner.

De Mille *Players Are Tagged*

They say all Griffith actors bear the stamp of his school. I believe the de Mille players are tagged, too. They have a slightly smarty air, as if to say, "Look at me; I'm worth watching; I act for C. B." Leatrice Joy, one of the few refreshing women of the screen, bears the de Mille brand now. In *Triumph,* de Mille's latest, she plays her big scenes with conscious cleverness; ner own sense of humor is gradually being molded into the knowing grimaces of deliberate comedy. I wish she'd get fired and go back to work. Rod La Rocque is almost unbearably boyish but, he can't be blamed for it because that's what he is paid such a good salary for. Victor Varconi, the third member of the featured trio, is too new to de Mille pictures to have acquired a polish, consequently he gives a splendid account of himself in a ridiculous role. But the best bit is supplied, as so often happens, by Raymond Hatton, who sketches with a few strokes, an admirable portrait of a park bench bum.

The Galloping Fish has been produced on a large scale. Now that that's over, we can go on. It's glorified slapstick and great fun. You'll think you have gone by mistake to a Mack Sennett festival because there are all the ingredients of the good old comedies—including Louise Fazenda, Syd Chaplin, Chester Conklin, Ford Sterling, a lion, monkeys, and a flood. The title role is assumed by an industrious trained seal. This seal is a great actor. He has emotional opportunities which would make a less modest trouper lose his balance. "By Himself"—funny name even for a seal, isn't it—will probably be starred next season. La Fazenda dives through the mad melange and asserts herself as one of the few who can be funny without forgetting her femininity. Chester Conklin as a taxi-driver is a small riot; in fact, everybody seems to be having a good time. You will, too, unless you're one of those who consider Chaplin vulgar and walk out on a comedy just as the bathing beauties walk on. Serves you right.

Harold had a great time as a young tailor with literary leanings.

Best Performances of the Month:

Lewis Stone in Cytherea

Raymond Hatton in Triumph

The Trained Seal in The Galloping Fish

If anybody had told me I would like a picture called *Between Friends,* written by Robert W. Chambers, directed by J. Stuart Blackton, and featuring Lou Tellegen, I would have laughed gaily and punched him in the nose. My previous opinions of this trio would not bear repeating in a family magazine. And now, my dear, guess what? Why, these three boys have got together and somehow produced a

pretty fair screenplay. I don't know how they did it; whether by accident or design but here it is; and I am willing to remove my glasses and take that and that, and that.

The plot is summed up in a title: "My wife—and my best friend!"

Here's how, to revive a quaint old phrase. Norman Kerry runs away with Lou Tellegen's wife, played by Anna Quer-entia Nilsson. Who would blame him? They go off to Bermuda—dear, dear, these runaway couples are all over the screen; Alma Rubens and Lew Stone dashed away to Cuba—where they are consumed with remorse, and Anna's conscience compels her to end it all. So far it is splendidly managed by the Commodore Blackton, whose experience in the British studios directing Lady Diana Manners apparently taught him restraint and imagination. After Anna is heartlessly killed off, half the audience loses interest. However, her blond beauty is present later in flash-backs and such, so stay to see it through. Besides, other things happen. Lou is a cynic now, though he never suspects his best friend is to blame. Lou wouldn't. Besides, he has his art, which is sculpture; and his model, who is Alice Calhoun. Norman falls for Alice. Stuart Holmes, the dog, discloses all; Lou plans subtle revenge on Norman, but spoils it by falling for Alice himself. He gets her because he wears a smock which is open at the neck and Norman wears an arrow. M. Tellegen does most of his emotional acting with the aid of his Adam's apple; but for once he fails to be funny enough to make you hope Mack Sennett will take an interest in his art. Alice Calhoun has grown up and behaves in a charming, inoffensive way in a role which might have gone to her head, that of a young woman loved by two stalwart men. One suitor is about all the average ingenue can stand.

Matt Moore *Satisfactory in* Breaking Point

MATT MOORE, take off that moustache. We know you. Outside of that, your performance in *The Breaking Point* is satisfactory. Herbert Brenon deserves three cheers, a huzza, or a bravo—whichever he prefers—for bringing his puppets to life, because he was given the kind of story which must make good directors moan and cry. And he stands alone among directors in one particular. He is the only one who ever let a drunkard be himself. You know how most of those scenes are done—a very drunken party will sober up in an instant if anything happens which requires his histrionic services. Mr. Brenon permits Matt Moore to proceed to what must have been an awful hang-over, even though Matt becomes implicated in a nice, juicy murder. This member of the Moore family is just about my favorite leading man. No scenario writer, director, or heroine can make a conventional hero of him. He remains a Moore. Even when pursued by the relentless Naldi, who has gained, but not in poise.

I may be wrong about Patsy Ruth Miller. Every time she appeared there were murmurs of "How dear!" and "Clever girl!" I may be wrong, but I'll be darned if I'll admit it.

¶ *This seal is a great actor. He has emotional opportunities which would make a less modest trouper lose his balance.*

Which Shall It Be *is Good, Clean and Very Simple*

WHICH SHALL IT BE? or, *Not One to Spare.* This was advertised as a photoplay with a soul and without a single cabaret scene or swimming pool. Proudly it was pointed out that here, at last, was a great picture—*the* picture of the year. It didn't have any of those mobs or orgies that other pictures have had to depend upon for success. No, sir. It was just a good, clean, simple thing, the sort we have all been waiting for.

Simple is right. Told in three reels it might be hailed as a miniature masterpiece. But the most cheery glad-boy and girl would crack under this strain of five reels of the plain, homely, worth-while things. The biggest mother-heart would rebel at exclaiming every few minutes over the patter of little feet and the caress of tiny hands. I liked it, in spots, but when I left I went right over to see *Nellie, the Beautiful Cloak Model,* again. It may be I do not appreciate the finer, cleaner things; it is even within the realm of possibility that I prefer to be entertained rather than uplifted. By this time you'll have decided that nothing could keep you away from *Not One to Spare.*

Renaud Hoffman, the director, has for his theme the nursery rhyme:

"Which shall it be, which shall it be?
"I looked at John; and John looked at me."

The parents of seven children are promised prosperity if they will part with just one of their brood. But—they can't spare even one. A great director might have made it more poignant. As it is, there are charming scenes of a quiet farm; and the children are real, not mincing caricatures. The baby of the family is the only curly-haired screen child I have ever watched who did not bring on a violent attack of mental *mal de mer.*

Confidence Man *Just Another Crook Film*

THAT Big Brother of the World, Tommy Meighan, benevolently made another crook film, *The Confidence Man.* He made it because he just couldn't bear to think that his great public should be obliged to worry along without one, when they wanted one so. The great-hearted actor said himself this is the best crook role he's had since *The Miracle Man.* Those words have a familiar ring. He has played several crooks since his first great success and it seemed to me he said the same thing every time. But I may be wrong, and who am I to contradict Tommy?

It's a good crook picture if that's what you like. If Tommy's close-ups are more and more frequent; if his beam becomes a trifle forced; if his leading lady is thrust further and further into the background—you haven't complained, and that's the point. Virginia Valli is wasting her time and talents. She has graduated from innocuous ingenues; she's a big girl now and can do better things.

Moral Sinner *Very Poor*

THE MORAL SINNER is crooked, too. It explains why Paramount would rather pay Dorothy Dalton than play her. It's one of the last of the pictures which Dorothy (*Continued on page* 105)

Home Life of the Stars

Methods formerly adopted by Gloria Swanson to protect the infant Gloria from the pitiless press photographers.

Third of a series of impressions by George H. Clisbee.

¶ *A reproduction of the Charles Ray Studio at Sunset Boulevard, fimed, wrecking the financial*

Eight Dollars

¶ *The efficiency expert figured that of his venture as an independent fort to create the kind of screen- Charles Ray of his personal for-*

By Anne

PERHAPS you read the simple announcement recently that Charles Ray is going back to Ince, where he started. To the public, that announcement means little. Charles Ray is just changing from one studio to another, you say, and go on to another item.

But when I read the announcement, a shock of regret—and pity—went from my brain to my heart.

For me, that little newspaper item was the sequel of a conversation I had had with Charles Ray more than a year ago. Of all the men I have known in the picture world, I think Charles Ray is closest to my heart. You know his quality on the screen—a wistful boyishness, shrinking from the hurts of the world, yet bravely, if timidly, going forth to meet them.

I had always enjoyed going to the Charles Ray studio—a great sprawling, green affair, rather dingy in the bright California sunshine, but glamored over with hopes and romance. Somehow the atmosphere there was different. Whether it was *The Girl I Loved* or *The Courtship of Myles Standish* that was being filmed, there was always a sense of high adventure, of daring-do, of boyish pride and achievement, and young hopes and fears, and a very strong loyalty.

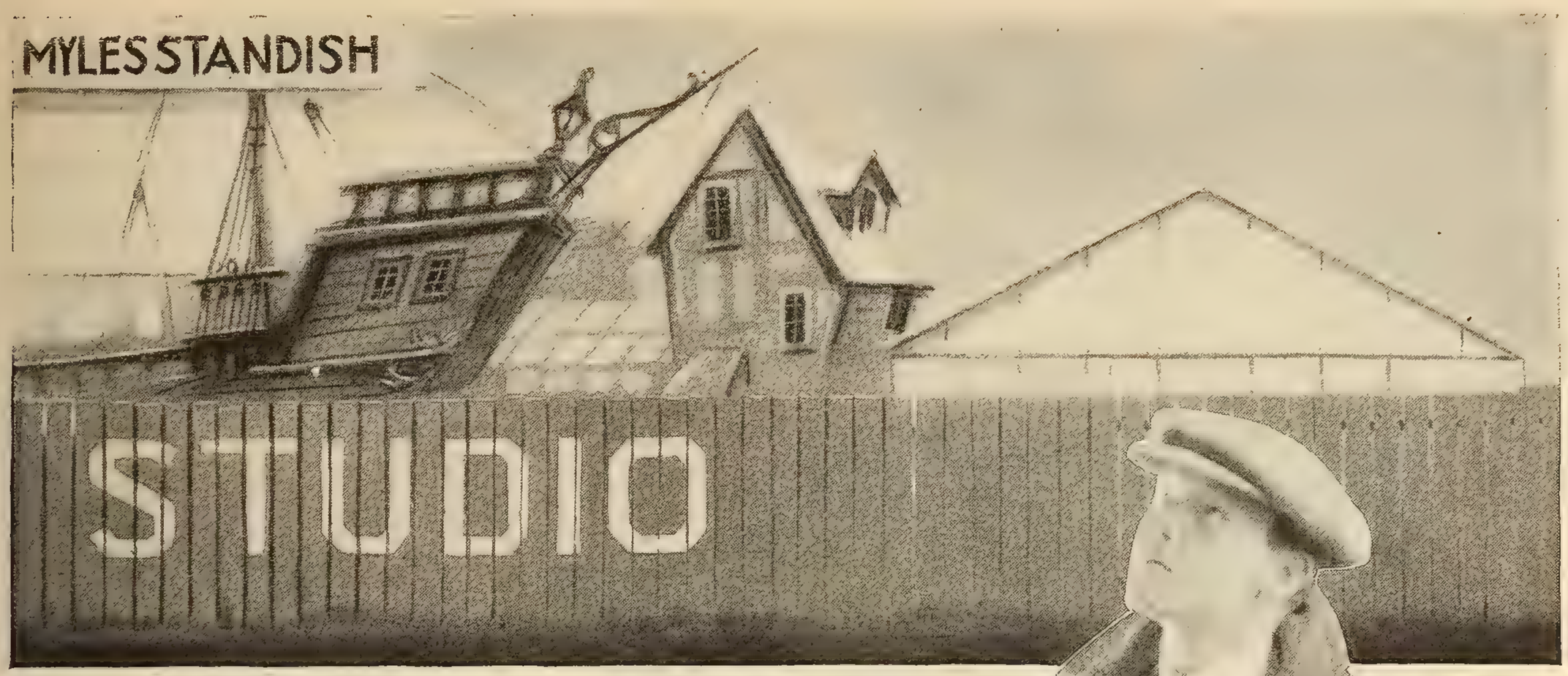
Those of us who go often to studios hear a lot from the publicity department about loyalty. We are told that everyone from the newest prop boy to the director is crazy about the star. Sometimes it's true, but often it's not. But in the Charles Ray studios, it was true. Charles Ray moved from building to building and from set to set, sometimes in make-up, sometimes in the rather loud clothes he loves to wear, and as he passed there was a heightening of interest, loyal quickening of the pulse from every person on every set.

Proud of his Own Studio

I THINK it was Charles Ray's own honest pride in his studio, his own sincerity in his work, his relentless driving of himself, his boyish willingness to listen to suggestions from

¶ *The hero of* The Girl I Love.

¶ Charles Ray, *the actor, a lovable, bashful, country bumpkin. The boy who earned a fortune when he gave the public what they wanted.*



Hollywood, California, where the Courtship of Myles Standish *was bark of its producer.*

a Minute!

out as the cost to Charles Ray producer. It was this heroic ef- plays he loved that robbed tune and nearly broke his heart.

Austin anyone who really had anything worthwhile to say, that made Ray's passing through his buildings a significant event.

He loved the place, sprawly and inadequate and dingy as it was, for it housed his dreams and his hopes and his fears.

He spoke of his fears to me one day, as we sat in the projection room on bumpy horsehair chairs, pondering over the scenes from *The Courtship of Myles Standish* that had just been run. The picture was being filmed at tremendous cost, and Ray was watching the rushes with all the anxiety a mother shows over a child with the measles.

He had been talking in eager, excited tones about the storm scene, where the Mayflower rocked and agonized in cruel waters. He loved that achievement—the successful filming of such a tremendous scene in minature. The little boat which was used in the scene had graced the luncheon table that day as a centerpiece!!! The ocean was a little tank of water no bigger than a bathtub.

Then Charles Ray drew a deep breath and fear quivered on it.

Everything at Stake

"I'm betting every dollar I have in the world and every dollar I can raise, on *The Courtship*. If it fails, I am through. It means—back to Ince, or some other studio where I will be an employe instead of a boss. It means—failure."

Think of Charles Ray as he looks in his pictures when the girl he loves is going to marry the other fellow, and you will know just how he looked when he said that—somber-eyed, mouth a-quiver, hands making futile, pathetic gestures. I admit it—when Charles Ray looks like that, it gets me—hard.

At that time I was still buttonholing perfect strangers on the street to ask them if they had seen *The Girl I Loved,* and to rave about it. I don't think I have ever seen a picture which affected my emotions so strongly as did that superb film romance. (*Continued on page* 97)

¶ *A recent photograph of* Charles Ray *by Nelse Lennse.*

¶ Charles Ray, *the producer —proud, sensitive and visionary. A man who lost a fortune when he tried to be a gentleman producer.*

Sing a SIDE

Words and Lyrics
By
H. B. K. *Willis*

Sing a song of sideburns,
Periwigs and curls
On dapper darlings of the screen
To palpitate the girls.
But when the barber does his stuff
And clips 'em to the part
He just unpeels a bunch of seals
Who've got more hair than
art.

THOUGH sweltering July is drawing a bead on brows the flippant and fancy-free filmland-lubbers are still wearing their mad March hair.

It's enough to make anyone sing a song of sideburns. Even Hollywood barbers have become quite Ben Hechtic since the boys who think Babe Ruth is just another movie kid began to favor felt-work on their jowls.

One cannot much blame them, for the invasion of hair upon the faces of the filmy famous threatens to make hair cutting a lost art in Hollywood.

The penchant of producers for ten-reelers in which leading men can clatter around in tin pants has made it rank heresy for anyone to make cutting remarks about the hair-do of heroes. They want their heroes well thatched and so the sweepers in Hollywood salons du shave aren't getting much these days.

Of course the polls of the pretty picture playboys are not allowed to proliferate primitively.

Occasionally they allow the head-barber to screw a jeweler's eye-glass into his glim and clip about a bit—but never promiscuously. More than just a clip off about the coat collar and he might cut the languorous lads out of six weeks' work.

And lately, since the pirate pictures like *The Sea Hawk* were in the making, sideburns have crept so insidiously

Song of BURNS

Decorations
By
Kliz

into beards that the unwary one, unwise to the ways of Hollywood, cantering up and down the Boulevard, thinks that the headquarters of the House of David have been transported from Michigan to Southern California.

There seems to be no reason for the camerads' preference for the uncut both in beards and in polls except in the case of Cecil B. DeMille who, were it not for his sideburns, would be quite undressed. His poll is as bare as the back of one of his heroines.

Samson, the Biblical gate-crasher, or Joe Martin, Universal simian, no doubt gave producers the idea that hair would strengthen pictures immeasurably. Chesty try-outs met with dubious success since the masculine wish-bone is not a thing of beauty.

Uncurbed hair on the head and face then had its inning or rather its outing although it is not yet out. It has swept over us like a permanent wave.

I doubt if hair-stuffed pictures have caused exhibitors to put grease-cups on their cash-registers. The lasses of Adenoidia could not thrill to a face like a sea-weed bath-mit.

At the time when the boys were posing for stills with coat collars turned up, caps pulled down, and lighting cigarettes, side-burns were fifty per cent of the props of a screen butler. Now sideburns are the ham-coefficient of Hollywood—the more hair the hammier.

The hair-doux of Hollywood hairoes may be classed as sinful and synthetic, docks and orthodox.

A sinful hair-do is one that deceives. Wigs, toupees, rats, switches, and transformations are not sinful since they deceive no-one.

Robert Warwick is the most sinful of deceivers in matters hirsute. When he was out here sometime ago working with Norma Talmadge his leonine mane was the marvel of the Montmarte until he stepped in front of a wind-machine. Then, alas, he was exposed, plenty of him. The blast of the machine-made breeze revealed that his hair-dress was a matter of training. Across a broad (*Continued on page* 102)

SMILE *when you*

By Grace Kingsley

This is a series of untold stories of the stars--of their heroic sacrifices, and their good sportsmanship. After you have read this article, you will know the meaning of the words, "a good trouper".

Lila Lee *and her husband, James Kirkwood, whom she nursed through his illness following his injury when thrown from his horse.*

Ethel Kay *who was so thin and ill from lack of food that when she finally was offered a part, she photographed so badly that she lost her chance in pictures.*

GEORGE RANDOLPH CHESTER said: "The actors' motto is 'Meet 'em with a smile, leave 'em and smile when you say good-bye'." And the players live up to it. Many is the actor I've seen whose heart I knew to be breaking, yet who put up a gay smile to hide his tragedy.

You hear often of the clown who goes out on the stage and smiles and smiles when his heart is breaking. But it's in private life I'm talking about, as well as when the actor is before the public, that he shows the brave stuff he's made of.

A certain great feminine star was engaged to another great star. The engagement was broken, and so, say those who know, was the lady's heart. But the world never saw it. She went to cafes and smiled on other men; she laughed, flirted and danced, especially one evening when she saw her former fiance in company with

Hobart Bosworth *left the theatre "to die in the movies."*

Shirley Mason *and her two sisters, Viola Dana and Edna Flugrath.*

say GOOD-BYE

and apparently devoted to another woman. But her maid says that she cried all night! And there are those who say that the great actress will never really love another man!

Bill Desmond Faces Death

WHEN Bill Desmond was injured in making a picture, and was brought home nearly dead his wife, Mary Desmond, cared for him all through the night, and greeted him with a smile when he came to. Of course, the first thing that Bill wanted to know when he came to himself was whether he would be disfigured, whether he would have to give up acting for good. His physicians were in grave doubts. It wasn't even certain he would live, and on this question he insisted on learning, if possible, the truth.

"Oh, well," said Bill, with a brave smile at his wife. "I never did like those games that you have to die to win, but I'm glad now I've got that insurance for you and the baby!"

Afterward, when it was thought that he might be permanently incapacitated for work, and the doctors told him so, he merely turned his head away for a minute, then looked up and asked: "Doc, do you think I could ever learn to knit? And I should just love one of those high-power roll-chairs!"

So he smiled away his whole career!

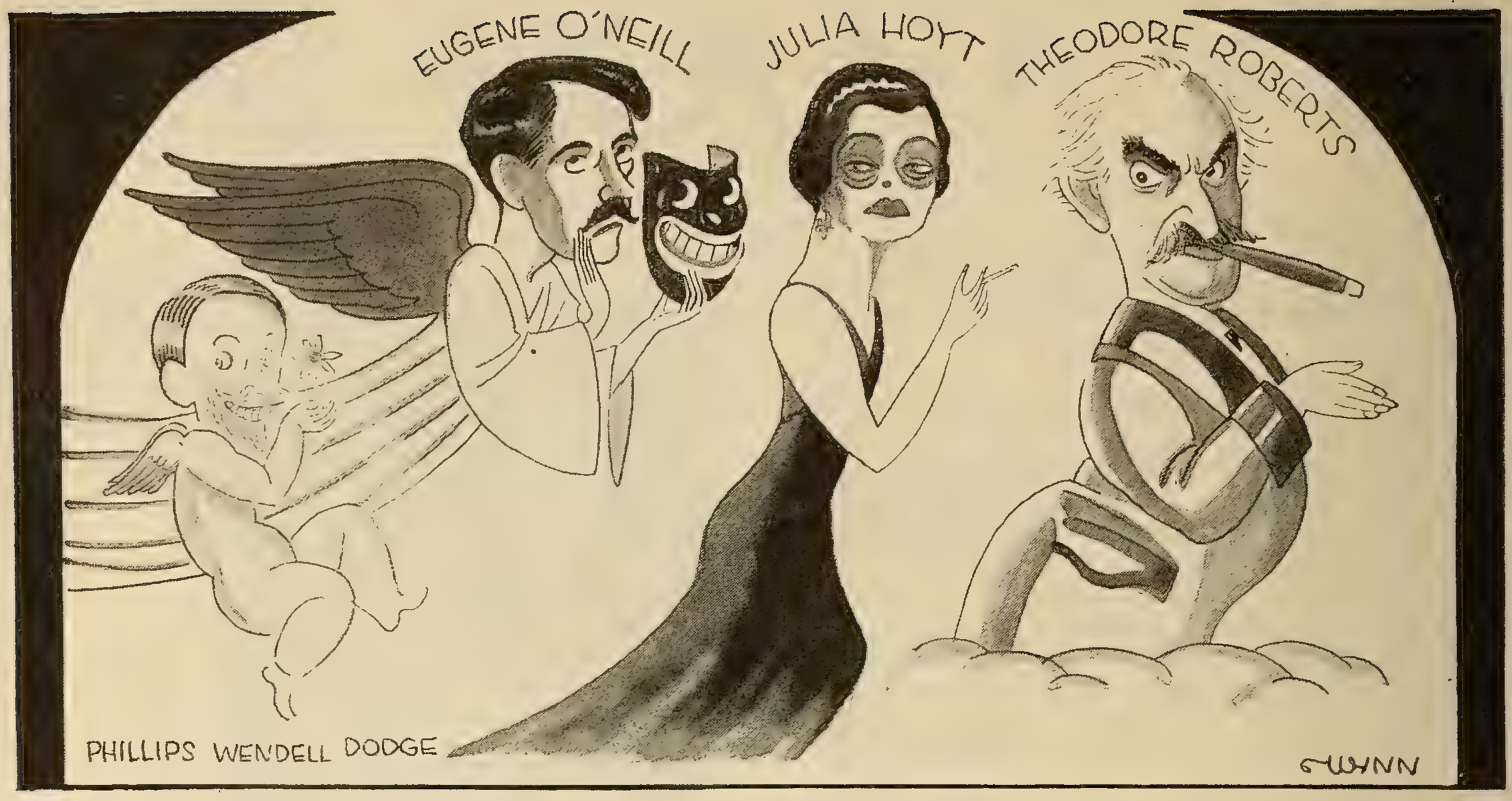
Shirley Mason adored her husband, Bernard Durning. The two were pals inseparable. He passed away, and it was thought by Shirley's friends that she would lose her reason. But she was quiet in her grief. She troubled no one with it. She managed a brave smile when anybody came near her. She came home to California to the house that he and (*Continued on page* 86)

¶*To the very last* Mrs. Wallace Reid *proudly stood by her husband and declared that he was "improving."*

¶*If Wally hadn't been such "a good scout," he would be alive today.*

¶Jane Novak *who rescued her leading man in a recent picture.*

¶Bebe Daniels *who was at death's door in a hospital in New York.*



Dramaland

NOW that the annual Harvard prize has been bestowed upon Dorothy Heyward's *Nancy Ann,* we may daily look for the news that this year's Pulitzer prize has been given to the author of *Only A Boy.* I have always wondered by what processes of mind prizes are awarded in these various competitions, and with every passing year the mystery deepens. My staff of experts, working in double shifts, has figured out that in something like three hundred prize contests held during the last three years — contests embracing novels, plays and short stories—nine-tenth of the compositions decorated with the grand prix have possessed approximately as much merit as a tin handkerchief. The average play, in particular, that has some sort of medal pinned on it pretty generally turns out to be a charmingly sour affair. And *Nancy Ann* is anything but an exception to the rule.

In all probability, this *Nancy Ann* was awarded the blue ribbon of the first class because it happened to be the best among an exceptionally poor lot of entries. If this is the case, the committee of judges should make a statement to that effect, since otherwise their silence, combined with the play to which they have given the prize, leads us to believe that they are, to put it very politely, in need of keepers. Anyone who would seriously award a prize in the name of one of America's greatest universities to a manuscript like that of Miss Heyward's surely has something wrong with him two degrees south of his hat. *Nancy Ann* is machine-made stuff, naive, lifeless, amateurish. If this is the kind of thing Professor George Pierce Baker is teaching his classes to write, God help the future of the American drama! Lend an ear, if you will, to the plot:

A fashionable debutante, who is in love with an actor-manager whom she has never met but has sent her his picture, sneaks away from her home on the night of her coming out party and decides to take up a stage career. She goes around to see her idol, the actor-manager, the next afternoon and not only gets a good part in one of his plays—though she has never had any actual acting experience—but wins a proposal of marriage from him, which she promptly accepts. She gets the part and the proposal of marriage, incidentally, all in the space of two hours' time, although, as I have said, she has never smelled grease-paint and although the actor-manager has known her for only about one hundred minutes.

Now, it is quite true that plots noticeably worse have been made into entertaining plays by gifted dramatists, but La Heyward, unfortunately, in the matter of gifts very much resembles a poor-house at Yuletide. She elaborates this plot of hers with no ingenuity, no sound comedy, no imagination, no decorative skill. And the result is the master-

¶ *Says* Mr. N*athan:*

¶ Nancy Ann *is machine-made stuff, naive, lifeless, amateurish.*

¶ Across The Street *is a play of the Cohan type that lacks the Cohan touch.*

¶ Welded *was a poor play by O'Neill in imitation of Strindberg.*

¶ All God's Chillun Got Wings *has aroused a rumpus that is beyond the comprehension of any one with more brains than a bath sponge.*

By George Jean Nathan

Decorations by Wynn

piece upon which a gold medal has been clasped in the name of Harvard!

Francine Larrimore is the star of the occasion. She is still possessed of all the faults with which she began her acting career, but they do not stand in the way of a fetching performance. An anomaly, this Larrimore. She does three-quarters of the things she has to do in the wrong way, but she is generally an interesting stage figure none the less. In her own small way, she provides a successful refutation of what certain of my colleagues know as the art of acting.

II

Across The Street, by Richard A. Purdy is also a prize winner, having been given the purse of three thousand dollars as the best Chautauqua play. It has all the remarkable quality of the Harvard prize play. In theme and method, the exhibit harks back to the early days of George M. Cohan, the days when, following the estimable Giorgio's lead, half of the playwrights along Broadway were writing pieces in which two-by-four country stores were miraculously transformed into emporiums covering three city blocks in the last act, in which worthless young cigarette-smokers from the big city were converted into successful captains of industry by the pure country air and some kindly gray-haired old actress' peach jam, and in which the final curtain descended upon the spectacle of the erstwhile yokels in full evening swallow-tail full dress suits gathered in front of a backdrop painted up to represent the new million dollar city hall.

¶Says Mr. Nathan:

¶Macbeth, *as envisaged by the Rev. Dr. James K. Hackett, is intelligent, well-poised and effective.*

¶Helena's Boys *is still another worthless play in which Mrs. Fiske seeks to demonstrate her comedic technique.*

¶Sitting Pretty *provides very much better light entertainment than the usual tune and girl dish.*

¶Paradise Alley *is a pretty gloomy affair.*

Almost all of the familiar old materials are in the opus, but they lack the M. Cohan's touch to give them life. All that Purdy has been able to do with them is to shove them out onto the stage and let them cast for themselves. This they do not manage to do. And what we get, accordingly, is nothing but a George Cohan play of the vintage of 1908 written by a man who does not know how to write such a play.

The company assembled to recite *Across the Street*, is headed by Robert Emmett Keane, imitator of George Cohan No. 7862, and includes some young ladies and gentlemen whose talents apparently do not include acting.

III

Eugene O'Neill's *Welded* is already in the storehouse. Paradoxically enough, it was a poor play. Whenever the gifted O'Neill delivers himself of a Strindberg imitation, he runs on the rocks. *Welded* was such an imitation, as was *The First Man* before it.

The trouble with *Welded* was that it so exaggerated its theme that it took on a ridiculous (*Continued on page* 92)

A N I T A

¶ *Her* real *life story told here for the* first *time.*

By Barry Vannon

IT is very still. The climax of the picture has come—the big fight scene.

The two girls in the fifth row, center, stop eating their candy. The kid in the balcony is hushed. The music's ceased to trouble, and the ushers are at rest.

The hero is in the ring, the light-weight champion. He has been drugged; and he has lost the girl he loves. The British challenger is merciless. Again and again he knocks the Yankee to the canvas floor.

And the hero doesn't care. That is the tragedy of it. He fights bravely, desperately, against tremendous odds—but he fights without hope, and without ambition.

The effects of the drug are slowly working out of him through the violence of his efforts. But the hurt in his heart—there is no curing that.

But wait—the girl is there by the ringside, watching—wincing at every blow that strikes her lover, weeping bitterly. She rushes to his corner at the end of the round, shoving trainers and seconds and manager aside. She whispers in her lover's ear. Nothing matters now except their love.

Tears have wet the cheeks of the girls in the fifth row center. A bald headed man down front mops his face and hopes nobody is noticing him.

"Isn't she wonderful? Don't ya wish you was her, Harriet?"

"Yeah. Don't you? But if I had her looks you'd never catch me bawling like that! Pretty soft for her."

Yes, it is nice to be Anita Stewart. It is nice to be beautiful, and rich and young, and a moving picture actress.

Nothing to do but ride in her own motor car, live in a beautiful house, or in a suite at the best hotel in town, buy all the gowns and hats she likes, and play in the movies when there's nothing else to do.

How wonderful her life must be!

Do you really think so?

¶ Anita Stewart, *as she appeared in* 1915.

An Unusual Star.

ANITA STEWART is an unusual star. She had no difficulty getting into the moving pictures. She has gone steadily upwards. She has been married, and though she does not live with her husband, she has never been divorced.

She has not let success turn her pretty head. She has money but she does not squander it. She has never learned to appreciate an off-color story. And she neither smokes nor drinks.

She has everything that women want, it seems. But do you think she is happier than you?

Wait.

Anita was born in Brooklyn and has made that town more famous than has the Brooklyn bridge. Of course she had to leave it first. But then, so did the bridge.

She finished grammar school—and a comprehensive course of the eastern studios at the same time. Girls will be girls. And she went a year to Erasmus Hall. That is, it was a year from the time she started to the hall until the principal asked her whether she wanted to make something of herself or to be a picture star.

STEWART

The seventh of Screenland's film biographies.

Anita's sister, Lucille, was the wife of Ralph Ince, and a moving picture actress. And Anita was always playing hooky and running to the Vitagraph studio and getting in the camera's eye.

Those were the days when Edith Storey and Rosemary Theby and Clara Kimball Young were the big stars, and Mabel Normand and Norma Talmadge and many others were classed as "atmsophere."

There really wasn't much work to do, and Anita wanted to work. Norma was posing for illustrated slides. You know, the slides that are thrown on the screen, pictures illustrating the words of the popular song the fat tenor is singing.

Anita wanted to get into that business too. It paid well, better than the movies. She asked Norma. And Norma was nice about it.

Anita Meets Norma Talmadge.

She loaned Anita a little yellow dress trimmed in swansdown, and told her where to go and whom to see. Whether it was the dress that did the trick or not, Anita got the job.

Anita and Norma met in Hollywood recently. Both were dressed in evening gowns that cost them hundreds of dollars. Both had ermine wraps, and diamonds that hurt the naked eye. And they talked about how happy they were in that cheap little yellow dress.

Anita was fourteen years old when she made her first picture. It was called *The Wood Violet.*

It was through Ralph Ince and her sister, Lucille, that she got the part.

Ralph showed the script to Lucille.

"It's the very rottenest story I've ever read," he said.

"Then why not let Anita play it?" Lucille asked. "It's a cinch she couldn't spoil it."

Anita left Brooklyn for the first time in her life, taking boat and train to Saratoga. And, contrary to everybody's expectations, the picture was a great success. Anita became a star.

Oh yes, it was easy for Anita. If your brother-in-law was a director, you too—eh?

Anita was a star of stars before she had reached the age of seventeen. And she was making the biggest picture of her career, *The Girl Philippa.*

It was then she was stricken with typhoid fever, and for weeks they believed she was dying. The picture had to be abandoned while she lay in bed.

It meant the loss of much money to the company, actors staying idle while their pay went on, the delaying of other productions, the paying of added interest as the days went by.

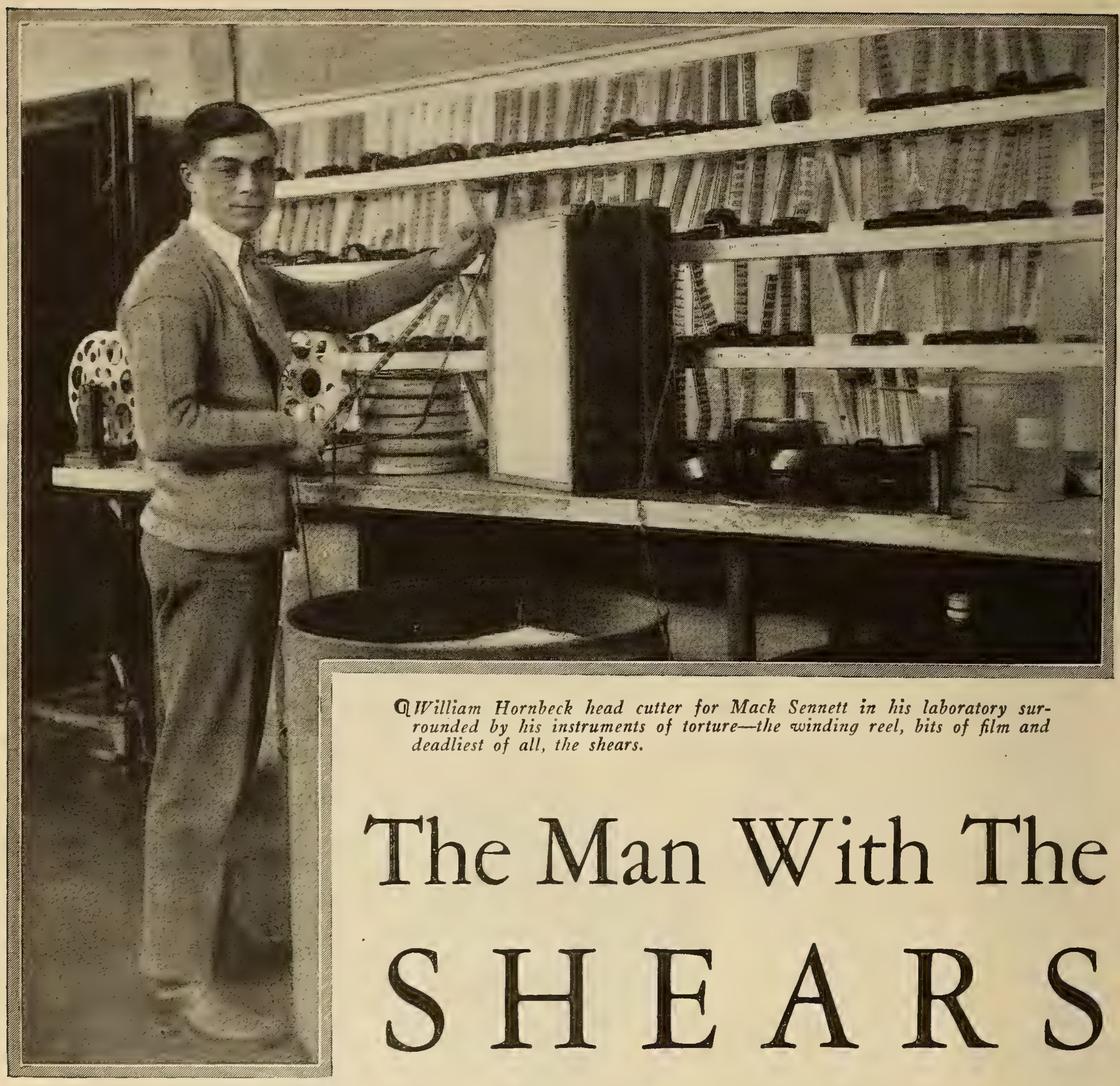
"You are lucky, little girl," the doctors said one day. "You are going to live. But you must rest for six months!"

Six months!

She herself might afford to stay out of pictures for half a year; but the money invested in her picture could not.

"You must come back," they told her. "The leaves are falling now. You must come back. Don't you know you must walk through the falling (*Continued on page* 88)

Anita Stewart, *as she is today.*



William Hornbeck head cutter for Mack Sennett in his laboratory surrounded by his instruments of torture—the winding reel, bits of film and deadliest of all, the shears.

The Man With The SHEARS

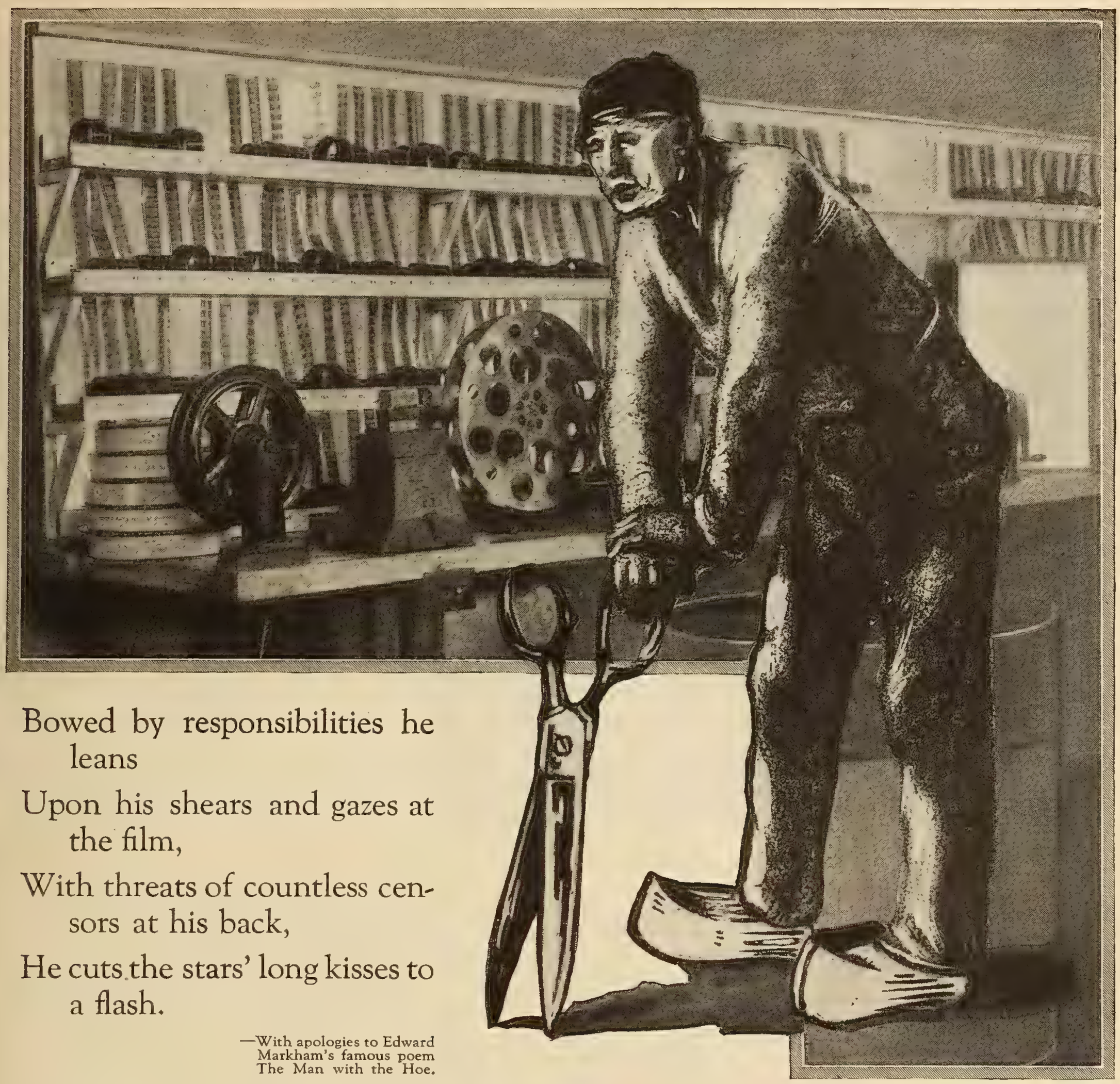
GENTLE reader, shed a tear for the poor film cutter. There are charitable souls in Hollywood who can be induced to admit that perhaps Benedict Arnold was not understood, that the Kaiser had his good points, that Grover Bergdoll might have enlisted if he hadn't suffered from flat feet or that maybe Doheny owed Fall that hundred thousand. But never yet has been discovered in screenland's capitol one who has had a kind word for the chap who cuts the pictures.

The cutter is about as popular as an umpire who has just called a third strike in the last of the ninth with the bases full and the home team a run behind.

If you would know what chance a cutter—any cutter—has of winning a popularity contest, ask the star, whose close-ups have been pared down to endurable length. Ask the director, whose orgy-scene has been made censor-proof. Or ask, if you have taken the precaution of stopping your ears with cotton, the little extra girl who acted and acted and acted, only to find herself cut entirely out of the picture. Just ask them!

BUT though he will probably never be presented with an elegant stem-winding watch with a hunting scene engraved on the case as a testimonial of esteem from his grateful co-workers of the Artists' Union, the cutter is responsible for much of the success of pictures that you, the public, consider good. And many of the bad ones would have been a whole lot worse if it had not been for the cutter and his trusty shears.

During the weeks that a picture is being shot, the carefree cutter flits about the lot with a *dolce far niente* air; he toils not, neither does he spin. But when the last reel of film is turned over to the cutting department, then does the cutter emulate the little busy bee and by his industry maketh the ant to look like unto the sluggard, for he toileth by day and by night and union hours are as naught. For many, many of the producer's dollars are tied up in those rolls of film, and the sooner the picture is released and begins bringing back a portion of those dollars, the sooner the producer will lose that haunted look and take an interest in his meals once more.



Bowed by responsibilities he leans
Upon his shears and gazes at the film,
With threats of countless censors at his back,
He cuts the stars' long kisses to a flash.

—With apologies to Edward Markham's famous poem The Man with the Hoe.

The fans who sit in the orchestra chairs probably know little about the actual work of preparing the film, after the action has been shot. The process is much the same as that which your kodak films undergo; the exposed film is developed and dried. From this negative a print is made. The print, or positive, is in turn developed and dried, and it is this positive with which the cutters work in the beginning.

How Scenes are Shot

THE scenes of any picture, whether it be a dramatic eight-reel feature or a two-reel comedy, are never shot in sequence. Perhaps all the interiors are shot first, or all the scenes in which a certain actor appears, in case that actor is hired for only a short time. The film, when turned over to the cutter, is a seemingly incomprehensible mass of film, without beginning or end, rhyme or reason. There are several shots of each scene, called "takes." In dramatic features, each take is numbered, the corresponding numbers being marked on the script, so that the cutter is aided to some extent in piecing that apparently unrelated mass of footage into a coherent story.

But in comedies, often no script is used. A slap-stick comedy, such as Mack Sennett turns out, is usually a sequence of "gags." It is the cutter's duty to put these "gags" together in the smoothest possible fashion, to switch them around, to cut and prune and perform all manner of mutilation upon them, so that the maximum of laughs may be injected into a minimum of space.

There is more to this than meets the eye.

How the Cutter Works

THE best of each set of "takes" must be selected. The scenes must be matched perfectly. If one "take" shows a gentleman in a morning coat about to receive a custard pie in the mustache area, it is a breach of professional etiquette for the next scene to show the gentleman wearing golf togs, for instance. The least error will smite the eye as forcibly as a fly in a jug of cream.

When the positive has been pieced together in the form considered by the cutter to be the most logical one he calls in the director. After the director has said his piece, when the film has been pieced and (*Continued on page* 82)

A Shingled Star

By

Sydney Valentine

¶ Alice Joyce *and her two daughters, Peggy and Alice Mary Moore.*

IT was just like a scene in a domestic drama.

The set was in the best of taste—it must have been a Fitzmaurice picture. The sun streamed through the windows facing Park Avenue, and touched the silver-framed photograph on the grand piano—the photograph of a handsome man. There were books about—and a good etching or two. But the whole had an unsettled air, strangely foreign to the comfortable, conservative domesticity. Maids were scurrying to and fro, arms filled with frilly silken things. A French door opened into another room, which seemed crammed with open trunks. And wandering around, rather pathetic and alone in this scramble of servants, was a baby—a three year old, a beautiful little thing, who looked as if she were about to burst into tears.

A busy maid thrust a wooly lamb at her. At least she was not entirely forgotten. *Someone* cared about her—thank Heaven! Just another evidence of the decay of the modern home. This tiny mite left to find her own salvation. Where was her mother? Where?

Ah! The door opens—an exquisite creature rushes in. She flings off her hat. She snatches up the child. "My baby!" she cries. She runs a jeweled hand through the mop of hair. She kisses the rosy mouth. "How I hate to leave you!"

Of course! I might have known. The trunks—the maids, packing—the lonely baby—*the picture in the silver-frame!* Just another modern mother; just another child left to the mercy of unsympathetic nurses. But what's that she's saying?

"And look, Peggy!" She's shaking her head. "Look—how do you like mother's hair?"

"Pitty," said the child, nodding approval of the woman's close-cropped tresses. She was snatched up for an ecstatic hug. And then her mother turned.

"Why, I didn't know we had an audience!" she laughed. "I just dashed down to the hair-dresser's for a final shingle before sailing. I didn't want to leave the children even for an hour. How I'll miss them— but it's only for a few weeks, and they will probably get along very well—I have such a good governess for them. Peggy, make your bow."

The child—how could I have believed her heart was breaking—curtseyed and rattled off a Gallic greeting. She sidled to her mother and whispered something.

"I almost forgot!" was the answer. "Here, dear—I did promise you, didn't I?" Peggy scampered away clutching in her chubby fists a vanity case, complete with rouge and lip-stick.

Alice Joyce—for she is Our Heroine, as you have guessed—turned to me again. "While she had tonsilitis she tired of all her toys and coaxed me to let her play with my make-up box. She was so enamored of it I promised to get her one of her own—bless her heart!"

The telephone rang. It was for her. "Hello, dear," she answered. "Why, yes, I know without looking it up—just my rings, and my pearls, and a pin or two—no bracelets. Yes, dear. Good-bye."

"That was my husband," she said, returning. "He said they wanted to know what jewels I was taking to Europe with me. Sounds funny, calling my few little things jewels."

Peggy returned, looking like herself on one side of her face and like a circus clown on the other. "Now, now," she was reproved. "Go to nurse and tell her to wash it right off. But what could I expect?" she smiled.

¶ *When Alice Joyce changed her coiffure she also changed her mind. She decided to stage a come-back to the screen. For a year after she made* The Green Goddess *with George Arliss she had a dozen roles, but she turned them all down. One of them was the part which Dorothy Mackaill took in* His Children's Children. *Do you think she did right?*

¶ *A new and interesting study of* Alice Joyce.

If you think of Alice Joyce as the original of that well-known song about the lady of the same name who trembled with fear when he gave her a frown and swooned with delight at his smile, or words and music to that effect, change your mind. She is suave and self-possessed and didn't even ask her husband's permission before she had her hair cut. Isn't that proof that this wife lives her own life? James Regan, Jr., sighed and said: "Oh, Alice, your beautiful hair!" when he saw what a Frenchman's shears had done to his wife. But Alice's hair is still bobbed.

When Alice changed her coiffure she also changed her mind. She decided to stage a come-back to the screen. For a year after she made *The Green Goddess* with George Arliss she had a dozen roles, but she turned them all down. One of them was the part which Dorothy Mackaill took in *His Children's Children.* Do you think she did right?

"It is nice to be independent and not act until you feel just in the mood," she remarked. "But lately I made up my mind to take what they give me to play—anything, to get back into pictures again. I didn't like myself much in the Arliss picture, although I enjoyed working with him. But I feel I wasn't given good lighting. My face is round and not easy to photograph; but here I was going back after a long absence and I didn't want the cameraman to think I was trying to tell him his business, so I said nothing."

I reminded her that this would surprise the people who used to think her temperamental when she was a Vitagraph star.

"I know it. I have changed a great deal. I used to have fits of temper—not often, but rather fiery while they lasted. Now I think twice before I slam a door or bang a receiver. I find myself more considerate, and I believe it's raising a family that's done it for me. A mother can't give way to temper if she expects her children to be well-behaved; and I have great hopes for mine—"

"Oh, mother!" It was a bigger girl this time—Alice Mary Moore, one of the first famous motion picture babies, whose father is Tom, brother of Matt and Owen. She has her dad's eyes and smile—an ingratiating feminine edition.

"Oh, mother!"

"Yes, dear?"

"I'd like to go out with my skates if I may."

"With whom?"

"Oh—with Mary, and Jack—"

"Is Jack the boy I saw yesterday? Well, run along, dear. But stay around here because I want you later. And Alice—what do you think? Mrs. Blank was at the hairdresser's having her hair cut. How will she look?"

Alice considered gravely. "Well, it won't be as becoming to her as it is to you, mother. She's too fat."

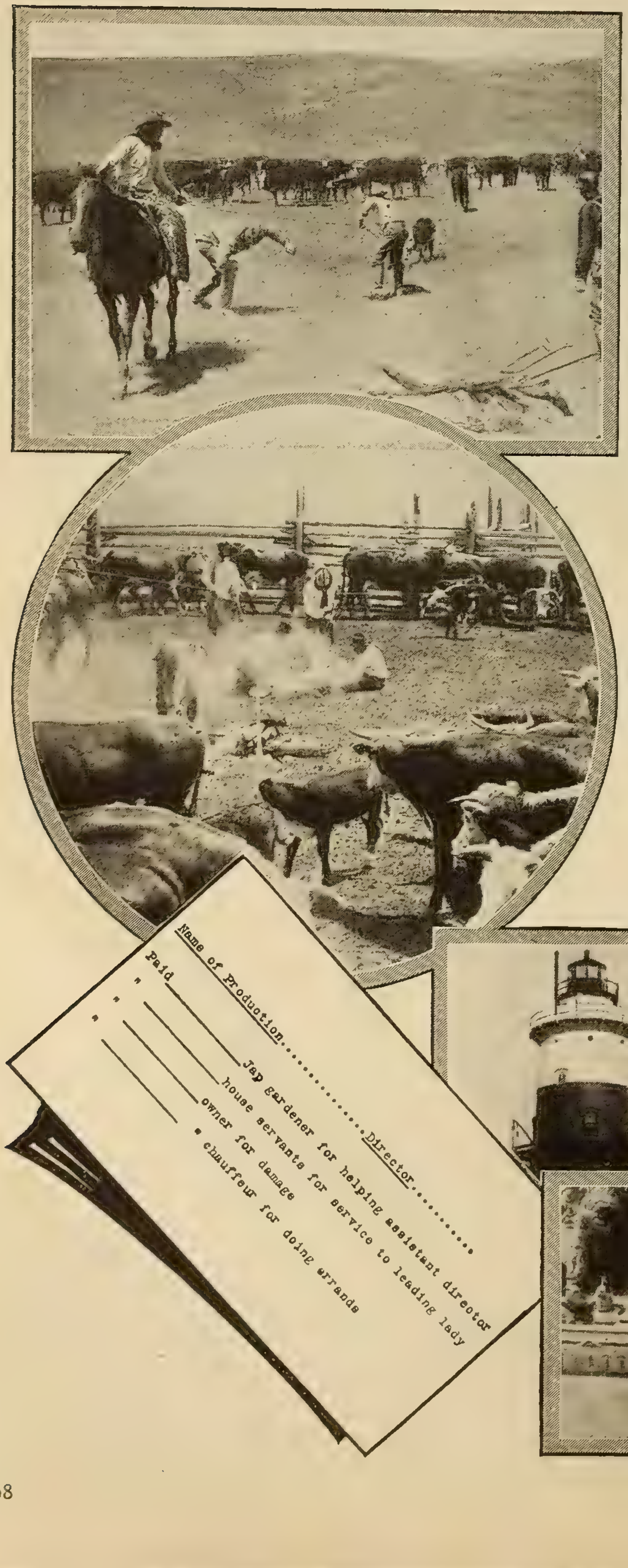
Alice went along with her mother when the Joyce shingle was achieved and wanted a shingle for herself so much she couldn't be consoled for days.

"Where were we? I'm not thrilled a bit about going abroad for the first time—probably because I'm leaving my husband and the family. I don't know much about my part in *The Passionate Adventurer* except that it calls for three evening gowns, a street costume and several negligees. But it will be good to be at work again, because I really didn't have enough to do."

That's what she said, really. I didn't contradict her because I didn't know then what her best friend, Anna Q. Nilsson, told me a few days (*Continued on page* 105)

With the LOCATION MAN

By *Helen Starr*



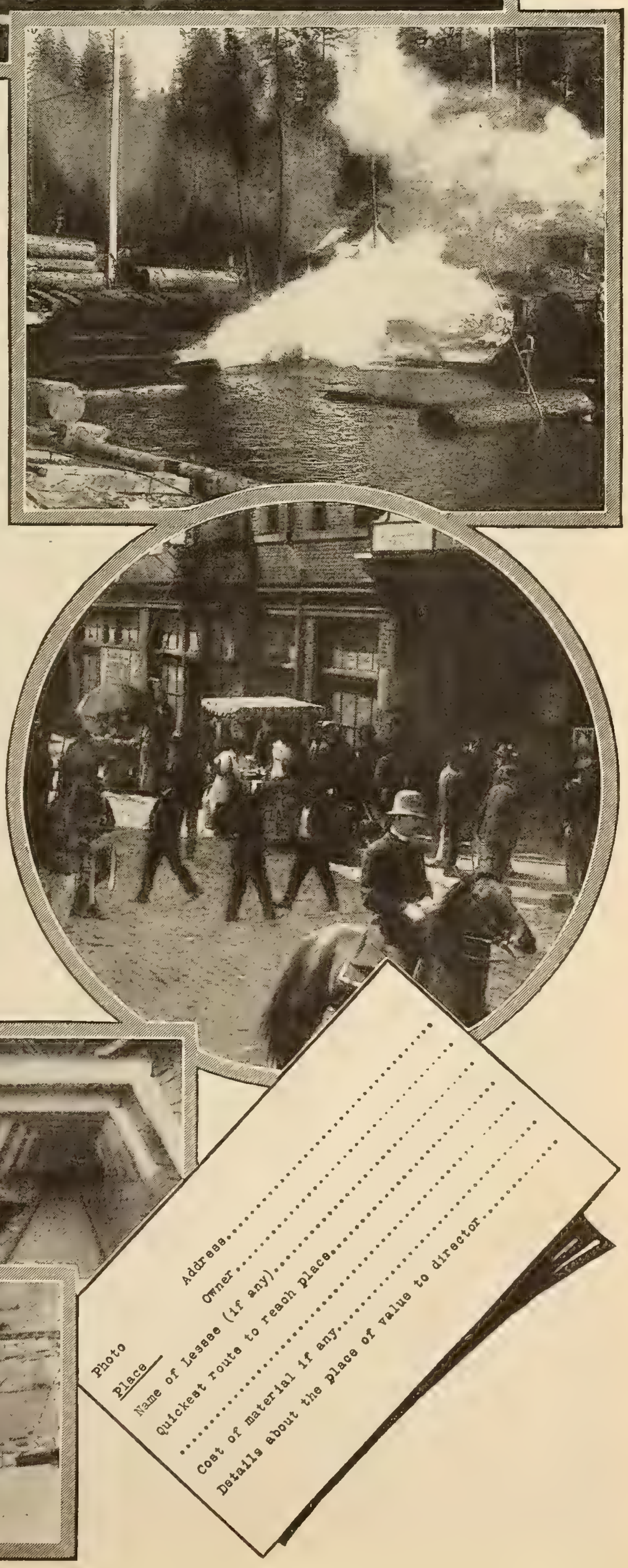
THE location man is a professional borrower. He must combine diplomacy with refined begging and keep the nerve of a brass monkey in reserve for an emergency. He has to find exteriors typical of China, India, England or France on short notice. Now that we realize California's facility in impersonating every part of the globe, we wonder why those nice old gentlemen who used to sell travel views for our parlor tables thirty years ago didn't save steamship fare and fake the stuff at home!

An ambitious scenario writer begins "New York was in the *throws* of early spring." Just where would you go to find a scene representing the *throws?* Some of the problems put up to the location man are about as puzzling as that. He must know where the companies can use a stone quarry on short notice, a summer cottage, a sandy waste, a coal mine, a lighthouse, a river or a high stone wall. With his pockets sometimes bulging with the manuscripts of as many as ten scenarios at a time, he travels some two hundred miles a day to find the necessary scenes.

Amateur writers and very great authors have one fault in common—they spare nothing in the way of expenditure for sets and let their imaginations run quite utterly wild when it comes to scenery that is hard to find. Most studios keep an enormous card file with information about all sorts of buildings and locations. A photograph of the location is pasted on each card in the file. They look like this.

Photo of Place — Address ..... Owner .....
Quickest route to reach place.....
Cost of rental if any .....
Details about the place of value to director...

There is one file for homes, small and large, another for stores, another for churches and so on. A large map of Los Angeles hangs on the wall of most of these location rooms, as well as a map of the county and another of southern California on the adjoining walls. The maps are covered with thumb tacks which are numbered and each number refers to one of the location cards in the file. One of the large



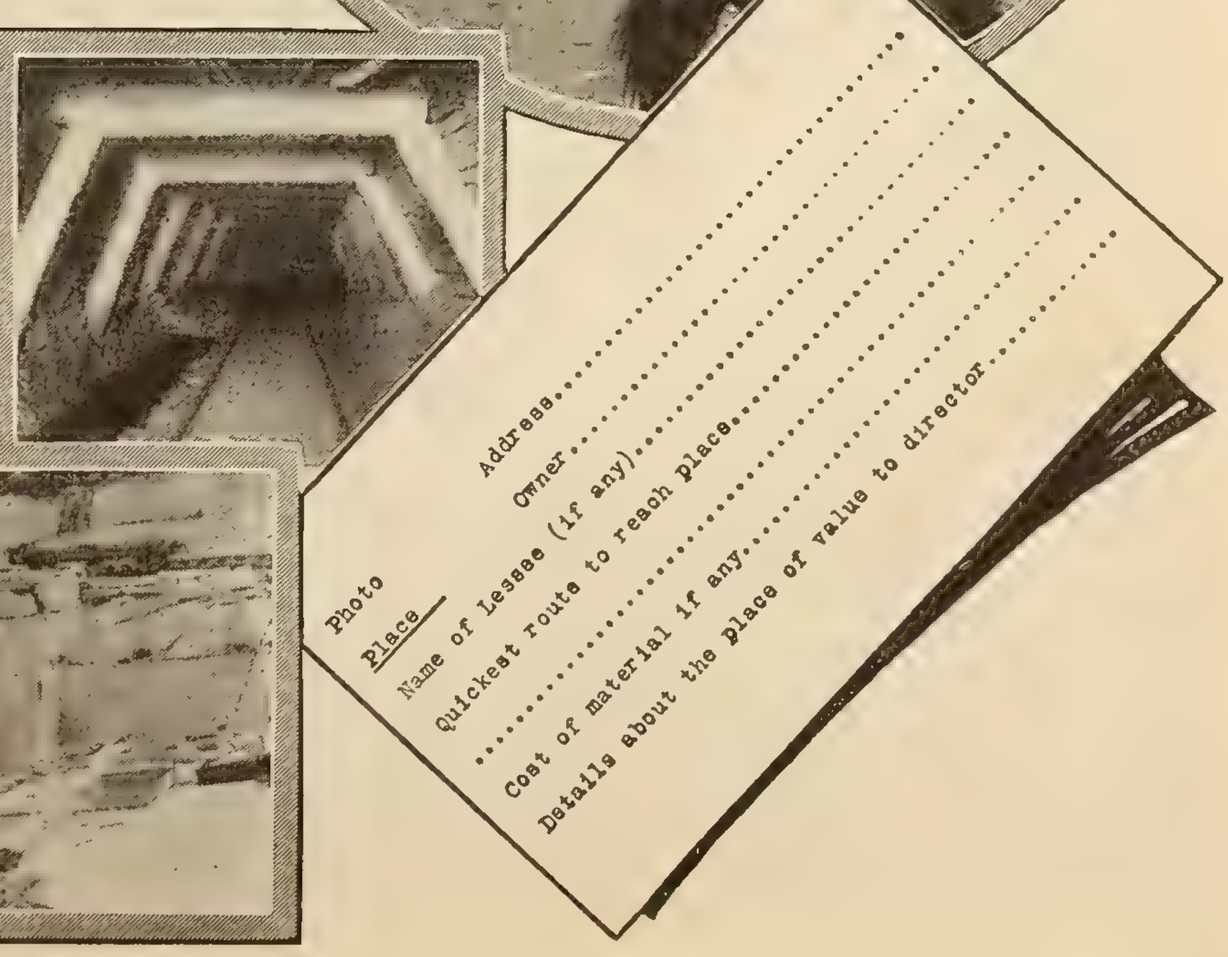
western railroads keeps a room in its Los Angeles office for the use of location men. In this room, hundreds of pictures showing scenic points along the route are on file with information about accommodations for picture companies. The railroads will often stop a limited train, give the use of a Pullman or observation car for scenes or provide flat cars when the occasion demands, but if any of their cars are to be used for a movie railroad wreck, they are quite insistent about disguising the name of their line.

Directors Love to Travel

All directors and companies love to travel. The mice breathe more freely when miles away from the studio cat. However, choosing a story with settings in Vancouver or Havana doesn't always insure light wine with meals, for the production office may decide that the whole thing can be shot out on the "back lot." Every studio has a back lot where they keep English or French streets, a small western town and other ready-built locations typical of climes far removed. One company even owns some railroad tracks and stations on their back lot as well as a lake and sailing craft. The words "stage door" painted on the entrance to the studio lab. may save many companies a trip downtown. Other doors about the plant are marked "post-office," "grocery," etc. The L. M. who saves money for the boss knows that every time a location about the studio is used, just so many auto rides and sandwiches are saved.

The L. M. has lots of dealings with millionaires. This is interesting up to the point where the L. M. is informed that certain actors trampled the flower beds and dabbled in the goldfish pond. Sometimes the company are informed that this is their last visit to the estate. The diplomatic L. M. can usually manage to pay for the damage and keep the millionaire in an expectant mood for further visits. The clerk of each acting company keeps a tipping sheet. If servants about the place have been put to some trouble, they receive their bit. A tipping sheet looks like this:

(*Continued on page* 80)



Elliott Dexter, *one of the courtliest figures that the screen has ever known.*

Elliott DEXTER

A *Gallant* Actor *Quits the Screen*

By *Vivian Victor*

THE passing of a romantic figure is always an occasion for regret, for reminiscent recitals of triumphs that are past, for the figurative laying of bays on the bier of the departed.

Hollywood is wondering, a bit sadly, if the departure of Elliott Dexter into vaudeville marks the beginning of the end of the career of a great screen lover.

Elliott Dexter is not growing younger with the years. He has lived a full life; the record of his joys and sorrows, his triumphs and indulgences are etched upon his handsome face. Though still a gallant and a graceful figure, his hair is silvered at the temples. A wracking illness left a limp, as memento of hours of pain and helplessness.

When a screen player, no longer in his first youth, leaves an old and established film company to enter the fold of a young independent producing company, the act is significant in Hollywood. There were lifted eyebrows when Elliott Dexter finished a long and successful service with Paramount and signed with a new and obscure company. There were more lifted eyebrows and some "I told you so's" when, a few months later, the company ceased production. Elliott Dexter and several other stars of famous names and long—too long—years of service found time on their hands. Dexter went to New York, worked up a little act and took it into vaudeville.

The critics spoke kindly of the star but deprecatingly of the skit. "Flimsy," they called it; "a dull and moony dialog." Dexter's pleasing dignity and his obvious thorough mastery of his craft could not save the weak and inadequate vehicle.

Elliott Dexter somehow fell, early in his screen career, into secondary male roles. Many a handsome, lovable chap like Wally Reid walked off with the girl, while Elliott Dexter was left to smoke his pipe and dream of the might-have-been. Somehow life seems to have treated Dexter much the same way. The juiciest plums have never come his way, except that notable instance when Cecil DeMille allowed him to get Gloria Swanson in *Something to Think About*—and Elliott only got her after Monte Blue had first won her. Dexter has always been the patient, kindly, big-brother man whom the fires of youth have passed by. The audience has always loved him, but has never been excited about him. One is so seldom excited about good, patient people—the salt of the earth. It is the paprika that we remember—and ask for. The salt is always supplied, as a matter-of-course!

In real life, however, Dexter "got the girl." He is, so far as the world knows, happily married to Nina Untermeyer, who was an extremely wealthy widow and society leader at the time Dexter married her. The ceremony was performed in the home of Cecil DeMille, one of the trinity of gods at Famous Players-Lasky. Now Dexter has no contract with Lasky—only memories of good parts, but few highlights.

So far as can be learned, Elliott Dexter has signed no contracts to return to pictures. Perhaps he does not wish to return. Perhaps he has learned already the bitter truth that "The plaudits of the world are as fickle as a woman's whim." We hope he comes back to the screen. But if he has left us for good, this be his epitaph: "A fine actor, a stirring lover, a very kindly gentleman."

Sitting Pretty

That's what Ray Griffith is doing now says Lucille Larrimer

CHEERING for the villain at the movies is right in a class with rooting for the bull at our Spanish cousins' favorite sport. It isn't done by people who know. But whenever Raymond Griffith plays a "heavy" role, I'm always hoping for once in a way that the gent with the mustache will win the gal. And occasionally, when a director lets Griffith be the hero who clasps the heroine to his manly breast in the sixth reel, why then I get all set to tear up the seats, along with the gallery-gods. I'd whistle through my teeth if I could.

You may gather from this that I approve of Raymond Griffith as an actor.

If I weren't afraid of making you turn the page hurriedly to the next story, I'd tell you that there was a moral in the tale of Ray Griffith's life. But being well aware that morals, like spinach and castor oil and other things that are good for you, are awfully hard to take, I'm not going to mention it at all. I'll just say artlessly that Ray Griffith doesn't look like a Pollyanna, does he?

After giving him Boston for his birthplace, Fate set out to make up for it by smiling upon his career. The stage claimed him immediately after his graduation from St. Anselm's College in New Hampshire. He had a taste of every form of dramatic endeavor, musical comedy, straight drama, pantomime and even a colorful experience with Barnum & Bailey's circus. He was a born actor, with a flair for comedy. His irrepressible humor "got over" enormously. And then, after smiling upon him for years, the fickle jade, Fate, played him a low tick. He lost his voice. He became the whispering actor.

Now an actor minus his voice seemed about as good an insurance risk as a pianist without arms. The future looked black. But Griffith had more than one string to his bow. He packed his troubles in his old kit-bag and caught the first train for Hollywood, where voices don't mean so much.

¶ Ray Griffith *the whispering actor of Hollywood who made good in the movies without a voice.*

He offered the privilege of his services to those pioneer companies of screenland, Kalem, Keystone and Triangle. When he could get a part, he acted. When he couldn't, he took his trusty typewriter in his lap and wrote scenarios. Many of Mack Sennett's most hilarious pie-dramas were from Griffith's ingenious brain. He thought up "gags," too.

But the cry for new faces brought Griffith out. The public was tiring of Arrow-collar males. A marcel wave and cupid bow lips were no longer the *sine qua non* of dramatic success. Personality was the watchword, and Griffith simply oozed personality. That enterprising young director named Marshall Neilan, who can spot an actor as far as he (*Continued on page* 91)

Alice in

By Alice Anesely

Sketches By Benito

IF in the spring a young man's fancy turns to thoughts of love, in the summer his fancy will most probably turn to thoughts of the beauties of the beach. So all wise maidens knowing this direct their attentions to *les costumes de bain* or as we say in American, to swimming suits. There are few better ways to observe and learn about the possibilities of effective bathing costumes than to study those chosen by the so-called bathing beauties of Screenland. From the successful graduates of Mr. Sennett's school for bathing girls one may take excellent ideas about the way to be both decorative and comfortable when the mercury hits ninety-three. Phyllis Haver and Marie Prevost, both so exceptional at pleasing the eye that they have progressed far beyond the Sennett Comedy ranks, furnish important fashion forecasts as to what the well dressed beach beauty will wear. Then there is Annette Kellerman. Everybody knows what Miss Kellerman stands for in the way of plain and fancy diving and all around knock-out form. And for the coming queens of the beach—those who still prefer sand piles and shallow pools—Baby Peggy is my model. All of these stars know the art of beach dressing. With the possible exception of the one last mentioned they have had years of practice. Therefore, let us see just how they do it.

ANNETTE KELLERMAN, so well recognized as queen of all swimmers that bathing suits are named for her, is Exhibit A. In a new picture just being released you may see her wearing the very costume I describe here. The picture is called *Venus of the South Seas.* Miss Kellerman knows that beauty in swimming depends on grace, and that grace depends upon free and unhampered movement. Consequently she has always worn the knitted one piece suit that has at last been adopted by even the most conservative and proper people. Of course, the original one piece suit called by her name was a little severe for those of us who cannot quite measure up, or rather down, to Miss Kellerman's standards of perfect form. Then too, police regulations are sometimes annoying even though misguided, so the original Kellerman suit had to be modified by the addition of a short skirt. The one piece suit that now bears her name meets the demands both for less trying lines and for beach rules. It has a skirt and is called the Annette Kellerman "two-in-one" bathing suit. Since

Screenland

she is the Queen of all bathing beauties she naturally chooses this suit in heavy knitted silk. The silk suits are horribly expensive, of course, but when one is blessed with a figure like Miss Kellerman's, expense is no consideration. Even when one hasn't a figure like hers a silk suit of this kind will go a long way toward making the world think one has. It is the subtle difference between the silk clad ankle and the one with a cotton or wool covering. On a suit of material of this intrinsic beauty no other trimming than a contrasting band at the hem is necessary.

Graduates of the Sennett School.

But of course it isn't essential that one be expensive and opulent in silk to cut an engaging figure on the beach. Phyllis Haver and Marie Prevost prove this clearly enough by choosing the wool jersey suits shown in the illustration. Undoubtedly knowing what to wear to enhance their charms had a lot to do with their rise to fortune. It usually has, you know. Miss Haver's choice, the suit of finely plaided wool jersey is certainly new and distinctive enough to satisfy the most exacting fashion fan. It has a belt too—a detail that aside from being very smart, makes a one piece suit much easier to wear. The cap that is shown with this suit is a wrap turban—quite the most ultra thing in beach millinery. The particular points about the suit that Marie Prevost wears to set off her charms are its brilliant coloring and novel white button trim. The necklines of these two models illustrate the two newest shapes that necklines may take, the modified square and the V.

The Vagaries of Venus.

The caps and accessories that all these stars wear are worthy of a complete story of their own. Miss Kellerman's rubber Bandana speaks for itself. It is one of the most graceful and popular bathing caps that it is possible to find. The gypsy-like hoop earrings, besides being distinctly "in the picture," for wear with the debonair Bandana, are most amusing because they are made of rubber. Can't you imagine having quite an entertaining ten minutes laughing over them with your friends? The foibles of us women are a lot cleverer than stupid and superficial people will usually give us credit for. Life is not all (*Continued on page* 95)

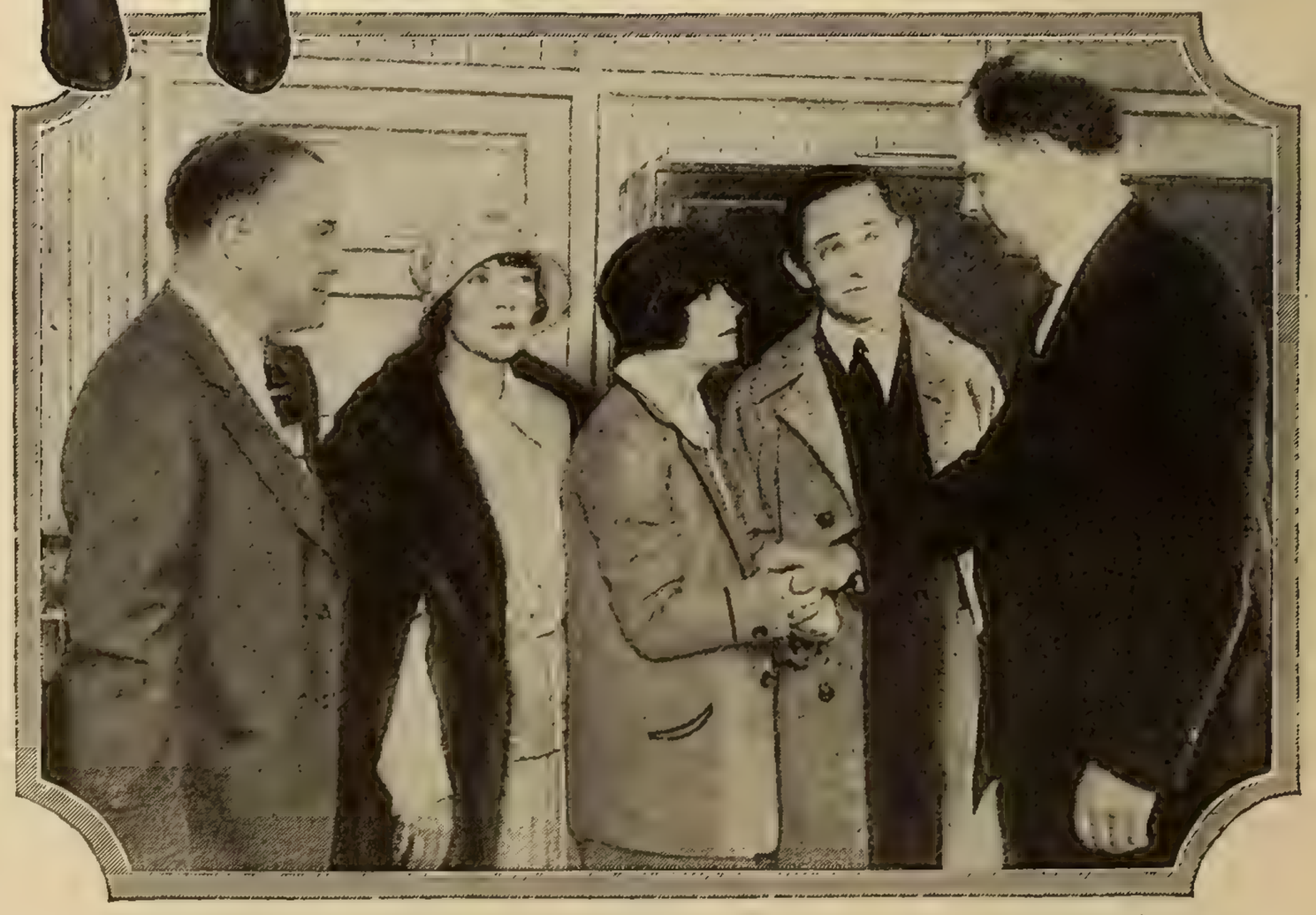
Our Own News Reel

¶ *Cinema* News *in* Picture *Form*

¶ New York, N. Y. *Mr. and Mrs. Ben Throop, formerly Miss Rubye De Reymer.*

¶ Chicago, Ill. *Arthur Hammerstein with his bride, Dorothy Dalton, who were recently married here.*

Paris, France.—*Little Jeanneau Torry, France's three year old screen wonder. He's just one inch shorter than the police dog.*



Los Angeles, California.—*Alice Lake receiving congratulations by Police Judge James Hope on her marriage to Robert Williams, the screen actor. At the left are Mr. and Mrs. Harry Whitney who acted as best man and bridesmaid.*

¶ Culver City, California. *Harold Lloyd practices to enter the national amateur handball tournament at Los Angeles.*

Jack Dempsey

The man who finished Firpo takes a flier in the movies

Left—The heavy-weight champion of the world has a tussle with a powder puff, lipstick and an eye brow pencil. He is shown here making up for the first of his pictures under the new million dollar contract.

Right—Here we have Jack, the tiger man, made up as a bad man of Mexico. I wonder what Firpo would have done if he had caught him in this kind of a rig out. Now that Dempsey has had this rough training he will be able to meet challengers from all parts of the world in the proper costume.

Below—"Salt Lake City's Slugger" makes up as one of "New York's finest."

Below—Talk about tough! How would you like to meet this up a dark alley with a gold watch in one of your pockets and a roll of bills in the other?

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The Listening

By Our Star Contributor

Sayings and Doings in Screenland from Coast to Coast.

SCREENLAND MAGAZINE staged a little super-production with a real all-star cast. The invitations called it a house-warming, or rather an office-warming; and every eastern star was invited to be there. I was so pleased with my own invitation, a clever card designed by Kliz, one of SCREENLAND'S distinguished staff, that I pasted it in my scrapbook; and more than one of my brother and sister-stars did the same thing with theirs. It was a great success—I never saw so many important and interesting people at one tea before. Besides motion picture celebrities there were well known stage stars, writers, artists, and press agents, all having the time of their lives.

Anna Q. Nilson *and* Alma Rubens *Present*

As we came up to the new offices, Myron Zobel and his staff were there to welcome us, and to ask us to sign a guest book. Alma Rubens and her mother signed first—and under "remarks" Alma wrote, "We film stars should be seen and not heard," which isn't always true—certainly not in Alma's case. The decorative Rubens was asked to pose her brunette beauty—which was set off by a smart black gown with a dash of cerise—against the artistic background of the office reception room—which doesn't look in the least like an office with its shaded lights, mirrors, and comfortable chairs—and do a little hand-shaking. She joined the staff in greeting the guests, but after a while Anna Nilsson arrived to relieve her, just in time to save Alma's good right hand which she finds almost indispensable in autographing her fan pictures—yes, some of us really do it ourselves! It was Anna Q.'s farewell appearance before leaving for California, and she was a centre of attraction in her new tailleur and little hat which almost, but not quite concealed her boyish bob.

Hope Hampton *Arrives*

THE magazine turned over an entire floor, in holiday dress, to its guests—fortunately, because everyone had such a good time and showed no desire to rush away. There was Hope Hampton and her manager-husband, Jules Brulatour,

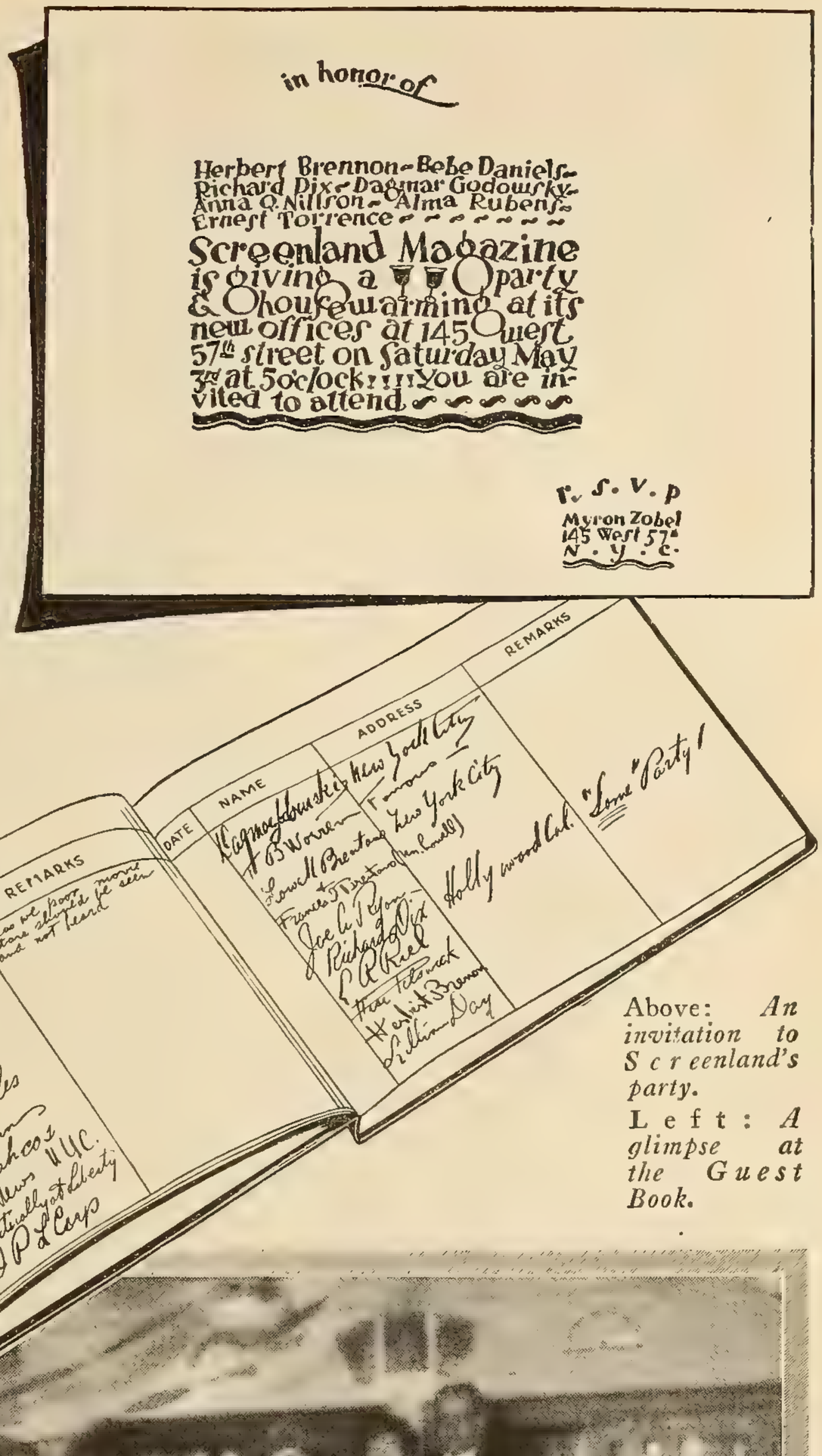
Screenland's guests gather on the roof to have their pictures taken. Reading from left to right: Queenie Smith, Hope Hampton, Isabel Leighton, Anna Q. Nilsson, Myron Zobel and Alma Rubens.

Post

just back from a trip around the world. Hope was wearing a French creation of black satin with pink feather collar, cuffs and buttons—it sounds weird but it set off Hope's gorgeous red hair and blue eyes to perfection. I couldn't help being a bit envious as I stared rudely at her pearls—said to be the largest and costliest Paris could offer; Irene Castle's is the only necklace to rival it. Hope started to tell me about the sheik who demanded that Jules sell her for $50,000, but a newspaper man swooped down on her and carried her off for tea.

Richard Dix *Idol of Follies*

A GROUP of Follies beauties, including Fern Oakley, whom you'll see also in *Monsieur Beaucaire*, were wondering when Richard Dix was to arrive. Richard has been rather elusive of late; he had been working desperately hard until all hours finishing *Unguarded Women*, Alan Crosland's production with Bebe Daniels; and tired of being disturbed in the little time he had to rest in, moved from his hotel to Long Island without divulging his whereabouts, even



Above: *An invitation to Screenland's party.*
Left: *A glimpse at the Guest Book.*

A jolly group of merry-makers at Screenland's party: You may recognize Miss Dagmar Godowsky, Mr. Myron Zobel, Miss Alma Rubens, Mrs. Rubens, Kliz, Mr. Herbert Crooker, Miss Regina Cannon, Mr. Ralph Rossiter and Mr. William J. Delaney.

to his company. He emerged from his retirement to sell tickets one night to *The Ten Commandments,* in the box office of the theater on Broadway where it's playing, just to oblige his press agent who recalled that Richard would know how to make change as he used to be a bank cashier. The sub-debs at SCREENLAND'S tea party couldn't be consoled with any other stars; and when Richard's manly figure in a brand-new fuzzy brown suit, finally appeared, they mobbed him in no uncertain manner. He is one matinee idol adulation can't spoil; he has a marvellous sense of humor and loves to kid himself. Anna Nilsson breathed a sigh of relief when she saw him. She had told some friends of hers that he was coming and hadn't a moment's peace until Richard made his personal appearance.

Herbert Brenon *There Too*

HERBERT BRENON was hard at work finishing up *The Mountebank* at the Famous Players Long Island studio, but he dropped everything to come. He is quite charming enough to be a matinee idol himself. A star who worked for him told me once he was temperamental, but he never displays it outside the studio. Besides, a little temperament sometimes relieves a most monotonous day on the set! Mr. Brenon is soon to do *Peter Pan,* you know; and can't wait to get to work. I wanted to ask him if Samuel Goldwyn was going to play *Peter* but thought better of it. One of the innumerable actresses seriously spoken of as a possible candidate for the Barrie role was present, too—Gertrude Bryan. She's never done pictures, but has shone in musical comedy. Miss Bryan was the star of *Little Boy Blue* some years ago when she married a millionaire and became a smart Long Island hostess. She came back this season in *Sitting Pretty,* in which clever Queenie Smith is the star. Of course, as a filmster I can't help feeling that a screen actress really should get that coveted part.

Queenie Smith, by the way, was present. She's never done pictures either, but she's such a young and pretty girl she'd probably be a hit. She had Isabel Leighton with her—Isabel is one of the promising ingenues on the New York stage and just had her screen tests made. Dagmar Godowsky was wearing a stunning black-and-white hat and didn't seem at all annoyed when I asked her if I might copy it. Dagmar's ex-husband, Frank Mayo, is on his way east to play opposite Alma Rubens in a new picture.

Meets Staff of Writers and Artists

THERE were representatives of all the film companies; and the magazine presented its own stars—Anne Austin, Delight Evans, George Clisbee, Wynn, Benito, Covarrubias, the brilliant caricaturist, who was a great surprise to me—he's really just a nice, shy kid.

Sedate editors chatting with merry ingenues. Beautiful film stars kidding their press agents. A magnate or two; a fashion artist; popular dancers and a high-browed critic—they were all at SCREENLAND'S party. There was a newsreel photographer too to make a celluloid record of the affair. When this story sees print it will be on the screen—released in all theaters by Screen Snapshots.

Alma and I left together and as we said goodbye we asked Mr. Zobel why he didn't make his house-warmings a regular occurrence!

Herbert Brenon was telling of some of the difficulties a director is always up against. A white poodle plays an important part in William J. Locke's *The Mountebank* and Mr. Brenon requested that the studio staff have one report to him early one morning. Mr. Brenon, a fiend for work, called his company and waited, and waited. Finally a breathless assistant rushed up. "Oh, Mr. Brenon," he puffed, "we've just got hold of a fine cocker spaniel!"

SCREENLAND'S STAR REPORTER

She sees all. She knows all. This month a famous screen star—whose identity we cannot reveal — has agreed to write The Listening Post for us. Do you know who she is?

Each month The Listening Post will be written by a different screen star.

Next month Virginia Valli will be the author. Whatever she tells you about filmdom and its people you can believe—because she has heard it from their own lips.

Watch for the August SCREENLAND, ready July first.

A Visit to Valentino

I HAD a brief vacation between pictures and, like the motorman on a holiday, went for a street-car ride. There were several important picture openings; a party or two; and interesting things going on at the Paramount studios. I went out there to have luncheon with Richard Dix and saw Douglas Fairbanks calling on Allan Dwan—just before Doug sailed. They were inspecting the various sets and came suddenly upon Rudolph Valentino doing a scene for *Monsieur Beaucaire.* Doug, you know, owned the rights to the Tarkington play and then decided not to do it. He looked at Rudie, a graceful figure in his satin knee-breeches and laces and wig, and turned to Allan and said, "Good thing I gave up the idea—I'd look like the devil in those clothes!"

Getting Glyn's Goat

ALAN CROSLAND was directing Dix and lunched with us, too. He reminisced about Elinor Glyn, whose *Three Weeks* he transferred to celluloid. Crosland had his troubles. "Madame Glyn" was on the set every minute; making constant suggestions as to just how a scene should be done. Finally the director thought of a way to be left in peace for a while. He was supervising at the time the well known dinner scene when *Paul* first sees his *Lady.* Crosland instructed Conrad Nagel sotto voice to use the worst table manners he could thing of, including massaging his teeth with a match. Conrad gave a good imitation of a boorish glutton. Madame watched, her eyes wide with horror. "Mr. Crosland!" she cried. "You are not going to shoot this scene?" "Why, certainly," replied the director. With a loud shriek Elinor rushed from the set, to be seen no more that day!

Did you ever hear what Tony Moreno said to Elinor? She was admiringly telling the handsome Tony that she remembered him in a former incarnation—her favorite "line"—Egyptian, or something. "You must be mistaken, Madame," said Tony in his delightful accent. "But I have

always been Spanish." "Ah, yes, yes," agreed Elinor. "I remember now—Spain—toreadors—you, in the bull-ring—" "Throwing the bull," added Tony with a grin.

Bebe Daniels loves to tell one on herself. She met Emmett Glynn on a west-bound train on one of Bebe's and her mother's frequent transcontinental commuting excursions. The talk, strangely enough, drifted to pictures. "Well," said Bebe, who is a young woman of convictions, "one of the worst pictures I ever saw was *A Fool There Was.*"

"Yes," replied the young man who directed it, "I tried to get you for the leading role!" And now they're good friends!

Gloria Swanson's Party

GLORIA SWANSON gave a party one evening at which several executives of her company were present, also her director, Allan Dwan. As a joke Gloria included among her guests a wax figure—very faithful to life—which she sat up in a chair. A certain magnate wanted to meet the lady and Gloria presented him. Said magnate in a burst of enthusiasm grabbed the wax lady's unresponsive hand and gave it a hearty shake. Too hearty—the hand came off.

The next day Allan Dwan met him and told him about it. The figure cost $300 and it looked as if Miss Swanson would have to pay the bill. The magnate was of that opinion, disclaiming any responsibility. The ingenious Mr. Dwan wrote a scene into the star's picture, *Manhandled,* in which the wax figure is apparently a young girl who has "passed out" at a wild party. Gloria bends over her and shakes her, then takes her hand—which comes off! The scene was a good one—and the magnate paid the bill after all!

I've often wondered what one says when meeting his ex-wife or ex-husband. Now I know. At the studio the other day Tom Moore looked up and saw Alice Joyce, the first Mrs. Moore, walking by with her pal, Anna Nilsson. Alice happened to be looking that way, too—and everyone stopped working and waited to see what would happen. Tom seemed a bit fussed, but nevertheless regained his composure and bowed to his ex-wife, who returned the greeting.

Barbara Returns to Single Blessedness

BARBARA LA MARR is in New York right now, and told her best friends that she is through with matrimony for good. I never could keep track of all Barbara's husbands but I know the most recent was Jack Daugherty, the red-haired leading man; but Barbara assures us it's all over. "It took me five husbands to learn that single life is the only real life," remarked Miss La Marr, whom we all call Bobbie. Some people learn with less.

Sigrid Holmquist thought she needed a rest and booked passage for Cuba. Then she went out and shopped, spending over a thousand dollars in less than two hours. She ordered eighteen pairs of shoes in the same shop! Six pairs are as many as I ever bought at once. Sigrid, you know, is said to be Jack Dempsey's favorite screen star.

I've heard lately that Winnie Sheehan, general manager for Fox, may soon appoint a successor to Kay Laurel, the first Mrs. Sheehan. Winnie has been seen "around" often with Florence O'Denishawn, prize dancer of the Music Box Revue.

How the Hunter-McAvoy Engagement Happened

SO many people have asked me if Glenn Hunter is engaged to May McAvoy that I might as well tell what I know about this well known romance. This is the story—as I heard it. It was a dull day at the studio and Mr. Hunter thought a little publicity would not be amiss. Apparently Miss McAvoy agreed with him. A newspaper woman happened to be visiting the set and was told the exciting news on the condition that she simply must not print it. The plan worked. The story broke in the morning paper. Glenn and May were engaged—practically.

Florine Williams, wife of Earle, is the mother of a little girl, christened Joan Constance. Connie Talmadge is the child's god-mother. Mrs. Williams and the younger Talmadge are inseparable chums and can be seen everywhere together in Hollywood.

I seldom credit reported engagements, but it does look as if Connie is ensnared again at last. Buster Collier, son of William, is the favored swain. He is somewhat younger than the comedienne—it seems only the other day that he was a kid actor appearing with his dad in a Triangle picture.

Dalton and Hammerstein Now Mother and Daughter

SPEAKING of matrimony—Dorothy Dalton is now Elaine Hammerstein's step-mother, having married Elaine's father, Arthur. For a long time Miss Dalton was seen frequently with a well known film executive, and the world thought it was a real romance—at any rate, that Dorothy's affections were permanently placed. Then along came Arthur—and now they're married. Mr. Hammerstein has had four other wives; Dorothy was once Mrs. Lew Cody.

Mary Hay—who is Mrs. Dick Barthelmess—may be obliged to retire from the stage. She left the cast of her musical comedy, *Mary Jane McKane,* because of illness. Dick's future plans are still unsettled; but it looks as if *The Enchanted Cottage* will be his last for Inspiration.

"They won't like it," said Dickie to me rather dismally, "because it hasn't got a villain in it. And you must have a villain."

Laurette Taylor, before leaving for the coast to make *One Night in Rome,* gave a supper party at her home in Riverside Drive. Just like most other film stars, she has a projection room; and this evening she showed *The Shooting of Dan McGrew,* directed by Clarence Badger, who is to supervise the latest Taylor-Manners production. Among the guests were Mae Murray and Robert Leonard, Lady Diana Manners, Gertrude Lawrence and Beatrice Lillie, the present musical comedy toasts of the town from the British Charlot's revue, and Dagmar Godowsky.

When any company has a picture which they consider somewhat unusual, they immediately plan a coming-out party for it. The latest production to have a review de luxe was Associated Exhibitors' *The Chechacos,* an Alaskan story. Someone suggests that when they send the prints to exhibitors they should also send interpreters! The Ritz-Carlton was the scene of the showing; and there was supper and dancing afterwards, which was very delightful.

Mary Pickford's *Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall* was presented at the Criterion Theater. Not to be outdone by Doug's presentation of *The Thief of Bagdad,* Mary had the exterior of the Criterion dressed up like an English castle. Before sailing for Europe, the star gave her press agent a list of five hundred people for first-nights seats. The Criterion seats only six hundred. Pity the poor press agent!

Cast This One Aside

Here's a good one that they tell on Jimmy Cruze. It seems that Mabel Coleman, who does bits in pictures here and there, was working for Cruze in *The Enemy Sex,* starring Betty Compson. The picture was due to finish that day and Mabel didn't have a sign of a job lined up. A man with a coquettishly cocked pair of eyes appeared on the set.

"Oh see the cross-eyed man," cried Mabel.

"He isn't cross-eyed," said Cruze. "He just has a cast in his eye."

"Goody!" said Mabel. "I hope I'm in it!"

With the Location Man—from page 69.

Name of Production—— *Director*——
Paid——Jap gardener for helping assistant director.
" ——house servant for service to leading lady.
" ——owner for damage.
" ——owner chauffeur for doing errand.

Mr. Millionaire himself can't be tipped so he usually receives an invitation to visit the studio and bring visitors from out of town whenever he wishes. In these days when all studios have a "No admittance" sign on the front gate, the invitation is a rare privilege. The fury of one L.M. for another knows no bounds if a company has done damage on a location which isn't properly compensated. It simply means that the owner of the property will in the future refuse his place to the entire motion picture industry.

Police Permission Sometimes Handy

In New York City William the Conqueror and Norman hordes once stormed the English in Van Cortlandt Park without police permission. There was similar grief. Now diplomacy is the watchword of the studios. Actors, horses and props are not scattered in careless confusion before church steps on Sunday morning when prominent tax payers are en route to service. It's far more diplomatic to take those scenes another day. Diplomatic friendships with all sorts of officials make it possible for picture companies to have standing permission to use university grounds, aeroplane bases, government forts, banks and so on.

Diplomacy also pays in dealing with all private citizens. A certain picture company wanted to use an iron foundry a few months ago. The owner is a grouch and told the L.M. to get out of his office. Not many weeks later the heavy limousine of the iron foundry owner sank in a bed of mud not far from the studio. He was hurrying to meet an appointment. The L.M. looked out of his office window, chuckled with glee and then an idea came to him.

"If you will let me use your iron foundry for some scenes in our story," he offered, "I'll have Dora, our elephant, brought around to pull your car out of the mud." The bargain was struck and the iron foundry owner became a friend instead of an enemy.

The Sheep Rancher's Objection

THE L.M. is asked to find some different locations. One had to provide a sheep ranch. It was the time of year preceding Mr. Woollyfur's trip to market. Not a single rancher would let a cameraman shoot his sheep.

"If we let you walk our sheep up and down the ranch for a week they'd lose all their fat," exclaimed the ranchers, and so the story had to be shelved until all the county fairs were over and the blue ribbons distributed.

It was almost impossible to get carrier pigeons during the war as they were all in service. Opium outfits are always hard to get. When the L.M. goes to Chinatown searching these, not a single Oriental will admit that he has one. A certain story depended upon a race between a woodtick and a ladybug for its dramatic climax. The L.M. found that it was out of season for those insects but he had to procure them from an eastern experimental laboratory. It took another L.M. four weeks to locate a rattlesnake. Then there is the story about an auto which leaps a thirty foot gap between a raised bridge and the opposite shore. Engineering advice must be consulted in order to test the weight of a dozen bridges and figure out the speed of different makes of autos and the momentum necessary to make the leap.

Tricking Nature

TRICKING Nature is part of the L.M.'s job. It is often necessary to change summer into winter and vice versa. One story demanded a field of blackened stumps supposed to appear as if a fire had just swept the forest. The blackened stumps were found on a mountain location but snow covered the ground. It was necessary to bring a hose from the studio, attach it to a farm-house faucet, and melt an acre of snow. And in the dead of winter, a porch was given June atmosphere by a location man who strung paper vines over the trellis and planted fake rose-bushes near the steps. White pine sawdust is often used in summer to resemble snow and glass icicles help the illusion.

There are many typically English houses in California but they are surrounded by palms. These trees are foreign to the British Isles so the L.M. has to plan his scenes in stories of England so that the camera shots may go between palms and other tropical plants. It takes twice as long to film such scenes. Catching the sun's rays at the right angle and excluding both palms and the shadows of palms is highly in-trick-it!

A certain team of Alaskan huskies—half wolf and half Malemute dog—were to be driven through a gap in the woods in a beautiful snow scene. It was late in the day and quite important to catch the sun before it went down. In order to make the scene effective, the dogs were to be turned to the right from the wooded gap. Each time their Esquimaux master called "Gee" (meaning right) they made a sharp angle to the left. The thing was tried over and over again with the same result. Everyone was puzzled.

"Feels like dinner time," said a tired actor. The director had an inspiration. "Why, I guess the dogs feel the same way and turn to the left because its toward camp," he said. So the sled was reversed this time and the dogs at once made the desired angle from the gap as it faced their kennels.

The Indian "Supers"

AT one of the big ranches near Los Angeles there are a band of regular salaried supers who have been working for the same picture company for two years. Half of the supers are Indians or Mexicans, the others, white men. Professional supers who play battle all the time as they do grow very expert in matters military.

Now, the Indians and Mexicans had played the part of Indians in every film story, and were always repulsed by the white men. One day the Indians held a council and sent a representative to the manager of the film company.

"We play battle for you long time now," he began.

"Yes, and you do it very well," answered the manager, fearing a strike.

"Indians always lose," complained the other. "We want picture so we beat once." The manager laughed and looked over his schedule of plays to come.

"In the next Civil War picture," he said, "the Indians and Mexican supers can be Northern soldiers. We don't work near the camera and your dark faces won't be noticed. The rest of the supers—the white men—can be Confederates."

The Northerners were supposed to win the battle of the film story, so the Mexicans and Indians pommeled their opponents in the most realistic and bloodthirsty contest ever filmed.

The "Supers" Mistake

ONE perfectly lovely location was marred by an errant "super." A director who wanted to take advantage of a bright sun kept his people working right through the noon hour. The supers clanked their swords and charged the hills until about three when they were ravenously hungry. Coffee and sandwiches were served.

In order to finish up the many scenes that had to be taken on that location, the heroine and leading man did not stop to eat but went on with one of the dramatic close-up scenes of the story. Just as the camera was buzzing, a soldier super dashed across the path of the lens and toward the director.

"My brother don't eat ham and they won't give him a cheese sandwich," he whined. Just then the sun dipped behind the trees and the location was lost for the day.

It is becoming more and more the custom to build exteriors in interiors. That is, the studios have found it cheaper to erect a replica of some exterior inside on a studio stage where lights, props, etc. are near at hand than to attempt to "doll up" the real exterior itself, located perhaps some hundreds of miles away. Louis Gasnier, who directed *Daughters of the Rich* had the exterior of a French hotel built inside the studio. DeMille has long followed this practice, constructing every possible one of his lavish exteriors in the studio beneath the big glass roofs. Al Christie recently had an entire field of cotton "planted" in dirt which had been hauled to an interior studio stage. If the studios made extensive use of this practice, the L.M. will be out of a job!

The Movie Clock

Recording by weeks the record runs in New York Theatres of screen feature productions

THIS is the third month that The Movie Clock has been running. During that time many feature pictures have run down and stopped, amongst them—*The White Sister, The Hunchback of Notre Dame, Scaramouche, Yolanda.* In fact it is quite some achievement for a picture to possess sufficient hardihood to justify a continuous run in a New York theatre of twenty weeks or more.

The Ten Commandments has begun to show promise as a "runner up." Already in its nineteenth week, it shows a good likelihood of continuing well into the summer. It is already nine weeks ahead of anything else in the field.

The exception, of course, to all rules is *The Covered Wagon,* which has circled the clock and is already a full lap ahead of the field. This play—which is only now being withdrawn, May 3rd, 1924, to give way to Mary Pickford's *Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall* at the Criterion Theater—has established a world record for longevity. It closed after having completed a continuous run of 59 weeks, a record which no other motion picture in history has approached. It played to over 500,000 people in this one theatre with receipts which ran pretty close to $600,000, since its opening on March 16th, 1923. At Grauman's Egyptian Theater in Hollywood, the receipts for the run of this picture were more than $700,000, due to the larger seating capacity of the Hollywood theater. It is estimated that, including all cities in which *The Covered Wagon* has been "road-showed"—and it has played in legitimate houses—that this picture has been seen by at least five million people.

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Motion Picture Actress Delighted

Betty McCoy, Movie Actress, Los Angeles, whose photo is shown at the left, says: "I am delighted with the results from the use of The New National, which has given me a three-inch increase in size—a remarkable firmness and classic contour. A number of my friends have recently remarked on my improved appearance."

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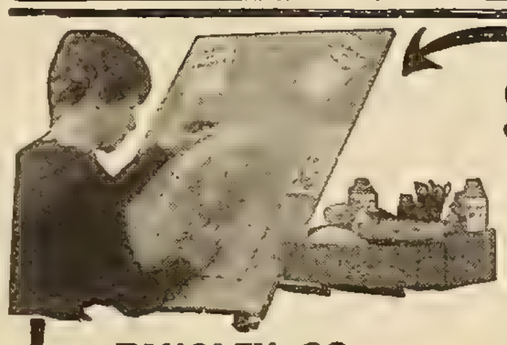

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Anne Austin

So many readers have written in and asked us for a story about Mary Pickford that we have selected one of our keenest writers to "cover" this story. Read what Anne Austin has to say next month about America's Sweetheart. In Screenland for August.

SCREENLAND for August.

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The Man With the Shears—from page 65,

re-pieced, the Big Boss is called in to view the film. If his okeh is forthcoming, the negative is cut, using the positive as a sample. As many prints as are necessary are made and the picture is ready for release.

The difficulty of the cutter's work is intensified by the huge amount of film shot. The waste is appalling and accounts, perhaps, for the increasing production cost of pictures as well as the high admission prices at the box office of your favorite, if any, theater. Some directors, or perhaps I should say, most directors simply wallow around in footage. They shoot scenes that they must know will never be used. Eric von Stroheim is the prince of film-footers. Griffith, too, shoots an enormous amount of film. So do many of his disciples who seem to figure that the greatness of the picture depends upon the number of thousand feet of film from which the completed film can be carved.

Shooting Susanna

In *Susanna,* the Sennett feature starring Mabel Normand, 350,000 feet of film was shot. This means a mere trifle of 350 reels. This was cut down to 6,000 feet, or six reels. Some 344,000 feet of film was junked. With raw film costing three cents a foot, and negative film twice as much, you can figure for yourself the tidy sum of money paid out for just that raw film alone, not counting the cost of developing, or printing, or overhead!

What becomes of the rejected film?

Some few feet, such as "animal stuff," is filed away in stock. The rest is sold for junk, and fetches about ten cents a thousand feet.

The Extra Girl, another Normand feature, was cut from 200,000 feet to 6,800 feet, a little over six reels.

Probably only Heaven and Abe Lehr know how many hundreds of thousand feet of film were shot by von Stroheim in his production, *Greed.* Von Stroheim himself cut the enormous mass of film to 48 reels, begging and imploring Goldwyn to run the picture at that length as a serial. Before she left for Italy, June Mathis tentatively scaled the film down to 12 reels. If *Greed* is released at that length, it will be a stark skeleton of the marvelous drama etched on the film by von Stroheim. The heap of rejected film will be a symbol of the heart-break that actors and directors of that drama will suffer.

Eric von Stroheim does not know the art of brevity. The short story is not his forte. Were he a novelist, he would be of that vanished school that brought forth four-volume novels. But the silver sheet is not the medium for drama of such length. *Greed* will come to the screen an emasculated remnant of the picture he created. Dale Fuller's superb and tragic characterization will probably be cut to a mere flash. Zasu Pitts and others who rose to the heights under the fiery inspiration of the Austrian will see, perhaps, their best work lost.

Kerry Cut to Pieces

It was that way with *Merry-Go-Round.* They say, the wise ones of Hollywood, that it was the disappointment of seeing his exalted work as Phoebus cut to the quick by the relentless shears of the cutter that turned Norman Kerry into a cynic whose motto henceforth is "A quoi bon?"

But there is the semi-humorous side to this matter. There is the story of the school-girl who ran away from her home in Sioux City, Iowa, to become a star in pictures. By the time her anxious father located her, she had appeared in a picture with Claire Windsor. Proudly she told him of her start toward a career, how the director had said "Good!" as she finished her little bit, and how surely, surely she was on the highroad to fame. Her eloquence induced her father to promise that she might stay in Hollywood, if her work in that picture convinced him that she had talent. The picture was opening that night at a theater in Los Angeles. The girl and her father were the first ones there.

The program went on as programs do. The prologue seemed never-ending. The educational film exposing the domestic habits of the tadpole stretched out its weary length. The Floozy Sisters, vocalists, warbled and retired reluctantly. And finally the feature picture was flashed on the screen. Eagerly the girl searched the background. Claire Windsor probably never received so little attention from any two fans in all her ornamental career. But the fadeout clinch with the lovely Claire in the honest embrace of the Arrow Collar hero found our heroine stricken and her stern parent adamant. That heartless cutter had cut the girl and her bit entirely out of the picture; she was sunk without a trace. Our heroine is now studying algebra and spelling in the Sioux City high school, perhaps dreaming dreams of what might have been, had a certain cutter been less handy with his scissors.

The Cutter Had It In for Her

Then there is the classic tale of the extra who spent a day's pay check taking all her friends to the theater to view her triumph in a Negri picture, finding to her chagrin and her friends' amusement that she was about as prominent as the potted palm in the lobby scene. Only the palm was further down-stage. "The cutter had it in for me," she wailed, and to this day she is convinced that personal animus directed that cutter's shears.

But it is not only extras who suffer anguish of spirit from the cutter's activities. James Neill still harbors the hurt from a slashed part in *Joan the Woman,* which Lasky made for Geraldine Farrar years ago. Neill created a fine characterization as a demented old man who doubted the voices that the Maid heard. He put his whole soul into that part, and used every ounce of dramatic art that his innate talent and long experience had given him. It took him months to finish his work. And when the picture was cut, because of the vital need to condense the action into six reels, his characterization was cut to a few feet.

Sessue Hayakawa used to have fixed notions on the proper length for his close-ups. Try to find a star who hasn't. But Sessue owned stock in the Haworth Company, which fact gave weight to his words. When the cutting did not give his close-ups satisfactory length, he would come to the cutting room and measure off the film himself. "Now thees one, seex feet," he would say. Then, designating a close-up of his wife, who played opposite him, he would say, "Three feet, plentee."

Picture Made in the Cutting Room

More than one picture has been literally made in the cutting room. *Don't Tell Everything,* a Paramount picture featuring Gloria Swanson and Wallace Reid, was supposed to have been made from the film left over from *The Affairs of Anatol.* Recently, a Sennett comedy was rejected by the distributing organization. The film was turned over to the cutter to be resuscitated, if possible. The cutter, William Hornbeck, rummaged around in the film library, brought out some old shots of Marie Provost and Phyllis Haver, cut out some of the old gags and switched others to different positions, jazzed up the tempo and turned out a good comedy, *The Hollywood Kid.*

Hornbeck is head-cutter for Mack Sennett and one of the cleverest in the game. He cut *The Extra Girl,* as well as scores of comedies, and is studying the game from every angle with the ambition of becoming a director sometime in the future. Nineteen-year-old Blanche Sewell, who cuts all of Marshall Neilan's films, is another clever wielder of the shears. The growing importance of cutting, in the minds of producers, is evidenced by the hiring of famous free-lances like Frances Marion to cut special pictures. Miss Marion is cutting Colleen Moore's new picture, *The Perfect Flapper.*

For weary moons, the cutter has been a prophet without honor in his own country, but his star seems to be rising. The scissors and paste pot may yet be mightier than the megaphone.

Delight Evans and Anna Q. Nilsson got off in a corner at Screenland's *party. Nothing of the professional interview about it. Nothing formal, you know. Just a heart to heart talk. That's the way real personality sketches are written. The result will be apparent in the August* Screenland, *ready July first.*

Please Help The Poor Editor

WHAT is the first article you turned to in SCREENLAND? List below in the order of your preference the stories or departments that pleased you most in this issue:

1st .....

2nd .....

3rd .....

4th .....

5th .....

NOW if you have a little patience left, will you please give me your preferences amongst our authors and artists? Check the author you like best as No 1, second best No. 2, etc., until you have checked them all. Do the same thing with the artists. If a letter is written accompanying this rating sheet, stating reasons for your choice, then your letter will be eligible for the $10 prize which is paid every month for the best analysis of SCREENLAND'S issue.

Address your letter: Editor SCREENLAND, 145 W. 57th St., New York City.

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Lillian Day	.....
Martin B. Dickstein	.....
Delight Evans	.....
Grace Kingsley	.....
Tamar Lane	.....
Lucille Larrimer	.....
Eunice Marshall	.....
George Jean Nathan	.....
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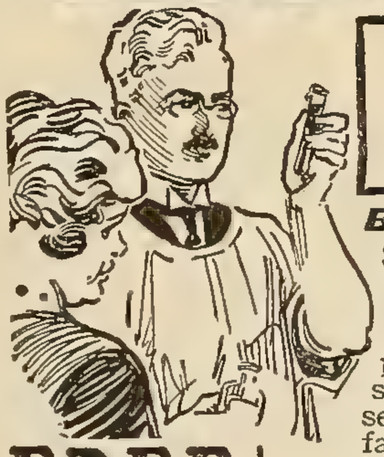

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When Screen Stars Get Together—from page 49.

Connie Loses Suitor

WELL, the Constance Talmadge Suitor's Association has lost one member, now that John Charles Thomas is safely married," pointed out the Vamp. "There'll be just that much less competition for Buster and Irving and young Rhinelander Stewart, the pride of Newport."

But the Ingenue had ceased to listen. Her eyes were fixed on the dapper figure of Lew Cody and her mouth was curved in an uningenuish grin.

"Did you hear what Lew told that bathing girl of Sennett's, when she was complaining that she had to be vaccinated, but demanded that it be done where it wouldn't show? Lew said she had two choices: she could have it behind her ear or take it with a spoon."

"Lew is one of my favorite heavies," admitted the Vamp. "I believe I'll have some of that cold chicken, waiter, and a bit of tongue—not more than three pieces. I really wonder why I come here I have so little appetite these days."

"Look at Eric von Stroheim, sitting off there all alone. He looks rather low. Perhaps Goldwyn is going to limit him to a million dollars on his next production."

"Oh, that's not why he's blue," broke in the Vamp, who has the low-down on everything. "The court has just refused to reduce the allowance of $75 a week that he has to pay his first wife for the support of his son. And not only that, but the judge fined him $50 when Von got peevish with the opposing attorney and promised to 'paste him in the eye.' The judge said that anybody who made over $30,000 a year could afford to pay $75 a week for the support of his son."

Virginia Pearson Bankruptcy

VIRGINIA PEARSON was in court this week, too," said the Ingenue, smiling across the room at Lila Lee. "She and her husband, Sheldon Lewis, filed bankruptcy proceedings. You know Virginia was badly hurt in an automobile accident a while ago, and the doctor bills mounted up frightfully, and she was out of work for a long while. Did you see Lila over there being interviewed?"

"How do you know she's being interviewed?" asked the Vamp who never lets the Ingenue get away with anything if she can help it.

"When you see a movie star having lunch with a plain-looking girl, who isn't dressed as grand as a star but is sassier-looking than a secretary, that's an interviewer," orated the Ingenue sagely.

"Lila Lee isn't dressed grandly."

"Lila is a lady. She doesn't wear diamonds down to breakfast, I'm sure. She's dressed quietly in her blue tailleur, but you'd know at once to look at her that she was *somebody*. She's so happy with Jim Kirkwood, and he's so proud of her. They're delighted about the baby that's coming."

"The stork is certainly working overtime in Hollywood this year," said the Vamp, accepting an order of Russian salad. "Mr. and Mrs. Earle Williams are the proudest parents you ever saw. Their new baby weighed seven pounds, and they've named it Jean Constance. Isn't that pretty? And Pat O'Malley has another girl baby, too. That makes three in his family. Eileen, the eldest, is six and Sheila is two. Pat wanted a boy badly but he's optimistic."

"I hope Leatrice Joy's baby is a girl, so that she can look exactly like her mother." The Ingenue has long cherished a hopeless crush on Leatrice. "They had Leatrice slated to play the leading part in a murder mystery picture, but naturally, Leatrice wouldn't undertake a highly emotional part just now. So they gave her *Role*s instead. And that pretty nearly broke Jacqueline Logan's heart, because it was she who had talked up the story to the Lasky bosses in the beginning. They would have given it to Agnes Ayres at first, but Sam Wood, who was to have directed the picture, couldn't see Agnes in the role. And, between ourselves, that was why he left Paramount. Cecil DeMille finally ended the battle by saying that the part suited Leatrice better than it did Agnes, and that was that. Jackie was awfully disappointed. But that's the way things go."

"Yeh," said the Vamp. "I hear Paramount turned down Jackie Coogan for *Peter Pan* because he didn't have enough sex appeal."

Casting Babbitt

WELL, I know a picture that's being cast intelligently, and that's *Babbitt*. Willard Louis has the title role and isn't he perfect for the part? You know, he was the Prince of Wales in *Beau Brummel*.

"I'm not a bit hungry," murmured the Vamp, "but I believe I'll try some of the shrimp salad, and just a taste of the *pate*." And she cast a long, languishing look at the waiter.

"For heaven's sake, what are you wasting that mushy look on a fat waiter for?" asked the Ingenue. "He's probably got a German frau and ten children."

"I'm practicing the way I'm going to look at Jimmy Cruze the next time I see him," responded the Vamp, rolling a wicked eye. "He's casting for *Merton of the Movies*, and I wouldn't value a bit in that any more than I'd value my right eye. Glenn Hunter is on his way out from New York to play Merton and every actor and near-actor in the industry is trying to get in on the cast. Acting in a Jimmy Cruze picture these days is just as lucky as a rabbit foot that was caught in a graveyard at midnight in the full of the moon."

"Your vampish ways won't make any impression on Jimmy. He has eyes only for Betty Compson. I wonder when they're going to be married."

"The date hasn't been set yet. They can't be married for some months yet, though, because Jimmy's divorce decree from his first wife isn't final yet."

Agnes Ayres Marriage.

SPEAKING of marriages, I wonder when Agnes Ayres is going to marry Ricardo Cortez," said the Ingenue. "The wedding was all set for April third but it didn't come off. They were postponing it for a week, or maybe two, Agnes said. But so far they are still single, unless they have slipped off to Tia Juana to have the deed done. It wouldn't be the first time such a thing has happened."

"By the way, do you know what Tia Juana means in Spanish?" asked the Vamp, proud-like.

"Something to do with hooch, I suppose," said the Ingenue.

"No, ma'am, it means 'Aunt Jane'."

"No!"

"Yes! Isn't that a scream? Our most exciting den of vice dubbed a prosy name like that. My dear, will you look!"

"Where?"

"Over there, by the window. Mae Busch. Isn't that a doggy outfit, though? I'm mad about platinum fox with heather green. She looks stunning and she's perfectly thrilled at grabbing off the leading role in Kathleen Norris' *Bread* that Metro is filming."

"Metro! I thought Mae was signed up with Goldwyn."

"She is, but didn't you know that Goldwyn and Louis B. Mayer had merged with Metro? They're all going to produce out at the Goldwyn studio, under Metro's supervision, but they're going to keep their own identity. Don't you read the papers, woman?"

"Certainly I read the papers," retorted the Ingenue with spirit. "And I read some funny things there, too. Only this morning I read where George O'Brien, the son of the San Francisco chief of police, announces his engagement to Dorothy Mackaill. I do think it is so quaint the way men out here do the announcing."

"Well," said the Vamp judiciously, "a police chief in the family might come in handy, in these days when people are so quick to pick on picture people. Dorothy wouldn't be subjected to the persecution that poor Mabel Normand suffered, if she happened to be present at a party where somebody was hurt. Why, down in New Orleans the other day a girl dropped her hand-bag, a gun fell out and went off, shooting her in the leg. The police came with the ambulance and asked her name. 'Mabel Normand,' she whimpered. Of course it wasn't Mabel. The police found her card in the bag, proving her to be one Hope

Caprice, a goofy name, if you ask me. I only hope she didn't go down on the police blotter as Mabel Normand."

Mabel Normand's Troubles.

POOR Mabel! But the wave of fanatical opposition to her pictures is dying down, thank goodness. Michigan, which forbade the showing of her pictures after the Dines shooting, has withdrawn the ban."

The Vamp suddenly began turning her handbag inside out. "Looking for a letter," she said. "A kid cousin of mine down in Iowa is dying to come to Hollywood and break into pictures. What shall I tell her?"

"Tell her to stay home, if she likes to eat regular."

"If such excellent advice were ever taken, the screen would now be deprived of the privilege of our association," said the Vamp grandiloquently. "But what chance has a green country kid in pictures?"

Where They Were Born.

SOME kids have made the grade," said the Ingenue. "Lew Cody came from the metropolis of Waterville, Maine. Hoot Gibson hails from Tekameh, Nebraska. Chester Conklin came from Oskaloosa."

"Quit your kidding," said the Vamp. "People don't really live in towns with names like that. You just hear about 'em in comedy dramas."

"Claire Windsor comes from Cawker City, Kansas, and laugh that off," went on the Ingenue relentlessly. "Helen Ferguson is a native daughter of Decatur, Ill., and Conrad Nagel comes from Des Moines, Iowa. Corinne Griffith comes from Texarkana, Texas, and if you can find it on the map, you've got good eyes. Raymond Hatton first saw the light of day in Red Oak Ioway, and Marguerite de la Motte comes from Duluth, Minn. For small town boys and girls, they've done right smart."

"All right, all right, I give in," grumbled the Vamp. I'll tell the kid to check her appetite and come on. At that, I guess I'd rather eat canned soup in California than pate de foie gras in Kansas. Waiter, can you bring me a strawberry parfait. Oh yes, and a demi tasse."

"I went down to the station last night to see Carmel Myers off," said the Ingenue. She left for New York, on her way to Rome, to play *Iras* in *Ben Hur*. Kathleen Key, who plays *Tirzah*, left last week. I wish some director would write in a little trip like that for *me*. Yes, waiter, you can give us the check now."

"That reminds me, I must rush, said the Vamp, gathering up her things. "Cecil de Mille is casting for *Feet of Clay*, and I hear he's looking for a vamp with good looks, personality and sex appeal. So nice of you to take lunch with me, dear. I wasn't a bit hungry. Pay the check, will you darling? Ta, ta! See you in Sunday School!"

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Ever since the days of Cleopatra women have been looking for the secret key to eternal beauty. At last! A Swedish chemist, in Stockholm, has come as close as modern science will permit in revealing to the women of this age a beautiful complexion heretofore only dreamed of.

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After one application of this Swedish Beauty Secret you will know that at last you have found a way to acquire a flawless complexion. No longer need you envy the beauty of others—let others envy yours.

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The World's Greatest Discovery, enables you to find youthful and perfect skin beauty. No costly or painful operations. *Harmless, painless.* Removes all surface blemishes, Pimples, Blackheads, Discolorations, Tan, Eczema, Acne, Large Pores, etc.

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So many readers have written in and asked us for a story about Mary Pickford that we have selected one of our keenest writers to "cover" this story. Read what Anne Austin has to say next month about America's Sweetheart. In Screenland for August.

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Smile When You Say Goodbye—from page 59.

she had planned together.

"I'm trying to do," she said to me one day, "just the sort of things that Burney would like to have me do—just the same things that I would have done if he were alive. I haven't gone out at all, except once. I went to the theater with some friends. And I understand that people are gossiping about it yet! What am I to do? I know that Burney would want me to go right along. It is"—she burst out—"it is almost unbearable in that house!"

Ethel Kay's Hard Luck

Just the toss of a coin seemingly kept two girls from gaining fame. They were Ethel Kay and Lois Lee. Both were endlessly brave, and took fate's knocks like majors. Miss Kay had a very good start in pictures; so did Lois Lee. But fate intervened. Both girls perforce had to give up the fight. However, this isn't as sad as it sounds, for both girls are to be married to men they are very much in love with.

Ethel Kay was slated for the girl's part in *Hungry Hearts*. She had had a test, and had been found just suited to the role. Then before she could start work, her money gave out, she could get nothing to do. She took a cheap little room, and friends found out afterward, when it was too late, that she had gone hungry. When she came on the set to work, finally, she was so thin and ill from hunger and photographed so badly that she lost her great chance in pictures.

"And they couldn't wait for me to get fat again!" Ethel smiled with a brave little attempt at mirth, when afterward her friends got her to tell them about it.

Bosworth *Goes to "Die in the Movies"*

Hobart Bosworth says he coughed his way into the movies!

Bosworth left the theater to "die in the movies," as he puts it. He was suffering from tuberculosis, and the doctors said that his one chance was to get out-of-doors.

Bosworth took the blow like a man, though his heart was all wrapped up in his stage work at the time.

"Well, I can't sell shoe-strings on the street," he parried.

Then he got his chance with the movies, in the old Morosco-Bosworth Pictures, and he adopted the pictures. He still coughed, he was far from well. If anybody asked him how he was, he would grin and say:

"Oh, I'm coughing very well today, thank you!"

But the outdoor work not only cured his lungs, but made him far more famous than the stage could have done.

We all know how *Wally Reid* and *Dorothy Reid*, his wife, took their blows standing. To the very last, Mrs. Reid proudly stood by her husband, and declared that he was "improving." A brave lie, forgiven, I'm sure, in heaven. Then, when it as all over, how absolutely without any whining she took up the battle of life to support herself, her mother and her two children, one of whom had been adopted.

And poor, dear old Wally! When he was simply tottering on the set, he always had a brave and cheery smile; and if you asked him how he was, he'd exclaim: "Oh, fine! How's yourself?"

Indeed, I'm firmly of the opinion that if Wally Reid hadn't been such a "good scout," he'd be alive today. He thought he simply must stand the party gaff night after night; he couldn't hurt a friend's feelings by refusing.

Perhaps there never was a better sport in picturedom than little Lila Lee, wife of James Kirkwood, who nursed him all through his illness following his injury when he was thrown from his horse and picked up for dead.

I saw her one day. She was dishevelled and pale and there were dark circles under her eyes.

"You see," she said, "it has all been an unusual strain because we simply mustn't let Jim know how bad off he is. When I think he is about to wake up, I run in and put a little rouge on."

Bebe Daniels came very near to dying in the hospital in New York, following her peration for appendicitis. One day marked the turn, and as her mother watched by her side, Bebe opened her eyes:

"Mother," she exclaimed with a wan little smile. "I know just how it feels to die,—and it doesn't hurt a bit!"

Jane Novak has more courage than most men. During the making of a picture not long ago, she and her supposed lover had to swim the rapids. The boy began to go under from exhaustion. There was no chance to yell for help and be heard, so Jane just took the rescue into her own hands and pulled him out. He was profuse in his thanks when he came to, and a little bit shame-faced, too.

"What can I do for you?" he asked.

"Oh, just keep on being a good actor!" she laughed. "And don't do that drowning stunt again in the retake!"

Where Do They Come From—from page 37.

Alice Brady, Lon Chaney and Richard Dix and many others got their training behind the footlights. Nita Naldi was a Follies girl and Carol Dempster and Theodore Kosloff were dancers.

Stock companies, for obvious reasons, are the most fertile recruiting grounds.

Although Doraldina's advent into pictures was unsuccessful before, she became a dancer, she handled a mean emery board in a San Francisco hotel. Many a member of the I-knew-her-when club boast of having been manicured by the famous Hawaiian dancer.

As well as being a newspaper woman, Madge Kennedy was also an artist. A poster that she painted during the war attained international fame. Pola Negri is a splendid violinist. In fact, in Russia she was educated by the public fund, as was Nazimova.

Virginia Faire and Corliss Palmer both won beauty contests. The rest are a heterogeneous collection of professions. Gertrude Olmstead was a little home girl in crisp gingham house frocks. Years ago John Bowers sold California real estate. Even then they were doing it.

Naomi Childers was a commercial artist. Alan Hale was a writer, so I am told. I have never been able to find out just what he wrote, but it makes a good story and he looks intelligent anyhow.

To Lois Weber belongs the distinction of having discovered Claire Windsor. At that time Claire was a demure little housewife but Lois coaxed her away from the kitchen and plunged her into a celluloid career.

Warren Kerrigan was an office man. Imagine those well done nails being broken on a typewriter. Julia Faye was an artist's model.

Charles Ray was door man at the Old Los Angeles Burbank Stock Company where Bert Lytell got his training, and the seeds of his histrionic ambition were doubtless sown when he kept stage door Johnnies from seeing their favorite actresses.

But the lately discovered Charles de Roche has one of the most colorful backgrounds we have noted for many a day. He was an entertainer in a Paris cafe. Yes, sir, one of those wild places where the well known Latin uarter bunch hang out. And how did he entertain? Well, he's a violinist, a singer, and a dancer, as well as a dilletante sculptor. How that last accomplishment could help him entertain in a cabaret I do not know, unless the habitues liked a little modeling clay thrown at them during their meals. But he entertained all right, and even then the girls were all crazy about him.

So—there you are, you never can tell when you are watching you favorites act, what they were or where they came from. The screen is a great melting pot into which is poured the product of the home, the field and the market place. And who knows but that it is just this extraordinary conglomeration that makes the pictures of today the active reflection of such a wide and varied world as that in which we live. The screen has become a great mirror in whose silver shimmer we find ourselves portrayed. And those who show us ourselves as others see us, know well whereof they speak, for they, too, have lived their many parts in other days and do but re-enact the experiences of parti-colored and infinitely varied lives.

Fake Make-up Schools—from page 28.

Mrs. Pollo's makeup school—across the street from the agency office.

Another make-up teacher, R. B. Wilcox, got entangled with the law over a 60-year-old woman's charge that he obtained $600 from her to finance a company that was to star her and her son and daughter.

One result of the recent State drive on the schools and agencies is apparent in the classified advertising they now use.

The ads are the same as before with the exception that some qualifying statement is contained in each:

"This is not an employment agency. We have no jobs to sell you, if you want to buy a job do not waste your time and ours."

"We are not selling positions in pictures. Not an agency."

"No agency or school. No fees."

Slump No Drawback.

But you may be certain that the proprietors of these schools and "production companies" are making no effort to discourage the screenstruck. In spite of the "tight" conditions in the studios; with about 200 extras making a living, perhaps 1,000 getting occasional jobs, out of 5,000 tried and tested "regulars;" and with the established agencies accepting no new registrations, the make-up schools are going merrily on.

Boys and girls, men and women who should know better, all ages and all types are shelling out their $15 or $20 or $25 for a "complete course in makeup."

What They Get.

What do they get for their money? Let's see.

They get a card to a theatrical photographer, requesting the courtesy of "professional rates." The photographer's professional rates for movie school students are from 50 to 100 percent higher than charged to professional drop-in trade from the studios. The increase is split between the photographer and the make-up school.

They get a "shopping list" calling for about $5 worth of make-up. A typical list is: Nose putty, large stick No. 3 grease paint, No. 9 powder, box of wax, medium rough dry, lip rouge, whitening, No. 16 paint, powder puff, mirror, crepe hair, two towels, comb and make-up box.

Teaching the Class.

The motley assemblage of perhaps a dozen, comprising the "class," crowds around the little deal tables of the "class room," with sickly electric lights in their faces. They remove coats and collars, as per instructor's orders; tuck a towel about the neck.

Then the supercilious instructor, an artist's smock his uniform of authority, seizes a piece of make-up and smears it vigourously on the face of the nearest pupil.

"See? Now the rest of you do it—an' get it on smooth, see?"

Then he takes a bit of brown paint on his hand and softens it, applies it to the upper eyelid of another novice.

"Everybody do that!" he commands.

Then he takes up a "liner" and runs it across the eyebrows. The class follows suit.

Then the powder puff, dusted with pink powder. The instructor jabs it in the face of the nearest victim, putting a punch behind it that he might have learned in the boxing ring.

"Do that, now," he says.

Everyone does, and the instructor glances up and down the line of apprentice "actors."

"Awright. Now take it off with the cold cream."

They do. That's all. That's the lesson.

The next lesson is the same thing over again.

And the next, the same.

School Not Needed.

Any readers desirous of learning make-up can save $20 by buying the makeup essentials at the nearest drug store and practicing on themselves in front of the bathroom mirror to their heart's content.

Or if you feel the need of more complete instruction, go down to the public library and look over the books on amateur theatricals. Most of them give you as complete information, and it costs nothing—unless you want to buy the book.

When the course is complete, and the student is a full-fledged make-up artist—as per movie school standards—she may have a screen test. It costs $25. For the additional $25, about 25 feet of film is received. Its actual value is, maybe, 10 cents a foot. And say $2.50 for five minutes work of the cameraman, and developing and printing. Actual cost, $5. Price to student, $25. Net profit to school, $20.

But as long as there's movie-mad maidens and screenstruck sheiks, the movie schools will flourish. It's a profitable graft. Some of the schools will even teach you by mail, in case you haven't railroad fare to Los Angeles.

The pity of it all is its uselessness.

If you actually got a studio job, you'd find many an obliging companion to show you how to put on the simple make-up without tuition charge. Some directors won't have, for mob scenes or extra work, their extras made up at all.

"If you get a job." But there's some 5,000 old-timers—experienced extra folk—in the employment line in front of you. And there aren't any jobs.

Editor's Note:—Next month the second of these "fakes" will be exposed, namely, the "casting directories," which purport to furnish pictures of their clients for selection by directors. SCREENLAND feels that the pitiless light of publicity turned on these concerns will save many thousands of dollars and anguished hearts to the readers of this magazine.—M. Z.

That Tender Look!

Veiled glances have enchanted men for centuries. Your eyes cannot appear soft and tender when smeared with harsh or greasy pastes. And still to have curly lashes—what to do?

KURLASH (NOT A COSMETIC)

is Milady's newest invention. Curls the lashes naturally. Nothing to put on, nothing to heat—just a gentle pressure between scientifically curved, rubber curlers. Kurlash beautifies quickly and sensibly. It assures lovely lashes and bright large eyes for the day. Snug in its charming box, Kurlash is a dainty, enameled boudoir accessory that lasts forever.

Order Kurlash, But Send No Money!

Simply pay the mailman $3—plus postage. Or forward $3 and KURLASH will be sent postpaid. It is guaranteed to please—or you can return it at once.

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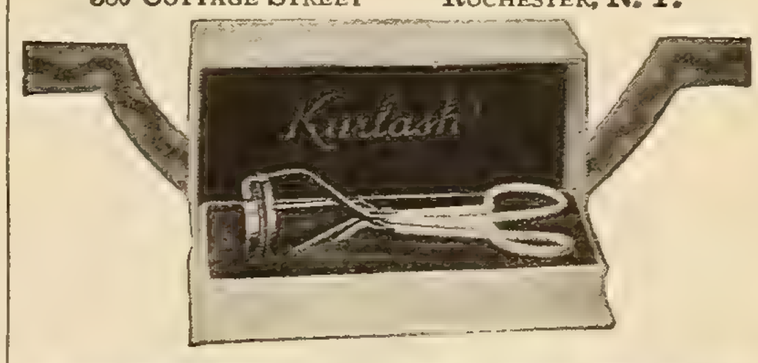

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Anita Stewart—from page 63.

leaves in the picture? Six months? Six days!"

Anita, still weak, still sick, went back to the making of *The Girl Philippa*. She walked through the falling leaves for days, dressed in light summer clothes. And it was November, and the days were bleak and cold.

A Wonderful Scene.

It was a wonderful scene, the pinched little figure stumbling through the autumn woods, shivering, weeping, sick. Thousands of women wept. Thousands of bald headed men wiped their faces, and hoped that nobody saw.

A wonderful scene. But when it was finished, Anita crept back to bed. And though she stayed there until she was well again, she has never really been well since then.

Yes, "pretty soft" for her.

The picture made thousands and thousands of dollars—for the producer.

Years later Anita met Mary Pickford, and learned that all the time she lay in her room, Mary had been praying for her.

"I didn't know her very well," Anita says. "It was a beautiful thing for her to do, wasn't it?"

Anita went back, and made many pictures for Vitagraph. She built herself a $10,000 home at Bay Shore. She had the idea that she was wildly in love with Rankin Drew. But he never knew about it. And she received a number of offers.

The Louis B. Mayer outfit wanted to star her in "Anita Stewart Productions," at $4,500 a week. Adolph Zukor asked her to be his star at $6,000 a week. And the firm that starred Olga Petrova, tried to get her for $10,000 a week.

Anita wanted to leave Vitagraph. She felt she was dying by Inces, so to speak. And she believed that making her own pictures was the best thing she could possibly do. She turned down Zukor. She turned down the Petrova people. She took the Mayer offer.

However she was under contract to Vitagraph. She sued in an attempt to break that contract on the ground that she had signed it when she was a minor.

And the first question the company's lawyer asked her was this:—

"Miss Stewart, is it not true that you are married to Rudolph Brenhan?"

Anita couldn't say a word.

Anita Marries

She and Rudolph had been married secretly at Greenwich, Conn., while she was a minor. He had been an aviator during the war. He was also an actor. His real name was Brennan. But on the stage he was Rudolph Cameron.

Anita lost the suit; but the company allowed her to leave and go with Mayer.

And inasmuch as the concern that had wanted to pay her $10,000 a week went into bankruptcy, Anita told herself she had chosen wisely.

Here, she felt, she had a chance to select her own pictures. "Anita Stewart Production!" The phrase was like music. She could be a real actress now, she thought, and that was worth more to her, than the money she had lost through rejecting the other offers.

But looking back at it all, she realizes it is a sad mistake.

"I used to despair of ever getting a decent picture," she says. "Frankly, the pictures I made for Mayer were terrible. I worked hard to make them, worked night and day, worked well and sick. And I couldn't help crying sometimes when I saw those pictures on the screen!"

Zukor gave Mary Miles Minter the place he had first offered to Anita; and it was years later that he again talked to her. No, he didn't make her another offer. He merely looked at her sadly.

"If you had only come to me when I wanted you," he said. "What I could have done with you! Ah, you would now be the greatest actress in the world!"

The time and the effort and the hopes she had wasted!

Marriage Proves Unhappy

Three years she worked for Mayer. Three empty years. Her marriage turned out unhappily. She and her husband separated. They had loved each other surely.

"He was the only man I ever really loved," Anita says. "I don't think I can ever love any one else."

She lets you know how she felt during the war, when he was in the aviation section of the army—expecting a telegram every hour to say that his plane had crashed. And every time she read the papers she expected to see his name in the headlines.

Efforts wasted; love vanished; father and mother separated; Florence and King Vidor, her dearest friends, living apart from each other; her sister Lucille no longer the wife of Ralph Ince; nothing left in life but her mother and her brother, her money, and her ambitions.

And last August her brother George was injured. You may have read the story in the papers. Ralph Ince was accused of beating him. George was then twenty years old, and he wasn't very strong.

His skull was fractured. His neck was twisted. He had been punched and kicked in various places. Anita thought he was going to die.

"He called me up one morning at 4 o'clock," Anita says. "His voice was so queer I knew there was something wrong. But I couldn't get the truth out of him.

"Imagine that poor boy so terribly punished, only half conscious, and every nerve shrieking with pain—imagine him phoning me so I wouldn't worry about him!

"We got him out of the club and into a hospital. And I got the best doctors I could for him.

"George means more to me than anybody else in the world. He has always been the very apple of my eye. I have spoiled him all his life. When one of the doctors told me his skull was fractured I wanted to scream. And I couldn't. I went to my car, and sat down and cried. I thought a fracture of the skull was always fatal."

Yes, "pretty soft for Anita Stewart. Life has given her everything."

She has made some good pictures since she went to Cosmopolitan—*The Love Piker,* among others, and *The Great White Way.*

But—

"All I want now," she says—and there is a prayer in her voice—"all I want is a good story. Not a star part exactly, just a chance to be an actress.

"Sometimes I think that if I found a role I really loved, I would play it for nothing."

That is the story of Anita—the star who wants so much to be an actress.

"Yeah, pretty soft for her!"

Tamar Lane

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LOS ANGELES CALIF APR 29 1924

MYRON ZOBEL

SCREENLAND MAGAZINE 145 WEST 57 ST NEW YORK N Y

HERE IS THE DOPE WAS PHOTOPLAY EDITOR BOSTON EVENING RECORD FOR TWO YEARS ALSO WROTE FOR THE BOSTON JOURNAL BOSTON POST AND OTHER NEWSPAPERS STOP EDITED THE SCREEN MAGAZINE FOR TWO YEARS STOP OWNED AND OPERATED TWO MOVIE THEATRES IN NEW ENGLAND TO GET THE EXHIBITOR AND PUBLIC ANGLE STOP HAVE CONTRIBUTED ARTICLES TO MOTION PICTURE AND PICURE PLAY AND ALSO AUTHOR OF VAUDEVILLE SKETCHES AND SHORT STORIES STOP HAVE BEEN CONNECTED WITH FILM INDUSTRY FOR OVER FIFTEEN YEARS IN VARIOUS CAPACITIES AS EDITOR EXHIBITOR CUTTER SCENARIST ACTOR DIRECTOR PUBLICITY MAN STOP AM MEMBER LAMBS CLUB WRITERS CLUB AND AUTHORS LEAGUE STOP RECENTLY WROTE SCREENS FIRST CRITICAL VOLUME WHATS WRONG WITH THE MOVIES AND AM NOW WORKING ON A NOVEL STOP AM ALSO DEVOTING MUCH TIME TO ORGANIZING A LITTLE THEATRE MOVEMENT FOR THE SILENT DRAMA

703A APR 30 1924

TAMAR LANE

The MASK *on the* FACE

This is the first of a series of articles by the Internationally noted Beauty Expert, Madame Helena Rubinstein

About the year 1496, in front of the marvellous Palazzo Vecchio, at Florence, one night, revealed itself the terrible spectacle of a mob in frenzy. A wave of destructive fanaticism swept the city. A huge pyre had been erected in the square before the palace. Platforms were built around the stake. Upon them were placed for destruction by fire, and duly destroyed, masterpieces of philosophy, poetry, science, and art. The works of Plato, Aristotle, Virgil, Homer, Horace, Sophocles. Paintings by Leonardo and Boticelli. Musical instruments and theatrical costumes. Statues of gods and heroes of antiquity and . . . aids to woman's beauty; articles of make-up, washes, pastes, cosmetics of every kind—all condemned as "vanities and things accursed."

The cosmetic art, the desire to be beautiful, as the desire to own beautiful things, to create and live amid beautiful things, has always kept pace with cultural growth. Where there was no civilization, there no one sighed for beauty and no one felt the need of it. And it is this theory alone that can account for cosmetic accessories being included in the destruction of those irreplacable achievements of a high civilization.

Except that fanaticism burns with a lesser vehemence in the breasts of people less given to strong passions, we are not without similar onslaughts in this country. Such back-slidings, such "decivilizing" spectacles, such falling away from the grace of the innumerable closely interwoven things which collectively only, and not singly, constitute civilization, are of frequent occurrence. Witness the interference with the arts, with literature, with manner of dress, with long established social amenities, with the ritual of a woman's dressing table—with whatever gives innocent pleasure to another and gives none to us; diminishing always the fund of felicity, but rarely adding to it. The length of bathing suits is made the subject of "verboten" regulation; philosophy, biology and history are sought to be governed by legislative fiat; books are publicly consigned to the pyre; and attempts to prohibit the use of lipstick, rouge and powder are being recorded—and what not!

But my grievance here is not with the fanatic with whom it is futile to argue. It would be useless to insist that nothing is more helpful in bringing out the inherent, truly characteristic beauty of the face than that certain individual accent placed by a deft, artistic stroke of brush or pencil, to retrace a blurring curve or vivify the expression. It is what the crescent is to the minaret. What the flash of the jewelled ring is to the hand. It *is* art and beauty. Besides, sometimes we just cannot help looking off color, we women, and there is no reason why the world should be witness to our momentary frailty.

My grievance is against the great army of users of cosmetics and obviously not because they use face-coloring, but because they use it badly, inartistically, unscientifically and as such it becomes sheer distortion. Perhaps the French word *maquillage* gives a truer idea of the thing. It is apparently derived from *masque*—false face, and is of theatrical origin, as is the word make-up. When, then, this thick facial coloring of the theater, where it is made necessary by the flat glare of the footlights, is paraded in the street and home. When it is as far removed from the beautiful that it is not even in questionable taste, but in unquestionable bad taste. When girls, often in their teens, and young women, morbidly allow their faces to assume a hard, opaque appearance instead of the peculiarly charming transparency of the youthful skin. When instead of merely redrawing or emphasizing a feature, they don a mask which represents not themselves at their best, but something else at its worst. When, finally, it is understood that extravagance of painting is a standing detriment to the skin, it, then, cannot be accepted with approval.

Remember, please, that I am an indefatigable globe trotter. I know women of all nations as few have known before me. My claim to your attention is, therefore, not without valid title, when I say that in no other country have I met so many women of every age, afflicted with blackheads, coarseness of pores and harshness of skin, as in America, and that this is due chiefly to ill-considered face-painting.

The reason can be made plain in a few words.

The skin is a wonderful fabric full of tiny pores, through which it breathes and eliminates. If you coat it with thick cosmetics day in and day out, allowing them to remain on the face for hours, it dries and coarsens, the pores clog, blackheads come, and with them loss of color and lustre. In this manner things go from bad to worse until a sense of false decency and pride compels persistent covering up of the ugly marks of ill usage of the skin. What is left is only caricature, a phantom of the former self. How to restore this former self will be told "in our next."

Helena Rubinstein

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Betty of the Hungry Heart—from page 31.

belies the pure splendor of her eyes and promises physical delights that a Gautier never dreamed of.

To George Loane Tucker, the master who is dead, goes the credit for giving to the world the only picture of this warring Betty that the public has yet seen. Tucker was looking for a Rose for *The Miracle Man.* A great battle between good and bad—a woman's beautiful, tender spirit and a prostitute's unleashed nature—was to be the outstanding scene in a picture of spiritual and physical conflict. The story of how George Loane Tucker found Betty Compson and knew her for the only possible Rose has been told many times. It is screen history. Betty had been working in comedies, and when told that Tucker would see her to consider her for the part, she went to him bedraggled and utterly woebegone and ghastly tired, too tired to care whether she won the part or not. The quivering red curl of a mouth was drooping; the physical was almost perfectly tamed by the triumphant spirit, which shines best when the flesh is weary.

The altar candles were miraculously lighted by the fire in Tucker's eyes. Their bright gleam poured through the clear gray eyes. The red mouth, avid for life and pleasure, drooped with sudden childish woe, or quivered with threatened tears. Tucker had found his Rose as she would look after her regeneration—washed clean of sin, shining with a glad soul, but limp with the fatigue of a great battle.

Tucker Creates Perfect Role.

It was not an accident that Tucker's *The Miracle Man* brought fame to Betty Compson. It was the perfect role for her—the only one she has ever had.

Betty Compson had found her Master. Through him to the public she gave a perfect thing, because it was herself. In Rose's fight she fought her own hard fight—and won, temporarily.

Is it to be wondered at that Betty Compson fell in love with George Loane Tucker, that she gave him a worshipping devotion? So long as he lived Betty Compson was mistress of her soul, and conqueror of her body.

But when George Loane Tucker died and left Betty to battle alone, that tamed but not vanquished physical dragon reared its head and blew a fetid breath upon the thousand candles that burn upon the altar of her soul.

All of us know the terrors of that battle within ourselves. But so few of us are possessed by such strongly dual natures.

Life for Betty Compson became a quest for love and for soul food. Too hungry and too eager, she let her appetitie for physical love blind her to the absence of spiritual companionship.

A man who knew Betty Compson rather well, since he was a press agent in the studio where she worked, once said to me: "Betty is always in love, and I have never seen a man who could remain indifferent to her. I'm in love with her myself, and so are all the fellows. But even if she would look at me, I wouldn't satisfy her—"

And none of the men to whom Betty *would* look *did* satisfy her. Restless, hungry, seeking Betty gave a bit of her sweetness and much of her shining radiance, only to find that they failed her.

Her luxury-loving body was wrapped in fine silks. She slept beneath down quilts and between hand-stitched sheets of finest linen. She moved gracefully through a gracious, dignified English house, furnished with every comfort and luxury that she could want. She was surrounded with evidences of love, the clumsy, adoring man love that contents most of us. And Betty was starving to death.

That is the report on Betty's love life after George Loane Tucker's death and before her engagement.

Is James Cruze Her Love's Fulfillment?

And the question is—has she found in James Cruze the fulfillment of all that her soul and body requires of man-and-woman love?

Looking back on an evening I spent with Betty Compson, called in to listen to her almost frenzied discussion of her problem, I rather believe she has.

The man she had fancied herself in love with for some two years or so would be coming in later. He always did. She had to sandwich our talk in between dinner and his visit. He was to come after a show.

I had known Betty for some time then, and believe I had looked as far into the heart and soul of her as it has been given any woman to look. And having looked into the inner shrine when the veil had been lifted in a moment of soul need, I fell aworshipping, even as George Loane Tucker had. For those candles glow with a lovely light!

And it had touched me that Betty had turned to me in her trouble. I was afraid to lay the weight of a word between us as she talked, with her slim white fingers twisting in the soft folds of her brown chiffon dress, and her passionate, red mouth quivering upward at one corner and downward at the other—the most fascinating mouth I have ever seen.

"I feel as if I will die unless I win my freedom," she cried. "It is always here, this struggle between the physical and the spiritual. I must have love, physical love. I feel as if passion is a living flame within me, burning me, licking right up into my soul. But there is another hunger, just as strong—oh, stronger! The insatiable hunger of my soul. This man—he'll come soon and you'll hear me talk to him—then I am just an ordinary girl, talking of ordinary things, thinking ordinary thoughts, smothering the real me. And the great pity is that while I am with him I like it! He never dreams of the other Betty! He laughs at my belief in spiritualism, makes me want to hide my soul from him. And yet—I'm crazy about him, physically. What can I *do?* I must be free! And yet I know that he will not listen if I try to tell him these things. He will laugh at me and—hold me!"

Betty Believes in Spirit World.

Betty had told me a great deal before about her adventures into the world of the spirits. I give her the tribute of believing absolutely in her sincerity. She believes that she has communicated with George Loane Tucker since his death, and has reported long conversations she has had with him through the medium of the ouija board. Whether Betty's messages from the Beyond are the outcroppings of the subconscious, or whether the one man who understood her and gave her the perfect blend of physical and spiritual love was really getting messages through to her by the only means at his command, I will not attempt to say. But I know that her belief in George Loane Tucker's loving watchfulness over her kept her seeking for another earthly fulfilment of her love ideal.

I do not know how Betty broke with the man she was fearing and loving as she sat twisting her hands in spiritual agony that night. But somehow she did it. It was, to me, a beautiful gesture of freedom and of faith. It takes courage to kill a thing that has become so much a part of one as had the love of that man for Betty Compson. For he undoubtedly did love her to the utmost of his understanding and power. That he failed to reflect the radiance of those eyes upon an altar of his own was not so much his fault as his misfortune.

I asked her at last what she wanted of a man.

"I want spiritual companionship as well as physical love. Oh, I must have love! I can no more change my nature than I can deny the hunger of my soul. It may be that I am paying in this incarnation a debt incurred in a previous. I may have sinned a great sin against spiritual love. But I can't give up the quest. If I am doomed to a half-love—just a physical love—all my life, I hope I shall not find it out. In seeking there is some joy. Maybe, like Sir Launfal and the Holy Grail, I shall find it at last at my own gate!"

Betty and Cruze Work Together.

And that after all is where Betty did find it—if she has found it. Jimmie Cruze is a Famous Players-Lasky director, and Betty met him and learned to love him as they worked on the same lot together.

I can't help remembering what Betty said to me that night, when I asked her if the rumor was true that she had been married secretly to the man who was coming later that night, the man whom Betty wanted to be free:

"I shall never marry a man who could

not be a spiritual inspiration to me as well as a lover."

It is no mean triumph for Jimmie Cruze.

Maybe the end of the quest will mean a new Betty for the screen. Or rather, a new and more permanent vision of the Betty whom George Loane Tucker discovered. The spiritual Betty held down to earth by the demands of a beautiful and healthy body.

The public is patient. And contrary to the producers' opinions, it does not forget. In Rose, Betty Compson brought a new character to the screen. The public, hungry for things of the spirit, cherished the image of Rose in its heart. It was not her beauty or her charm that made Rose of *The Miracle Man* an unforgettable figure, a dear thing to hold fast to along with one's belief in God and the essential fairness of the Great Scheme of Things.

No, the public did not forget Rose. It has been going patiently to see every picture that Betty has starred in, looking vainly for a sign that Rose still lives, that the starry eyes are still bright on the altar. Their glow comes timidly forth upon occasion, and when it does a mediocre or bad picture is saved from utter damnation by the vaguely disappointed but hopeful audience.

Can Cruze Create Another Rose?

THE public does not know what has happened to Betty Compson. It only knows that a promise of something indefinitely fine and good has been broken. The physical beauty of Betty Compson is great; no one could assert it more vehemently than I, who know that she is far more beautiful off the screen than on. But it is not her beauty which a spiritually starved public cries out to her to supply. There are other beauties, dozens of them. Yet none of them has so touched the heart and imagination of the public as has Betty Compson—*in her one great role.*

Jimmie Cruze has done the screen public one great service already. His *Covered Wagon* is greater probably than he dreamed while he was filming it.

And therein lies my faith in Cruze as the end of the quest for Betty Compson. Cruze was able, in *The Covered Wagon,* to photograph the most elusive thing in the world—the epic spirit of a new nation. Not a scene in the picture is great in itself, yet the picture is great, great because somewhere in its thousands of feet of film is imprisoned the spirit of America. These things are not accidental. Cruze was undoubtedly worthy to be the medium through which that indomitable spirit should be captured and exhibited to a rather weary and cynical nation.

I am hoping he can liberate Betty from the bonds of flesh, that the spiritual quality which enshrined her in the imagination of the public can once again be ensnared in celluloid. We need it.

Let us hope that Betty has found in James Cruze "the key to all that has hurt and puzzled her"—the key which will release to the world the beautiful spirituality which George Loane Tucker, the master who is dead, discovered and perpetuated in Rose.

Sitting Pretty—from page 71.

can see one, "discovered" Griffith. He was a real type. So Mickey put him to work. Griffith was the eccentric Crime Deflector in Neilan's *Red Lights,* that eery drama of chills and gooseflesh. He was the thief with the light fingers and the superb audacity in *Poisoned Paradise.* I never could understand why little Clara Bow should have preferred the heavily virtuous Kenneth Harlan to the intriguing scoundrel; as so often happens, censors to the contrary notwithstanding, vice in this instance was so much more attractive than virtue. And Griffith was the taxi cab driver in *Nellie, the Beautiful Cloak Model.* Not so good, in this last, but he really had little to do, other than yank Mae Busch around corners and chew gum. But what was given him to do, he did with all his might.

He's not worrying about stardom. He knows too well that the title of Star is like those little signs you see on the rear of trucks: "Sound your horn and this truck will move over," they're pretty, but they don't mean anything. Give him a good part in a good story, with a fighting chance to run off with the picture, and the rest of the cast can send out for a hammer and spikes to nail down their jobs. They'll need to.

So, you see, Fate's low trick was not fatal after all. Though he still speaks in a whisper, the boy is sitting pretty. He can pick and choose his jobs, and they speak very respectfully to him at the bank where he deposits his checks. And the moral of it all seems to be that the bitter draft that Fate puts to your lips may not be hemlock after all; perhaps it's just a bracer.

Now wasn't that a nice moral, children?

Fame Tax—from page 33.

including Coleen Moore and Claire Windsor, to display clothes on in the windows. Isn't that excellent publicity for them?"

Why, yes. But the picture people come right back, justly enough, with the flat statement that it's just as good publicity for the stores, or the stores wouldn't be doing it.

There is a restaurant in New York where no price-card is ever shown. The diners are charged according to their visible state of prosperity; the management charges all the traffic will bear. Film stars share with stage stars and millionaires' sons the honors of being soaked the most for their entertainment.

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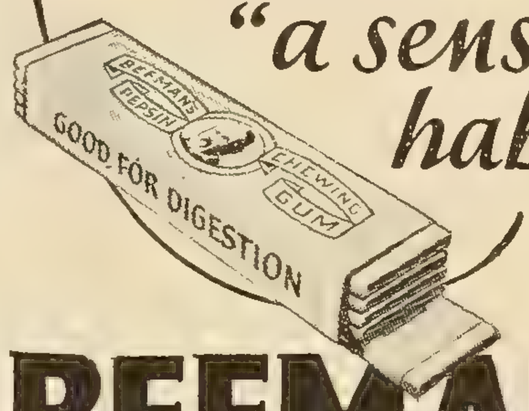

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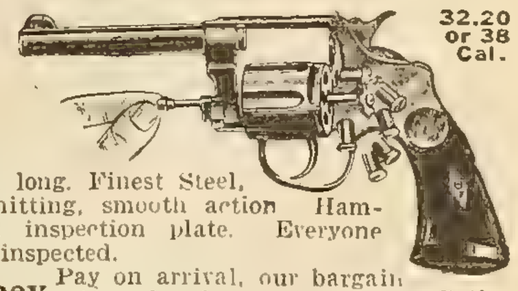

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Dramaland by George Jean Nathan—from page 61

air. This theme had to do with the hatred that is part and parcel of every great passion, with the inevitable and irresistible pull of a great love despite its traces of revulsion and disgust. But O'Neill so piled on the agony and shot off so many cannon that what resulted was perilously close to burlesque. This impression of burlesque was heightened by the playing of Ben-Ami in the role of the husband. Ben-Ami, never more subtle than a keg of dynamite, on this occasion figuratively took off his coat, rolled up his sleeves, rumpled his hair and waded into the script like a bouncer at the old Haymarket. When he got through with it there was little left but the ushers. He raved and ranted, stamped and growled, yammered and grunted until the play, completely worn out, lay down on the floor at his feet and passed quietly away. Doris Keane was much better as the wife whose body the husband loved in proportion as he hated her amorous ethics.

IV

While on the subject of O'Neill, let us have a brief word on *All God's Chillun Got Wings*, the play that has stirred up more excitement in the community than anything that has come this way since the Cardiff Giant and Morris Gest. Although the play has not been produced as I write, it is scheduled for the public view before these words are embalmed in print. The rumpus thus far has been confined to the published play, but there are plenty of indications that the idiots who are responsible for it will not desist from making further fools of themselves when the curtain goes up at the Provincetown Theatre. The cause of the rumpus, you doubtless know. O'Neill has written a play that exhibits a Negro and a white woman in the relation of husband and wife. It is this that has been responsible for all the hell. The South has got up on its hind legs en masse and has mewed itself hoarse. The Ku Klux has removed the diaper from its face long enough to let out a howl that has sounded from New Orleans all the way north to Baltimore. Various organizations the country over have held special meetings to call down the wrath of God upon O'Neill. Editorial writers have protested that it is a disgrace to Nordic civilization even to think of producing such a play. And Public Welfare societies have argued that if a real Negro is cast for the leading role, as the Provincetown directorate has announced, the police will have to guard the theatre against infuriated Anglo-Saxon mobs. Meanwhile, O'Neill has prepared to open new accounts at four New York banks.

As I have observed, the indignation that the play has aroused is but another proof of the apparently incurable mushheadedness of the average citizen of the Republic. Aside from the intrinsic merits or demerits of the play, which do not enter into the particular question, the hoopdedoodle that the theme has given birth to is beyond the comprehension of anyone with more brains than a bath sponge. *Othello* has a similar theme, and so have several of the most popular operas shown annually at the Metropolitan. If, on the other hand, the objection is to the casting of a real colored man in the leading male role, the racket is equaly senseless. No one complained when Peter Jackson, the Negro prize-fighter, played Uncle Tom and fondled a white Little Eva, and no one ever complained at Bert Williams' presence on the same stage with fifty or sixty half-naked white women. Miscegenation, true enough, is not a pleasant subject, but then neither is syphilis, yet there has been no dudgeon lately over Ibsen's *Ghosts* or Brieux's *Damaged Goods* or Echegaray's *Son of Don Juan*. As the comedian in a recent musical show sagely observed: "There's a fool born every minute, and sometimes he's twins, but not one of 'em dies every hundred years!"

V

After having been proclaimed by the French newspaper critics a great Macbeth, James K. Hackett came back to New York and astonished everyone by being a good Macbeth. Privy to such foreign encomiums for the last four or five years—encomiums that have less to do with any American's authentic merit than with the foreigners' desire to warm up the entente cordiale and maybe pave the way, through good, brotherly feeling, for another nice little American loan—the local intelligencia has moved en bloc to the state that Anheuser-Busch made famous, and has demanded to be shown. Thus, when the Rev. Dr. Hackett, whose Macbeth when last seen here was an excellent Malvolio, got off the ship at Hoboken with eighty or ninety scrapbooks ful of notices from the Paris scribes announcing that he was the most remarkable Macbeth seen one the stage since 1610 A. D., there was a considerable insertion of monocles and much audible sniffling. Came the night, then, when the Rev. Dr. made his re-appearance in the role in the Forty-eighth Street Theatre. And came, coincidentally, the huge surprise of everyone at beholding, if not the unparalleled Macbeth of the French goose-grease, at least a Macbeth that was a very considerable improvement over that of Hackett's original American revelation and a Macbeth, to boot, that was intelligent, thoroughly well-poised and generally effective in the necessary theatrical sense.

The Shakespearian revival, indeed, was in the main a praiseworthy one save in the instance of Lady Macbeth. As performed by Miss Clare Eames, she who no more than a short year back was probclaimed by all the reviewers who hang out at the Algonquin Hotel to be the greatest actress who hung out at the Algonquin Hotel, this Lady Macbeth was a queer creation. Certainly Shakespeare would have been somewhat flabbergasted to view her. There was, indeed, a rumor current in the lobby at the end of the performance that Miss Eames had, in the excitement due to the quick preparation of the play, been handed the wrong part and had learned, instead of the role of Lady Macbeth, that of Olivia in *Twelfth Night*.

VI

Helena's Boys, by Ida Erlich, is still another in the long series of worthless plays which Mrs. Fiske annually elects to set up against the back wall of a stage and knock down with her comedic technique. The business is getting to be excessively tiresome. It is all very much like the fifteen year old boy of the neighborhood who associates only with the five or six year old kids that his leadership of the gang may be secure. It would seem that Mrs. Fiske is afraid to risk her reputation wath any play that might demand of her a considerable sense of character and some difficulty in the projection thereof. All that she has been doing in the last dozen seasons is, histrionically speaking, to take candy from babies.

The present opus is Version No. 206 of the Younger Generation fable. There is nothing in it to interest any half-way intelligent person, or, for that matter, any unintelligent person merely out for a diverting evening in the theatre.

VI and VII

Two more musical shows. *Sitting Pretty*, by the estimable Bolton-Wodehouse-Kern combination, provides very much better light entertainment than the usual tune and girl dish. Wodehouse's lyrics and Gertrude Bryan's agreeable presence, including a pair of sightly legs, constitute the leading features of the occasion. The exhibit is staged in excellent taste. I can't go into raptures, however, over Miss Queenie Smith, who occupies the chief spotlight. She is a capable little hoofer, but of a vaudeville flavor. There is nothing charming or picturesque about her.

Paradise Alley, the second of the newcomers, is a pretty gloomy affair. Aside from a poor libretto, hackneyed lyrics, stale melodies and a very ordinary production, there is no one in the company to uncork the interest. Helen Shipman, the star, has little allure, and Ida May Chadwick, who is the runner-up, is too much the longshoreman in her work to exercise any appeal. George Bickel, a very good comique, is lost in the shuffle. His lines drown him. Which, considering the quality of the lines, must be a very painful death.

¶ *The New Pola—from page 34*

Then came squalls. Pola dancing constantly with Charles de Roche at George Fitzmaurice's party, with Charlie biting his nails and murmuring venomously at the six-foot Frenchman, "I hate his size!"; Charlie endeavoring to keep from committing himself by stating to a persistent reporter that he was "too poor to marry"; Pola, furious, countering by writing out a statement that "since Mr. Chaplin was too poor to marry, she could not afford to support a husband"; her tactful publicity man softening the statement to a mere formal denial of the engagement; Charlie in tears, pleading with his enraged goddess and damning the press for its interest in his private affairs.

Then came by the underground radio that no publicity department can censor, stories of Pola's temperamental difficulties with her directors. How her arrogance drove George Fitzmaurice to resign from Paramount; how she blithely failed to turn up at a dinner given in her honor by a group of newspaper men, leaving the impecunious scribes to mourn the cost of pheasant and champagne *sans* the filip of Pola's presence; how Pola acquired a rich black eye from a Spanish boot hurled accidentally from the hand of Herbert Brenon, her director; how in a fit of temperamental fury, Pola sat herself down in a large pool of grease, leaving her expensive costume a hopeless ruin.

Ah, what reading it all made, and how the dear public lapped it up like cream!

Pola Is Changed

But today all is changed. Pola is no longer the termagent, but a silent, reserved actress, obedient to direction and intent on wiping out the unfavorable opinion fostered by her first American pictures. The fires of her volcanic spirit are still there, but they are smouldering, kept under rigid control and breaking out only on rare occasions.

What changed her? Jealousy of her lost prestige, the burning desire to prove that the failure of her American productions was not her fault, but the fault of those who tried to mould a Continental woman of the world into censor-proof roles.

Bella Donna was unfortunate. *The Cheat* was worse. *The Spanish Dancer*, while appreciably better, was still not the sort of vehicle to restore her to her pedestal as the greatest artiste in pictures. The unfavorable publicity which was the direct result of her arrogance toward the press and her intolerance of direction was severely damaging her prestige. She was a stranger in a strange land and she met only coldness and hostility on every side. True, she had done little to win affection, but still the lack of friendliness hurt. So, being a woman of intelligence, she about-faced.

"I did not understand," she said. "The next time, when I go on ze set, I will embrace ze electricians and say, 'Oh, what nice lights you make'."

(*Continued on page* 94)

¶ *The New Gloria—from page 35*

her abilities as an actress. Reading of herself, if she ever did, and what star doesn't?—as the screen's greatest mannequin, why shouldn't Gloria begin to think that was all there was to her, there wasn't any more?

That, at any rate, says the authority, is what she finally concluded. She developed a perfectly grand inferiority complex. She believed she was limited as a box-office attraction. She did nothing at all about it because it never occurred to her to change her *metier*. Perhaps she was content. The average woman would be. She had everything in the world to stifle any artistic yearnings which may have come to her from time to time. It must be awfully hard to want to be a celluloid Bernhardt in the luxury of a Beverly Hills home or a bungalow dressing room. She was an acknowledged queen of the Lasky studio; as a financial proposition her pictures were wows, as they aver on the film rialto. Apparently there was nothing in the world for Gloria Swanson to worry about—if Gloria Swanson were the average woman.

But her worst enemy could never accuse Gloria of mediocrity. Her career is the best proof of her individuality, both as an actress and as a personality. She looks like nobody else on earth, except during the brief reign of "Madame" Glyn at the Lasky studio, when she dressed a la Glyn, narrowed her eyes a la Elinor and otherwise did her best to smother the Swanson eccentricities and charm. But she recovered from the Glyn complex and emerged more Gloria than ever.

Then came the foreign invasion. Possibly more conflicting stories have been told of the so-called Swanson-Negri feud than even about the Chaplin love affairs. But the fact remains, despite denials and despite everything else, that when an empress of the European studios encounters a czarina of the celluloid on her native ground something is bound to happen, possibly unpleasant. Suppose you were to hear that Pola Negri swept into the Lasky Hollywood studios one day to be received and kissed on both cheeks by Gloria Swanson, who therewith escorted Pola to her own bungalow where the two immediately became fast friends — a friendship which exists to this day—would you believe it? Of course not. And it didn't happen. Whether Gloria and Pola actually ever got to the "acute" stage is a matter of conjecture, if you go in for things like that. But if Gloria ever was inclined to look upon Pola as a scourge and a menace she should change her mind. Because Pola was the unconscious instrument of Gloria's greatest succcesses.

Gloria An Eastern Star

La Negri may have influenced Gloria's decision to move her screen activities eastward?—how absurd! But the fact remains that not long after Pola's arrival in Hollywood she was installed in a dressing room as spacious and stellar

(*Continued on page* 94)

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The New Pola—from page 93.

Irony, yes. But the sentiment was sound and Pola Negri has acted upon it. She staged one final, magnificent scene in protest against the policy of her producers in trying to make her over into a brunette Pollyanna, and succeeded in gaining roles and a director to her liking in Dimitri Buchowetzky, the Polish artist who directed her years ago in *Mad Love.* Buchowetzky is no Pollyanna, nor does he wish Pola to be one. Her point gained, her attitude toward her fellow workers changed. She no longer treated them like something that slipped in when the door was left open. She is gracious when graciousness is needed, and gives praise where it is deserved. True, it can scarcely be said that she has thawed to the extent that extras borrow her lip stick. Not in several degrees. But if she is reserved and silent on the set, it is because she is immersed in her part, putting herself in atmosphere for the scene which she will presently play.

A Sample of the New Pola

An incident that occurred on her set during the filming of *Shadows of Paris* illustrates the change in Pola.

A young French actress who plays "bits" was instructed by Herbert Brenon to seat herself on a table in an apache den scene and and embrace one of the denizens of the place. Before she was fairly seated, Brenon called out impatiently, "No, no, you cannot do it. Let some one else try."

Chagrined to the point of tears, the girl slipped from her place to hear Pola say:

"She *can* do it. Let her try."

The girl went through the action to Brenon's satisfaction, and Pola said, "Marvelous!"

That young actress will treasure that bit of praise and encouragement through the years, and Pola has won a friend for ever.

Her tractability under Buchowetzky in *Men* is perhaps due as much to her perfect confidence in him as to her change of heart. He is thoroughly Continental in thought and he understands Pola Negri to the depths of her tempestuous being. He is a director of subtlety and depth, soft of speech, volatile of emotion. He wrings his hands, laughs and weeps with his actors. A big scene leaves him as emotionally spent as it does his star. And in *Men,* his own story, that opens with Pola as a waitress in a French wineshop and ends with her queening it over Paris as an idol of the footlights, he is bringing back to us the old Pola once more—not the artificial, inhibited Pola of *Bella Donna,* but the glorious, unrestrained Pola of *Du Barry.* He hopes by means of this picture and the two pictures to come to place Pola Negri once more upon her throne as a rightful queen of drama. After his pictures are finished, Ernest Lubitsch will take up the work.

(*Continued on page* 95)

The New Gloria—from page 93

as Miss Swanson's own, it was decided that the American girl should make her screen plays in New York. Pola remained in the west, even though, according to her own avowal, she would far, far rather work in the East, where she could be assured of operatic entertainment and the culture which sustains her. The upshot of the matter was, and still is, that Gloria Swanson became an "eastern star." And she still belongs to the lodge.

It is in New York, that she has done her greatest work to date. It is away from Hollywood that she has contributed to the screen her most vivid and human characterizations, *Zaza* and *The Humming Bird.* It was in the studios near Manhattan that the new Gloria was born, under the kliegs and cooper-hewitts, with the click of the cameras as a lullaby and director Dwan as principal physician. (That about the lullaby isn't actually correct! she has an orchestra playing on the set all the time.)

But there you are. You applauded the new Gloria Swanson more fervently than you ever did her polished and perfumed twin. You have by now added Gloria Swanson to your list of the real actresses of the screen—that list which includes Pickford and Talmadge and Gish.

A Screen Personage

In her tempestuous scenes as *Zaza* she revealed herself as an emotional whirlwind. Her best scenes in *The Humming Bird* were played in a boy's suit and a cap which covered her hair—once tricked up into the fearful and wonderful Swanson coiffure. That old coiffure—the headdresses, the weird wigs—transformed the Gloria of Triangle days into a screen personage. But didn't they submerge the model? Now she has discarded them, and makes her third debut to you—the elfin appeal of the leading woman of her first screen plays; the poise and picturesqueness of the de Mille discovery—and today, the sparkling, pantherish, wholly seductive star—all these are the Gloria Swanson you will fare forth to watch tonight or tomorrow in her new film, *Manhandled.*

It's this way. In New York, she has found other interests outside motion pictures. No—never quite outside, for most of her friends are in and out of the films—but her associations with the broader world. Her associations with important people who write and paint and sing, offer her a new vision. They have stimulated her imagination. They have opened for her new and bright roads. And Gloria, personally, has made a metamorphosis in step with the Gloria of the shadows.

Where, before, she was aloof and somewhat haughty, now she is charming and cordial. The Glyn complex is a thing of the past. So, too, is the inferiority complex which bound her to boudoirs and bathroom scenes, spangles and ospreys. She has stepped right out. The other

(*Continued on page* 95)

¶The New Pola—*from page 94*

The Chaplin Romance

With love, Pola has nothing to do now. She is resting in quiet waters after breasting the whirlpool of her turbulent romance with Chaplin. Whether she really loved him with a deep and lasting love, who can say? She found him a celebrity and therefore to be cultivated, yes. She found him a mental stimulus, a kind friend in a strange land. Desired by many women, it was her triumph to captivate him. He was experienced enough with women and wary enough to intrigue her Continental heart. But love? We wonder.

Chaplin's passion was probably equally calculated. Charlie Chaplin is an adept at letting his head control his heart. Extremely susceptible to beauty, yet he never gives his emotions full sway. Without a doubt he was infatuated with Negri, yet even in the depths of his infatuation, that still small voice which keeps a check on his emotions may have warned him of shoals ahead.

Vanity on both sides, a warm glow of pleasure at being desired by a celebrity like the other; physical attraction and mental stimulus; hardly love of the sort that suffereth long and is kind.

The report has gone abroad that Venus has ensnared the hearts of Pola Negri and —most unlikely of swains — Bill Hart. The affair, if affair it could be called, was of brief duration. It was more of friendship than anything else, at least on Pola's side. Hart undoubtedly admired Pola. But William S. Hart, mellowed by the winds of some three score winters, was scarcely romantic fuel for the fiery heart of Pola Negri.

Today we have a new Pola—mellowed in the crucible of democracy—her fiery genius still unbridled; but guided by experience and a sympathetic understanding.

¶The New Gloria *from page 94*

day on the set at the Astoria studio of Famous Players she stood chatting with her maid while she was awaiting director Dwan's call to the set. She came on, nodded smilingly while he explained the scene to her, and then laughed her appreciation at an electrician's comment. Between shots she talked with Pete Props, or one of his assistants! And there was about her none of the manner of "Great star condescending to pause in heavenly ascent for word with servitors", either.

Gloria's Children

She talks about her children—freely and enthusiastically—to interviewers. Her children are Gloria, her little girl, and an adopted boy of a year, Georgie. They're with her all the time—and she was heard to say that she'd like to have a big house with a special wing for a nursery, said nursery to include her two bairns and many more. And then, there's her book.

Oh, yes, Gloria has written a book. It is the most commonplace thing the girl has ever done. But she is said to have really written it herself, with no assistance; and Harper Brothers is to bring it out. It is as yet a child without a name. The contents include little thoughts in free verse, about love, and flowered gardens, and things like that. Which leads us to believe that Gloria is not, despite her two unhappy marriages, the slightly cynical woman some writers should have us believe.

Naturally, there are those who scoff at the new Gloria Swanson—who prefer to believe that her fresh outlook, her friendliness, her book, constitute another pose. At a familiar dinner-dance she was absolutely the last celebrity to arrive; and she hasn't sold her motors or dismissed her servants. But you can't get away from the new Swanson of the screen no matter how hard you try. She's here and evidently she's here to stay. And after all it's the celluloid record of her new personality that counts.

¶Alice in Screenland—*from page 73.*

as real and earnest as some dreadful persons would have us believe. If earrings are unbecoming, there are rubber circles that w ill serve the same conversational purpose. It is a wise girl who gives her friends something silly to tease her about.

Caprice for Cupid.

And for the dear little toddlers (or the terrible little nuisances whichever you think them) who must have their bathing hour the same as mother, no better model than Baby Peggy could possibly be found. Her cunning little cap has a pair of turtle doves billing and cooing daintily in silhouette. Her suit is of the kind that Cupid himself would probably wear if he ever has the grace to wear one. Baby Peggy's wings are less ethereal than Cupid's but they keep the dear child from drowning.

The smart and practical thing to wear to and from the beach is a sweater and skirt. A sweater never sticks—even though one hasn't taken as much time as one ought in drying. The one I am showing is quite ultra. There is the V neck with cricket striping to enliven it and the slip-over form to place it in a class with the first sweater families of the year. The knitted scarf that the lady dangles in her hand so that her smart neckline can be seen is of gay Roman stripes. Anyone who isn't blind and has seen the papers for the last few months knows how good Roman stripes are—and scarfs; my eye, we'll be wearing them on our nighties next.

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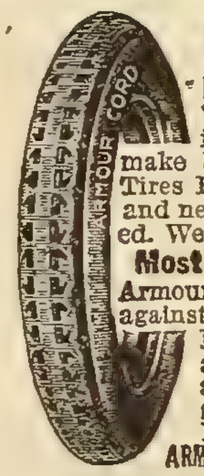

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People and Things— from page 38.

During his visit he received so many challenges that he was kept busy slapping the ball around the lot and rather overlooked production affairs except at odd moments.

As his studio comrades, with smiles on their faces, saw him off on the train, the film Mogul no doubt congratulated himself on having such a bunch of good fellows in the organization. The handball court and its paraphernelia are of course getting a little dusty from non-use since he departed, but it still offers pleasant moments of diversion to some of the property men and electricians on the lot who have a little spare time on their hands.

How Great Is Seastrom?

AFTER viewing *Name the Man!* I wish to take issue with Charlie Chaplin when he says that Victor Seastrom is the screen's greatest director, and also state that I will gladly fight a ukelele duel with anyone who has the affrontry to classify this film version of Hall Caine's gumdrop as a fine screen play.

As for *Name the Man*—the very fact that Seastrom would elect himself to direct such an absurd lollipop of a story is a count against him. If ever there were far-fetched situations, unhuman characters and mock heroics on the silversheet we have them all in this production. Seastrom may do better work in the future, but on his last two efforts he is not entitled to be ranked among even the first five best directors.

Another Good Plan Gone Wrong

WHEN the plan of making June Mathis commander-in-chief of all Goldwyn activities was first announced, it was felt by many that the idea would never produce the expected results. Looking back over the year's output from the Goldwyn studio it must be admitted that, while the idea of having a brilliant scenario writer as supreme boss over all production may sound well, it does not pan out when put into execution. The failure of the Mathis regime to come up to expectations is by no means a reflection upon the abilities of June herself, however, but upon the theory underlying the proposition.

The mistake of the executive who appointed Miss Mathis to the task was in thinking for a moment that such directors as Neilan, Vidor, Von Stroheim, etc., would submit to the arbitrary power of anyone, much less a woman and a scenario writer. It was a forgone conclusion that there would be friction from the tap of the gong between these big directors and the young woman who had been given powers over their head. For instance, in discussing plans for a production, would Mickey or Eric or King journey to June's office, or would June have to submit to making the trip to their offices. In just such a minor question as even that there would be a mental battle between the two forces for a moral victory.

If the Goldwyn executives had engaged a staff of young and unestablished directors instead of such self-confident men as Neilan, Vidor, von Stroheim, etc., the former would have been glad to listen to June's ideas and follow her continuities out to the letter. With such an arrangement the Mathis regime might have met with success.

What's The Use?

WHILE James Cruze's *The Fighting Coward* is being commended throughout the country as an "entertaining picture," it is by no means getting the praise it merits. *The Fighting Coward* is not only a good picture—it is an exceptional picture. The real bigness of the film, however, seems to be going over the heads of the majority of spectators. *The Fighting Coward* is a significant production in the history of the silent drama because it is the first first-rate satire that has appeared on the screen to date.

Satire is one form of screen literature that has had virtually no development. It offers a virgin field for producers, but the draw-back is that satire is the most difficult of all subject matter to picturize. It demands not only originality and wit—but brilliance.

What, then does it profit Jimmy Cruze to give the silversheet such a delicious satire, and then have it pass unrecognized. Most of the reviewers termed it a "comedy-drama." One critic called it a "far fetched melodrama filled with implausabilities." That fellow probably thought that *Name the Man!* was a logical work of art. Talk about wasting fragrance on the desert air!

Why Some Authors Go Crazy

YOU have heard of the producer who pays $25,000 for a story because it has been widely advertised, and then changes the title on releasing the film version,—thereby losing the very benefits he paid for; and you have heard of the producer who buys a novel or play because he likes the plot, and then so alters the plot that it loses all merit. Here, however, is a new tale revealing from another angle the farcical aspects of the craze for buying published works at high prices.

Three or four years ago the Select company bought the screen rights to W. E. Lancaster's novel *The Law Bringers*. It was assigned to Ralph Ince for production, but after the novel had been pulled apart and made into a film it was discovered that none of the original story was left. So the name of the production was changed to *Out of the Snows*. This left an unfilmed novel on the hands of the company, and when Reginald Barker was casting about for a story a few months ago *The Law Bringers* was submitted to him.

Barker read it, thought it would make

a good picture, and the Mayer company purchased it for him. But when Barker and the scenario writers got through tearing the novel down and re-building it to suit their purposes it was again discovered that W. E. Lancaster's story was still intact and the title of the picture was accordingly changed to *The Eternal Struggle*. So *The Law Bringers* is on the market again if any producer would like to film it.

The moral is: conceding that Ince and Barker both turned out finer films than if they had followed the original story, then what was the use of wasting money on an expensive published work when with the aid of their scenario writers they were able to write a better original story?

Eight Dollars a Minute—from page 55.

We spoke of *The Girl I Loved*, Ray's eyes filling with quick tears as I praised it in unqualified terms.

"I love it, too," he said huskily. "But God only knows if the public will. I'm not one to condemn the public when it doesn't like my pictures. I think there must be something wrong with the pictures, and not the public. But I *know The Girl I Loved* is good. So the public must like it. I put everything I have learned in the picture business into it, every ounce of personality and acting ability I possess. And I did not compromise with my ideals, by making it end happily.

"That's the reason I have always wanted to be able to make such pictures as *The Girl I Loved*. But the struggle has been terribly uphill. Certain big interests have made it hard for me to distribute my pictures to the best advantage. One national screen magazine has taken every occasion to knock me and my work, through a personal grudge. I started producing on my own on a shoestring, and costs have mounted beyond belief.

Eight Dollars a Minute

"WHY, I nearly went crazy when an efficiency expert figured that our expenses here amounted to eight dollars every minute of the working day! That almost ruined my acting, for awhile. I dreaded retakes—precious minutes at eight dollars each flying to eternity. Waits drove me frantic. I bullied and hectored until I almost drove my most loyal people away from me. Then I woke up, and determined to forget the nightmare. I would make pictures as efficiently as I could, and let it go at that."

I had an uneasy sense of eight-dollar minutes flying past us as we sat in the projection room, and Ray, sensitive as a girl himself, smiled understandingly and reassured me.

"They are making some scenes I don't appear in," he said. "Besides, if I were needed, I'd want to talk this thing out with someone who lends a kindly ear. I'm up against it, really. If the public can't see *The Courtship of Myles Standish* I'm through. Unless it succeeds big it will be impossible for me to meet my notes. The same thing almost happened on *The Tailor-Made Man*. I paid far too much for the story and it cost too much to produce. But fortunately it made quite a lot of money.

No More Country Boys

"WHEN I made *The Girl I Loved*, I said, and I meant it, 'No more country boys'. To that picture I had given the best that was in me; that was my supreme country boy role. I wanted to get away from them. If the public likes *The Courtship*, I will have won my freedom, my chance to act something besides the bashful, barefoot boy. If they don't like it—well," he made another of those futile, heart-wrenching gestures with his long hands. "It means back to someone else's lot for me—it means chains again—someone else picking my stories and guiding my picture ethics—"

Fine phrases, but Charles Ray meant them.

And now the worst has come to pass. The public did not take very kindly to *The Courtship of Myles Standish*. For Charlie's sake, I am very sorry. But I can't wholly blame the public. In his effort to make a great picture, he made a long and heavy one. He and his staff had done so much research work that it overpowered their picture sense—they wanted to get everything in it that they had learned about Mayflower days.

But whatever the reason, the result is the same. Charles Ray is beaten as a producer of his own pictures—temporarily at least.

The public has been unusually insistent in Charles Ray's case. He has wanted to abandon country boy roles. The public has insisted that he stick to them. And, begging Charlie's pardon, I think the public is right. Ray *is* the type of boy he portrays so well. He is bashful, naive, simple, kindly, boyish, inclined to be a little inflated with ego when he has done a big thing, and too prone to deep despair when he has failed—and that is the kind of role the public adores for Charles Ray.

Thomas H. Ince discovered and developed Charles Ray. I do not say he made him. No man can make another. But, outside of my personal fondness for Ray and my regret that he had to be hurt, I am glad he is going back to Ince. We will get again the pictures that endeared Ray to his friends, and maybe as Ray and my regret that he had to be the hearts of the public again, a little of the sting will be removed from his own sore heart.

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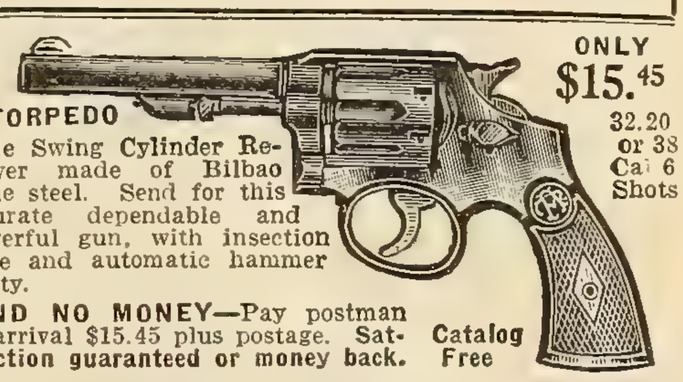

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NEXT MONTH
another article by
TAMAR LANE
Ready July first

Class—A Story of Hollywood—from page 45.

Arising at seven-thirty, Fanette would rush through her toilet except for the strata of facial pigment, the application of which consumed fifteen minutes. She would not have been bad looking if anyone had seen her original face. Hair which nature had made soft brown to go with an olive complexion was not only henna-rinsed and cut off within an inch of its life, but what remained of it was frizzed into kinks no white person ever came by honestly.

Mrs. Bischel would wait on her daughter at breakfast and urge her to have an egg. Fanette would murmur "no time" between mouthfulls of cold cereal and her mother would say, "If you got up when I called you. . . " which Fanette would intercept with "Hurry up with the coffee Ma, I'm late." This constituted the daily dozen words between them. They were fond of each other but like many people of their type were inarticulate. Demonstrative maternal and filial love had its place and that was in the movies.

On the way to the subway she would buy a newspaper that made reading easy, telling its stories in pictures. She would peruse it from first page to last, kept from swaying as the train lurched by an equal pressure of humanity on all sides.

SHE reached the office just in time to look settled when old Wilcox or Jones came in. She lunched on a tuna fish sandwich and a chocolate nut sundae, except the days when it was a pimento sandwich and a banana split. If the minutes she spent in the dressing-room retrieving a cupid's bow that had lost itself in luncheon, and patting imaginary stray hairs into place could be stretched end to end, it would take several weeks a year from her service to Messrs. Wilcox and Jones.

The evening subway ride differed from the morning one in that Fanette's attention was centered in a serial story of married life and advice on problems of the heart.

Dinner at the Bischel home was a simple meal with plenty of food and little service. Sometimes Fanette helped her mother dry the dishes, more often not. She was an only child and "spoiled" her mother would say, proudly.

All days were more or less alike.

And then a wonderful thing happened.

Fanette bid adieu to dusty files, to the subway crush, to the drab flat. One Saturday afternoon she waved a light farewell to her mother and a few friends from the observation platform of the Twentieth Century, Ltd.

The philosopher who said truth was stranger than fiction uttered a folio-full. Some washerwomen win derby sweepstakes and retire to palaces; the entire course of a coolie's life is often deflected by the lottery, and the fluctuations of Wall Street have performed more miracles than Merlin.

Fanette had gambled and won. She had capitalized the one thing in which she excelled, her knowledge of the movies.

THE daily paper which had been supplying her with the news of the world had been running a contest on its last page. Each day an unfamiliar photograph of a film star would appear and the contestants were to guess who it was, the reward for the highest number of correct answers being a thirty-day trip to the American Mecca, Hollywood, all expenses paid. Each day for months Fanette had mailed in a picture with the name of an actor or actress neatly written on the first dotted line and her own name and address on the other two. Some weeks after the publication of the last picture Fanette received notice to come to the newspaper office with some of her photographs. She was congratulated, interviewed and duly presented with yards of railroad ticket and a letter of credit.

II

AS the departing train slowly drew her back from the platform and the figures merged into a waving mass, Fanette smiled.

"Remember me to Mary and Doug," "Be sure and get all the dope," "Be careful about signing a contract"—parting phrases of her facetious friends rang in her ears.

"Ain't it just like a book!" she mused, visualizing herself as the frontispiece. She was conscious of the *chic* of her little brown toque, though she would have pronounced it to rhyme with wick, and she knew that her tan crepe de chine dress didn't look home-made and that her stockings were nuder than skin itself.

It was difficult for Fanette, as for most people unused to dining cars, to avoid staring into the mouth of the person across the table. She looked out of the window, down at her plate, across the aisle and out of the window again; everywhere but at the lady opposite. On one of her occular excursions she encountered a pair of merry blue eyes looking at her.

"I wonder if that fresh guy thinks I owe him something," thought she.

The "fresh guy" sat alone across the aisle at one of the smaller tables and his eyes rested on Fanette, perhaps because she was the most eye-resting object within the radius of his vision which comprised two school teachers on a holiday, the back of a bald head and some negro waiters.

Fanette returned his stare with a look of challenge. Romance didn't wear a moustache and a soft collar, none too clean.

They finished dinner at the same time and as they walked back through the train he held the doors of the cars open for her—Lawanda, Turlbut, Braxton. Such silly names for cars was her thought.

"Don't they give the cars ridiculous names?" he said.

"That's just what I was thinking."

"I'm psychic."

"I'm in Braxton," she replied and wondered why he laughed. His teeth were rather nice, under the mustache, reminded

her of someone she knew, couldn't just place it.

THE next day they met on the observation platform.

"Where are you bound for?" he asked.

"Hollywood," she answered proudly. She hoped he would think she was a movie actress.

"From New York?"

"I'll tell the world and Brooklyn." She was very proud of her home city as people are likely to be who have never seen any other.

"Where are *you* from?" She thought a return inquiry no more than polite.

"I'm a Cosmopolite," he replied.

"Really? You have no accent."

"You're quite a wit," he retorted laughing, and because he seemed to expect it, she laughed too.

They discovered that they both had a stop-over of a day in Chicago.

"There is a very fine Art Museum there, one of the best in the country. Do you want to go with me?"

"No thank you," she replied, "I want to go to Marshall Fields. My girl friend has a cousin from Chicago and she says I must be sure and see Marshall Fields."

"I wouldn't bother about that. You've seen department stores in New York."

"Well, I seen the Museum in New York, too."

ARRANGEMENTS had been made for Fanette at the Blackstone. The luxurious appointments overwhelmed her She thought the previous occupant of the room must have forgotten the little sewing kit that hung on the bureau. She opened the closet door several times to see the automatic light go on and off.

She spent the early part of the evening sending picture postal cards. She wrote Mae: "There's a John that's rushing me to death. Wish he'd lay off." On all the other cards she wrote: "So this is Chi. Am having a wonderful trip. Wish you were with me."

When she had written to all her relatives, friends, acquaintances and business associates she wandered out and went to a movie. While she sat in the darkness watching the play unfold she kept reminding herself that she was in Chicago, actually in Chicago. She gave herself the proverbial pinch to see if she were awake.

That night she felt rather frightened and alone in the big white bed and got up to make sure that the door was locked.

Early the next morning after breakfasting at Childs on griddle cakes and coffee, she set out for Marshall Fields and spent the morning wandering around the various departments. She bought a string of red beads "to remember Chicago by."

After her customary sweet luncheonette at a counter, Fanette walked along Michigan Boulevard looking longingly into the shop windows and then dropped into a movie until train time.

III

SHE was not particularly pleased to find that the man with the moustache had the berth next to hers on the Santa Fe train. She felt he would be rather a nuisance. She wanted to mingle with the right people. She had nicknamed him "Percy" to herself with that peculiar brand of humor which identifies correct English pronunciation with affectation and links affectation with certain names, notably "Algy" and "Percy." Fanette didn't pronounce it "Poicy" as New Yorkers are erroneously supposed to, but a pronunciation curiously between — "Peucy" best describes it. Percy certainly had no class.

From Chicago west the atmosphere of a train changes perceptibly. The mistrust of the stranger so characteristic of the East gives way to a feeling of good fellowship. Everyone speaks to his neighbor.

Carried on this wave of friendliness Fanette asked a dapper youth opposite her at dinner to pass the sugar. That is always a propitious opening.

"Sweets to the sweet," he said as he handed her the silver bowl.

Soon they were chatting amicably. He might have stepped straight out of the page of a catalogue of Men's Apparel.

"I suppose you're in the pictures?" ventured Fanette after he had referred to California as "the Coast" and Los Angeles as "L. A." with an ease that bespoke familiarity.

"Yes," he admitted. "Had to take a run to Chi on biz."

"What sort of parts do you play?"

"Ah, all sorts. Done mostly atmospheric work so far."

Fanette was greatly impressed.

"Do you think I'd have a chance to get in?"

"Sure thing. I'll introduce you to a personal friend of mine. He'd do anything for me. He'll fix it."

"I'm afraid I'm not good looking enough."

"Say, kid, how do you get that way? Not good looking! I think you're the caterpillar's garters."

Fannette giggled.

"And you've got brains, too. That's what counts in the Silent Drammer."

Fanette admitted that.

"Do you know Richard Chandler?" she asked.

"Know him! I supported him."

"Supported him?"

"Yes, that is played in several of his pictures."

"Oh, I see."

THEY spent the hour's stop at Albuquerque writing postal cards. He bought her a souvenir, a leather napkin ring with an Indian's head burned in, and bought himself a burnt-wood necktie rack. Percy, whom Fanette had quite forgotten in her interest in Chester, spent the time talking to an old squaw and playing with the solemn Indian babies.

At El Tovar they lost Percy who stayed over a few days to see the canyon. Chester was going right through and Fanette, impatient to get to her destination accompanied him despite Percy's protestations that she was missing the sight of a lifetime.

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In August SCREENLAND
America's Sweetheart
by Anne Austin

Fanette pretty much as the lilac bush did the city girl who exclaimed: "It smells exactly like Vidaud's Toilet Water!" The fragrant orange groves, the palms springing up straight out of nasturtium beds, the profusion of flamboyant semi-tropical splendor brought forth from our heroine "it's just like the pictures!"

"Remember that house?" cried Fanette in excitement as they jitneyed down Wilshire Boulevard. "Where have I seen it?"

"In 'Hearts Apart'," supplied her companion.

"That's right,'" said Fanette. "I remember."

"Just you wait till you get to Hollywood. Remember the desert scene in 'Adrift'?"

"Yeh."

"I'll show it to you. And Ocean Park, and Santa Monica and Venice. Just you wait."

"Is that where they took 'The Merchant of Venice'?"

"Sure thing."

Fanette congratulated herself on having chosen Chester instead of Percy. Here was someone that spoke her language.

"Percy was a dead one," she wrote Mae. "Always raving about the scenery. I canned him. Chester is a live wire. He's going to introduce me to a big manager, personal friend of his. He says my name is Fanette because I am a fan."

IV.

As she followed the jaunty bellboy through the lobby of the Hollywood Hotel, Fanette made a rapid inventory of everything in sight. Perhaps she had expected to see Douglas Fairbanks leap from behind the piano to greet a smiling, hatless Mary, vampires with cigarettes drooping from the corners of their mouths slinking around, Harold Lloyd lighting a firecracker under someone. At any rate she was a little disappointed at the quiet well-dressed crowd, very much like the people of any first class hotel in New York.

Fanette wondered all the way up in the elevator how much to tip the bellboy and worried a long time after he had closed the door whether she had given him too much. She didn't want to appear green.

After she had hung up her dresses to get the wrinkles out and spread her celluloid toilet articles on the dresser she was startled by the ring of the telephone.

"Hello, are you there?" purred a suave masculine voice. "Mr. Longacre speaking."

"Oh hello," said Fanette, all smiles. "How're you?"

"I manage to sit up and take liquid nourishment when I can get it. How's things?"

"Alright. What's new?"

"Nothing. What's new with you?"

"Nothing."

"How about having dinner with me this evening?"

"Thanks. I'm game."

"Would you rather go to Levy's or the Crystal Palace?" asked Chester.

Levy's suggested her tailor to Fanette. The Crystal Palace sounded more like class.

"The Crystal Palace, if it's all the same to you."

"You're the doctoress. I'll call for you at your palatial domicile at six-thirty by the wrist watch. Olive Oil."

"Ain't he the clip!" commented Fanette as she hung up the receiver.

She fingered her dresses one by one, trying to decide the problem which confronts feminity at every juncture. The blue taffeta looked best without a hat. She would keep that for some little home affair. The red velvet was too warm, Chester had seen the tan crepe de chine, so by the process of elimination she chose the black canton crepe sleeveless dress. The sequin gown, of course, was to be kept for a state occasion, a Moving Picture Ball or big dinner.

The Crystal Palace was the ultimate syllable in ostentation and Fanette felt that This was Life. It was named for its sparkling chandeliers with their clinking glass prisms and the mural mirrors that tripled the effect of the brilliant assemblage. The band was advertised with the name of America's leading jazz conductor in large letters. Only on second glance one noticed above, in smaller lettering, "Vincent Arundel, late with."

Chester demonstrated his savoir faire by calling the head waiter "Charlie" and demanding a table near the dance floor. But he read the menu from right to left. Fanette ordered Chicken a la King and Spumoni. Chester breathed more easily when she declined a cocktail.

"See that girl over there with the brown dress?"

Fanette was all attention.

"That's Marie Tuttle," pronounced Chester.

Fanette had no idea who Marie Tuttle was.

"You don't say so!" she exclaimed. "Who's the girl with the red feather?"

"That's Paula Blake. She doubles for Pearl White."

They danced cheek to cheek on the crowded floor assuming the particular vacuous facial expression which is supposed to register terpsichorean joy. Chester could perform more intricate steps on less ground than anyone with whom she had ever danced.

"You'd make a wonderful blood-hound," he complimented her. "You follow so easily."

Fanette considered the evening a great success. How was she to know that most of the pretty girls were sight-seers like herself or aspirants who hadn't quite made the grade for extra work and had become models or saleswomen in the department stores? It was as well that she did not know that even as she viewed Pearl White's double, the single herself was dining at Levy's, as were dozens whose names would have made her gasp. As far as Fanette was concerned, the evening left nothing to be desired and the climax was reached when, as they stood before the door of the restaurant, Chester grabbed her arm crying, "Look, look.

See that Cadillac going around the corner? That was Charlie Chaplin and Mabel Normand and Alice Joyce. Did you see them?"

Fanette said she saw them. In fact, she thought she saw them and it gave her a thrill.

She and Chester went to the Orpheum where he pointed out more celebreties. At the door of her hotel she thanked him profusely. She felt that due to him she had rubbed elbows with the great.

Sunday they made a trip to the beaches. She was surprised to find the Pacific looking pretty much like the Atlantic. They had a shore dinner while Chester pointed out whole constellations.

CHESTER never seemed to know until noon whether or not he was to work that day. If he was free he phoned her to meet him after luncheon. When he was busy she amused herself in the shops or at a movie. One day, on the hotel clerk's recommendation, she went to see the Mission Play at San Gabriel, but she found it very tiresome and left before it was over. She preferred the two-dimentional drama.

The thing she enjoyed most was visiting the studios. She saw something of the making of *A Wife's Way*. She marveled at the houses represented by thin pasteboard facades supported by sticks. The fantastic make-up amazed her. She made it her business to learn technical phrases such as "set," "out on location," "continuity." She watched them shoot, fascinated. It was so different from what she had expected despite the fact that she was steeped in the lore of the little sister of the arts. She could not grasp why an apparently unimportant scene was taken over and over again, sometimes running on for days. She was confused by the lack of sequence, the taking of scenes in order of place instead of time. She felt disappointed that the principals were not alone during the love scenes, that their privacy was intruded on by photographers, directors, and other actors. But through it all she had a sense of being at the crux of the universe. She never admitted to herself that she hoped that some director passing through would spy her and say "Who is that girl? Bring her to me."

Chester's friend the manager proved to be out of town and nobody seemed to know the whereabouts of Richard Chandler.

V.

WHEN the day came for Fanette's departure her regret was tempered with the anticipation of being the center of an admiring circle at home. She fancied herself referring casually to "when I was on the coast." Even while she had visited the places of interest with Chester, her mind had always been half occupied formulating descriptions, with Mae as the tentative audience.

Chester took her to the train. They bid each other a verbose farewell, promising over and over again to write.

"I was very pleased to have met you," were his parting words.

"Likewise," replied Fanette.

On the train her mind was taken up with Chester and the perusal of the Hollywood Gazette to such an extent that she forgot that she hadn't worn the sequin dress at all.

Fanette was welcomed home royally. She was quite the lion of the neighborhood. Parties were given in her honor and she was consulted on matters of style and etiquette.

Mae confided that she had a "steady gentleman friend" and that he had a friend who was crazy to meet Fanette, having heard so much about her.

Fanette told Mae of Chester in glowing terms, adding to his attractions with each account.

"He's a regular Othello!" was her culminating encomium.

However, she was not averse to meeting Mae's friend's friend.

THE New York presentation of *A Wife's Way* was a great event. The boys took Fanette and Mae to the opening. It was at one of the larger houses where the feature picture is merely the nucleous of many trappings. They talked impatiently through the overture until they were hushed by a testy termagant in front who seemed to want to hear the music.

When the big picture began, accompanied by the solemn chords of the organ, Fanette's blood pressure ran high.

"That's Wilshire Boulevard," "see the pepper trees," "I know that house" came thick and fast. Mae and the boys felt imbued with Fanette's importance and failed to notice that the huffy lady had changed her seat. Fanette told them the plot of the story in advance, and read the titles aloud.

The feature picture was followed by a news weekly. After the christening of a boat, and two athletes shaking hands and smiling into the camera, came the title:

GRAND CANYON OF THE COLORADO, ARIZ.

"I suppose you saw that," said Fanette's escort.

"No, I didn't. If I'd have known it was going to be in the movies I would have stopped off."

The audience was taken slowly around the rim of the canyon aboard the camera, to an organ accompaniment. As Fanette viewed the vast hollow, peopled with natural rock formations that might have been cathedrals and palaces hewn by divine architects, she had a vague sense of having made a mistake, of having missed something.

FOLLOWING THE HERMIT'S TRAIL flashed the screen, and again:

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"My Gawd, Mae," gasped Fanette as the picture of the party on muleback was thrown on the screen. "My gawd. If it isn't Peucy! And I passed him up, HIMSELF!"

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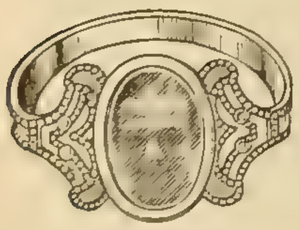

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Sing a Song of Sideburns—from page 57.

expanse of shining pate he had draped tresses originating near the opposite temple. Until he got out of the range of the wind-machine he looked like an electric fan full of serpentines.

Since I like film heroes cut to the bone, I cannot see why synthetic hairum-scarum is not allowed even in the making of those costume things. Realism has been the oft-missed aim in them and not missed by a hair, either. Surely Norman Kerry in *The Hunchback of Notre Dame* was a rare morsel of marcels, though he did not always carry them around on his own block when off the set.

And Joseph Schildkraut, filmdom's Bronx edition of an Arabian knight, stuck on fuzzy, semi-lunar beauty patches to augment his own temporal decorations in that sheik thing he made last Fall, with as much eclat as Valentino used his own in becoming America's leading boudoir Bedouin.

Milton Sills in *A Lady of Quality* must have received no mean support from the wig-maker, for it is inconceivable that he could sprout such a set of Pickfordian pretties from his own scalp.

Ramon Novarro in *Scaramouche* and Antonio Moreno in *The Spanish Dancer*, relied on borrowed bangs, for I saw them both while those classics were being canned and neither one exhibited curlers off-stage.

The fact that these celebrities successfully put their trust in hair of anonymous origin seems to prove that sideburns and long hair are no more essential to the art of the slinger of lovelooks than a Windsor tie, smock and tam are to that of the slinger of pigments. But the addicts to the one are as numerous as the addicts to the other

I call the hairy ones "docks," to distinguish them from the rear from the feminine "bobs", though since shingles have become something different from the ones I knew as a boy, differentiation is difficult and well-nigh impossible on the bathing beach.

"To dock" means "to cut off roughly, crudely," and if that does not describe the Virginia creepers now adorning the domes of the darlings of the screen I hope to be fried in hair-goo.

Much research has revealed that Theodore Kosloff and not Rodolph Valentino was the first Hollywooden to become careless about his hair-cuts. He has an overhang of hair second only to Maxim Gorky's.

Then Douglas Fairbanks began to grow his costume for *The Thief of Bagdad* and barber bills began to decrease. All Hollywood took Doug's indifference to tonsorial artists seriously with a consequent rise in the price of shampoos.

About this time Rod La Roque, Richard Dix, Charles de Roche and Eugene O'Brien tore up all their fan pictures and began to let nature take her course. La Rocque and O'Brien got the best results. Bus-boys the country over will become olive-drab with envy when they lamp the truffles the latter grew for *Secrets*.

Jack Hoxie wears sideburns, too, but they sort of go with chaps.

Alan Hale will probably explain his mossy banks by saying they go well with the dirty work at the crossroads which he is forever doing in the films.

Heaven knows what excuse David Torrence, Joseph Swickard and Charles, or is it Claude Gillingwater, will advance for their tonsorial turpitude. They will probably blame it on their age.

Of the throbbers whose stars are just beginning to glimmer, Robert Frazer, Cullen Landis and Edward Burns sport the best developed pair of incipient Lord Dundrearies.

But for general all 'round development Alan Forrest, Mary Pickford's brother-in-law, by reason of his being cast in Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall, has the snakiest locks since the Medusa. They are long and black and they shimmer. From behind his head looks like the east end of a Mallard duck going west.

All of which brings us down to the consideration of the orthodox as to hair in Cameradia whose continuing popularity does not seem to be predicted on untamed tresses. Tommy Meighan, Herbert Rawlinson, Reginald Denny, Kenneth Harlan and Norman Kerry, which sans the period finishes the folks at the Universal joint are always foisting upon him, deserve citations for their devotion to the duty of being well-groomed. Bill Hart's cow-lick is also quite recherche. George Walsh sacrificed his mop to play Ben-Hur.

Many are the lads with salve on their hair who are yelling for Georgie's head on a salver but they better be careful for "the barbers'll get 'em if they don't watch out."

Raw, Raw, Raw—*a story about movie vampires*. Rather an intriguing subject to turn H. B. K. Willis loose on. The sparks are sure to fly when Willis and Kliz collaborate and vampires are the subject. Don't miss this one. In Screenland for August, ready July first.

The Man Who Lacked Menace—from page 47.

on the roads of Europe. We may not have missed any meals between engagements, though we did postpone a few. I remember once," and his voice stopped, "but that has nothing to do with it. A lot of people miss meals. . . . Anyhow, my wife said to me at the end of the ten years, 'You know Ernest, our little son and myself thing you are a great actor and singer and everything, and that you are not appreciated in Europe, so I suggest that you borrow fifty pounds (two hundred and fifty dollars) and go to America and take a chance in New York. Sonny and I will wait here with twenty pounds of the money, and join you later. I followed her suggestion and borrowed the money, and came to New York. Within four weeks I landed an engagement with Al Woods in a musical comedy. Everything went lovely for three weeks, and I cabled the wife and boy to join me. In four days they were on the boat. And on the day they sailed—the show closed." Torrence stopped, and smiled, then resumed. "George Marion, who got me the job with Al Woods, immediately got in touch with another theatrical producer, and I worked the rest of the season for twenty dollars a week. The wife joined me, made light of the bad luck with the Woods show, became enthusiastic about New York and my future, laughed at me when I got blue, and made our little two room place a haven of rest for all three of us. And we lived on that twenty a week and managed to go to a nickel show now and then. Sometimes when we were short of money just one of us would go but we always managed somehow to take the boy to one or two pictures a week. It was the watching of these pictures that gave me the urge to try the screen, but Hollywood was many miles away. Finally I went on tour with a musical comedy that stranded in Los Angeles, and I looked about the motion picture colony, while waiting for money to get me back to New York. I worked two days as an extra man, and every casting director I interviewed about a job told me I was "too tall" or something. I was always "too something." When I returned to New York I was given an engagement as a Scotch comedian with *The Only Girl.* I made good in that, and then I had the devil's own time convincing anybody that I could play anything else but a Scotch comedian. But I was convinced that I could make good in pictures, and so was my wife.

"One day I saw a casting director and he told me that I had 'no menace.' After I solve the riddle of life I'll probably get around to understanding what that chap meant. But anyhow, I pestered all my friends at the Lambs Club with my idea of being a motion picture actor, and they all told me not to attempt it. Figuring closely, Mrs. Torrence and I managed to get enough money together to take the three of us to Hollywood. One unfortunate thing developed. We had always been proud of our son's size until the California trip. Then to our horror we discovered that he was 'very large for his age' but hoping that conductors in general would take our word we started out on the perilous journey. I talked fast about the boy at times, and really having the truth on my side, we got the boy to the coast on a half fare ticket. After being in Hollywood for six months with no luck at all save now and then taking part as an extra in a mob scene, I got word from New York that Eddie Small wanted a "very tall man" for a part in *To'la'ble David.* So I left the wife and boy in Hollywood and returned east. With four days in which to think of the perils of acting I looked back upon my life with clear perspective. I thought of the time I sang for illustrated songs on Eighth Avenue, in New York, and when I was the 'spieler' for Paul Rainey's African Animal Picture shows. Somehow, all the varied experiences had not dimmed my faith, though to be fair, it was my wife's faith that kept the Torrence ship afloat.

"I reached New York and was told that as I had been on Eddie Small's 'extra book' for some time as a 'very tall man' he had finally decided to give me a real part. My next part was as Mahaffey in *The Prodigal Judge.* I thought my career was finished, for after that, I did not get a part for six months, and with the wife on the coast and me in New York, the sledding was not easy.

"Then my brother, David Torrence, suggested that I go to Hollywood and sink or swim. I did. I bucked the extra list day after day and week after week. Then one small part led to another until I found real economic shelter under *The Covered Wagon.*"

"Did you sign a contract right away?" I asked.

"No, after all, I'm Scotch, I thought I was doing something pretty good, so I refused all offers and waited until the picture was released. Since then, of course, everything has been easier. The wife is happy, so am I, and I am now playing what I think will be the biggest part of my career . . . . the lead in Wm. J. Locke's *The Mountebank.*"

"Who do you think is the biggest man on the screen?"

The quick answer—"Chaplin . . . he stands alone."

"Who is the greatest actor developed recently?"

"Percy Marmont—I think he is a really great actor—his work in *If Winter Comes* is beyond question masterful to the smallest detail."

"Who follows?"

"Adolphe Menjou keeps pace. His work in *A Woman of Paris* was very high class."

"You have mentioned three men who received their early training abroad. Why?"

"They deserve it—that's all. Sometimes I feel that the European player gets a more thorough training than the player over here, though I know many American players who are high class."

"The directors?" I asked. The answer. "Cruze for delicious and humorous satire, Chaplin for subtlety, Rupert Hughes and Neilan for American middle class drama, DeMille for society drama, and Joe De-

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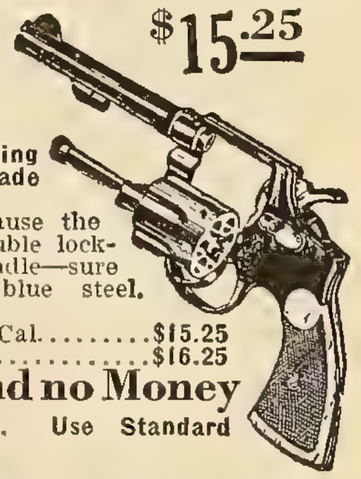

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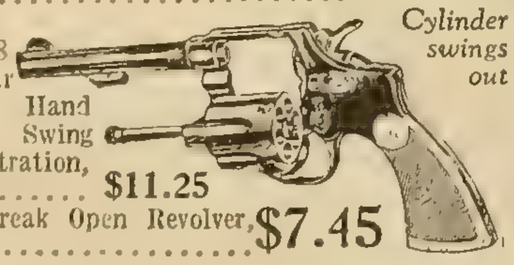

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Grasse for real pathos; his *The Girl I Loved* was a masterpiece of genuine humor and pathos."

"How do you compare screen acting with acting on the stage?"

"As far as I am concerned, screen acting is a great deal harder, I really study the scenario of a picture in which I am to appear, I try to get the different shades and nuances of the character, and I make an effort to submerge myself in the role, to make the screen public forget the player called Torrence and think of me as the character in the story. I am not the same man in *The Covered Wagon* that I was in *West of the Water Tower*. In the former I was the carefree drinking scout of pioneer American days, in the latter I was the religious fanatic to whom all life is a sorry dream. Of course, I also think that musical comedy is the greatest training school on earth for an actor. There is so much to remember, so much to do, so many exits and entrances. I really believe that at bottom if I have the versatility the critics are kind enough to say I have, that I laid the foundation for it in musical comedy."

The April snow had ceased falling and the sun shone for a few minutes during which time I left Ernest Torrence. I have thought much about him since then. If I were asked to give his greatest quality I would answer "Sincerity." More than that, no real artist would ask. And Torrence is a real artist.

Miguel Covarrubias.

Meet Covarrubias—the boy wonder of caricature. Readers who have followed his brilliant sketches in past issues will be astonished at his youth. After a heated debate amongst the readers of SCREENLAND, Mr. Covarrubias seems to have won out over the antiquated "stills." Perhaps the Editor's choice had something to do with the matter, but anyway the department of NEW SCREENPLAYS will continue to be enlivened by his extremely clever drawings. Watch for them in the August SCREENLAND. Ready July first.—M. Z.

¶ *New Screenplays—from page 52*

made; she has been drawing her five thousand a week without working. This is an indecent attempt to revive *Leah Kleschna,* who has certainly earned a rest if any girl ever has. James Rennie acts in an embarrassed manner all the way through, and no wonder—as a criminologist who falls in love with the innocent lady crook he has a lot to bear.

Rejected Woman *is Trite*

I'LL give you the list of leading characters in *The Rejected Woman* and you can re-write the story and sell it to a film company. I thought they had stopped using stories like this but apparently not; so you and I might as well make the most of it. *Diane DuPrez,* Alma Rubens; *John Leslie,* Conrad Nagel; *James Dunbar*—sssss! Wynham Standing; *Samuel DuPrez,* her father . . . . George MacQuarrie; *Jean Gagnon,* her father's choice, Bela Lugosi.

Now that you know what it is all about you can write your own review, too, because you know better than I do if beautiful young French-Canadians who fall in love with wealthy young New Yorkers appeal to you. There is a twist, however, which you might miss if I didn't tell you. Instead of becoming a famous prima donna, when *Dunbar* sends her abroad to study, *Diane* is told she'll never make a singer. This is a highly original touch.

Alma Rubens struggles so valiantly you'd think her vehicle was a 1924 Hispana-Suiza instead of a White Steamer. As in *Cytherea* she does not depend upon her optics and other delectable graces for effect. She works hard to give a semblance of reality to the flimsy fiction. The Rubens beauty deserves a better background. She isn't supported in the manner to which she became accustomed when Cosmopolitan surrounded her with luminaries; but her charm is a cameo even in the highest-salaried company.

Virtuous Liars *Impossible*

IF I said *Girl Shy* and *The Galloping Fish* were the month's funniest I take it back. *Virtuous Liars* is much more amusing. Whitman Bennett wrote and directed it and strengthens my conviction that he is just the gag man Harold Lloyd is looking for. Edith Allen is the lead but don't ask me why. Dagmar Godowsky and David Powell are in it and they should be ashamed of themselves.

¶ *A Shingled Star—from page 67*

later. Alice Joyce never stopped working when she retired from pictures. She just began to work. She mapped out a schedule for herself, and followed it. Like Mary Pickford and other young old-timers, she missed her school-days and determined to make them up. She enrolled at Columbia for several special courses—journalism for one; she engaged a French teacher; she had her voice trained; she practiced at the piano two hours every morning.

"I don't know how she has the patience!" said the frankly frivolous Anna. "But I admire such ambition—it's wonderful."

Alice Joyce wants to go on the stage next year. If she doesn't entertain operatic ambitions it's the only form of artistic endeavor she hasn't planned. And all this without neglecting husband and children.

"There's no reason why I should," she declared. "No reason at all. Of course a lot depends upon the husband. If I'd had mine made to order I wouldn't have had him any different. I hope he feels the same way about me!"

It must be true because they have been married four or five years now and you still see them at premiers and supper-clubs together. Alice Joyce never did retire as far as social Manhattan was concerned. She is one of the most interesting and colorful figures at first nights. Her varied activities would make the average over-worked housewife ashamed of herself.

It's typical of her that she was wondering less about her work in London than about meeting W. Somerset Maugham. A mutual friend had the Englishman autograph several books and send them to Alice, and he wrote her a letter, too. She was as thrilled over it as her most worshipful flapper fan would be at receiving a letter indited in the lady-like Joyce handwriting.

She used to be afraid of interviewers. She would make appointments with them, lose her nerve, and fail to show up. They would go away and recall in print her early days as a telephone operator. Her shyness and reserve are naturally mistaken for temperament; and for a long time she was as unpopular off the screen as she was popular on it. But she doesn't run away and hide any more. She may long to, but she stays instead and faces the music. She managed to induce Anna Nilsson to drop in on her during her interviews but Anna saw through her feeble subterfuge and refused to help her out any more.

The pale portraits of her entitled "The Madonna of the Movies," make her laugh. She doesn't deserve such sticky sentiment. Neysa McMein named her one of the twelve most beautiful women in America; but Alice, while appreciative of the compliment, still managed to wear her tightest turban without contracting a headache.

"I saw Julian Johnson in the Famous Players studio the other day," she said, "and he told me I looked younger than I did five years ago. I told him it was a new kind of rouge I was using."

That's Alice.

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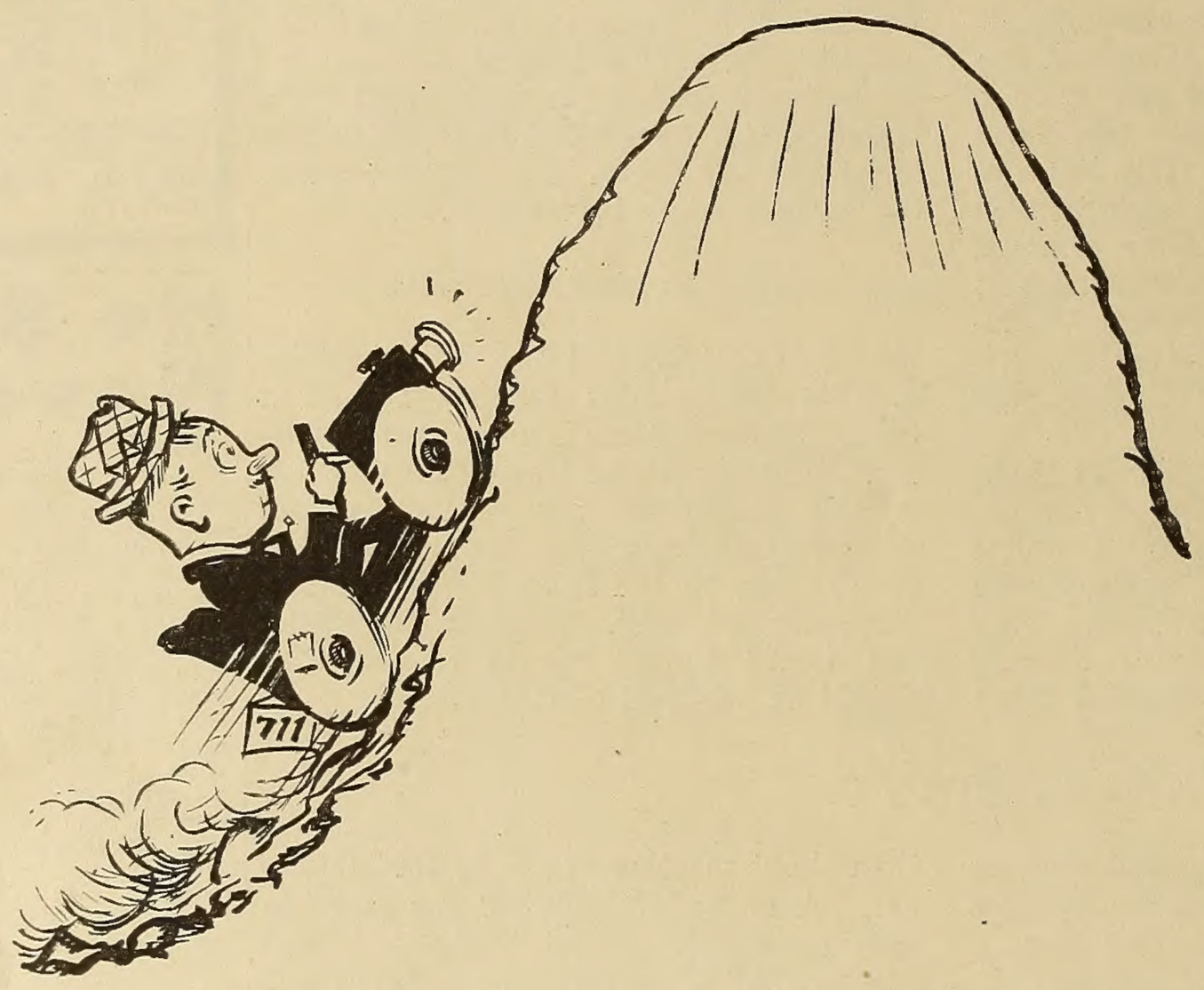
A *Hill In Hollywood*

IF YOU live in California, you won't be surprised at anything the climate can do. If you live anywhere else, you may be startled to hear that there is a hill in Hollywood known as "Magnetic Hill." Screen stars drive there daily to see their cars coast up the hill and then having reached the top, turn on their motors in order to drive down under power.



We do not claim to have solved the secret of this mysterious hill but in next month's issue of SCREENLAND, we will tell you some more about it. We will relate experiences the stars have had with this scientific phenomenon. We will show you pictures of the hill and tell you facts concerning it.

This is only one of the interesting articles we can promise you in the August issue of SCREENLAND, ready July 1st. Other features of this issue will be a story about *Blanche Sweet* by Jim Tully, an expose of *Fake Casting Agencies* by Ted Taylor, a personality sketch of *Anna Q. Nilsson* by Delight Evans, an article on *Movie Struck Babies* by Eunice Marshall, a handsome rotogravure gallery by Alfred Cheney Johnston, a review of New York's stage by George Jean Nathan, *Raw Raw, Raw,* a story of screen vampires by H B. K. Willis, in additon to many other excellent features by Anne Austin Sydney Valentine, Alma Whitaker and Myron Zobel.

Also a new novel of the films, *Searchers in the Dark,* by Rose Gleason starts in this issue.

And, naturally, Kliz, Ryan, Covarrubias, Wynn and Benito.

In addition to the above a half score feature articles and the usual SCREENLAND news, reviews and departments.

Altogether a really unusual issue.

SCREENLAND *for* AUGUST

READY JULY 1st

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HE had served his time—three years in prison—and he had come back to his wife, Ellen. As Ellen said to David, George's patient, kind brother, "I love the man I married"—but the George who returned was not the man she had married. Slack-mouthed, sneering-lipped, cold-eyed, furtive, he was like a blurred portrait of the man he had been.

But Ellen would have tried to love him, to reclaim him, if he had not made his own baby his accomplice in crime! Mother-love, outraged—who can tell to what lengths it will go?

Read ACCOMPLICE, by Perceval Gibbon, one of England's most distinguished authors, in July REAL LIFE, an amazing crime story, a remarkable study in character, a startling finish. Illustrations are by Dudley Gloyne Summers.

And eleven other distinguished short stories, by famous authors:

DEAD LOSS, by M. L. C. PICKTHALL, illustrated by Courtney Allen. *A sea story that will grip your heart.*

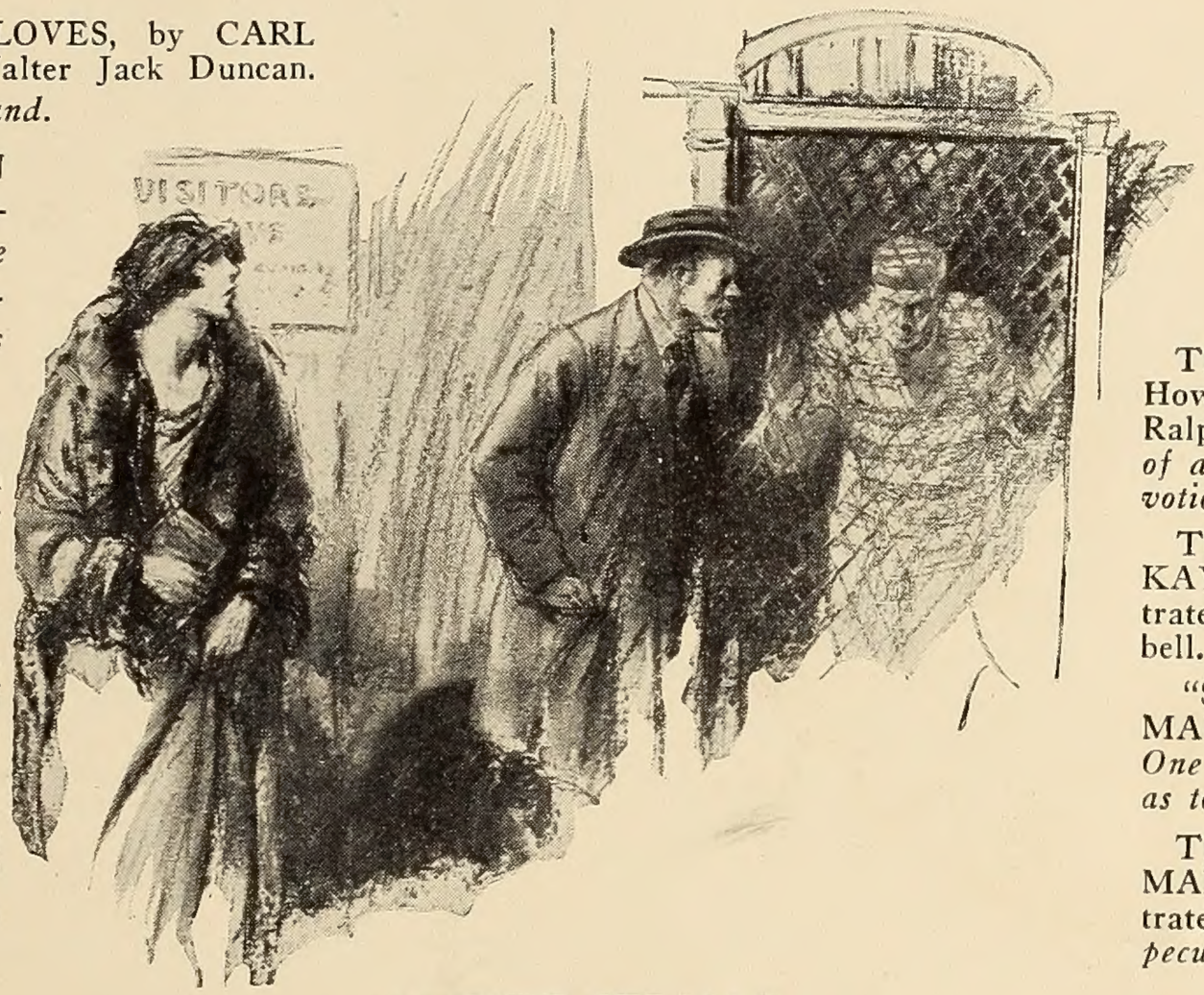
HANDLE 'EM WITH GLOVES, by CARL CLAUSEN, illustrated by Walter Jack Duncan. *Two "pugs" on a cannibal island.*

SKY HIGH, by F. BRITTEN AUSTIN, illustrated by William McNulty. *An airplane romance, which becomes involved with a mysterious treasure hunt.*

HELL'S BELLS, by WIN HORNE, illustrated by Orison MacPherson. *A priceless racing yarn, laid in colorful Cuba.*

THE PLUGGER, by ROY GRIFFITH, illustrated by Edward Butler. *A romance of "Tin Pan Alley."*

"F. O. B." by ROY De S. HORN, illustrated by Franklin Edgar Wittmack. *A "nigger" yarn, mainly concerned with a "used" car.*



A WILD RUMOR, by WINIFRED CUNNINGHAM, illustrated by Harold Denison. *In which an American newspaper woman tells of the classic battle between "The Morning Pest and the Evening Snooze," Havana's American newspapers.*

THE SOUL OF A DOG, by Howard Crane, illustrated by Ralph Nelson. *A thrilling tale of a shipwreck and a dog's devotion.*

THE LOVE EXPERT, by KAY INGHAM BRUSH, illustrated by E. Lawrence Campbell. *A newly-wed comedy.*

"SCOOPY," by PAUL EVERMAN, illustrated by Vera Clere. *One wild night with the circus, as told by a runaway boy.*

THE PRIDE OF KINGS, by MARIA MORAVSKY, illustrated by C. Clyde Squires. *A peculiar story of a theft of jewels.*

AND TWO SERIALS:

THE MONEY MALADY, by ANNE AUSTIN, illustrated by A. W. Sperry. *A novel of mystery, romance and adventure.*

PETER—A FOOL, by F. HUGH HERBERT, illustrated by Edward Butler. *Peter makes the supreme sacrifice for the child he loves.*

AND SIX IMPORTANT FEATURES, including an illustrated poem, JUNE GARDENS, by Margaret E. Sangster; a rotogravure gallery of beautiful women; two articles—CINDERELLAS OF BROADWAY, by Rae McRae, and SPIRIT CONTROL, by Eileen O'Rell, reviews of the latest plays

and pictures, and our new department, MY SLANT ON LIFE, to which you are invited to become a paid contributor.

The July REAL LIFE is a splendid book, from cover to cover. We offer it proudly, knowing that its stories are unsurpassed by any other magazine, and that its dress is so artistic as to make it one of the most attractive books you ever read.

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